Sweet Tooth

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/15800478.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom, Winston (Hannibal), Tobias Budge, Franklyn Froideveaux, Mrs. Komeda (Hannibal)
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Dom/sub, Implied/Referenced Mpreg, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Alpha Will Graham, Omega Hannibal Lecter, Top Hannibal Lecter, Dom Hannibal Lecter, Bottom Will Graham, Topping from the Bottom, Top Will Graham, Bottom Hannibal Lecter, Power Bottom Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper, Blind Character, Blind Will Graham, Biting, Knotting, Creampie, Unsafe Sex, Choking, Blow Jobs, Masturbation, Voyeurism, Safe Sane and Consensual, Blood Kink, Cannibalism, Facials, Canon-Typical Violence, Murder, Switching, Sub Will Graham, Matchmaker Alana Bloom, Phone Sex, Protectiveness, Oral Sex, Comeplay, Orgasm Delay/Denial, Multiple Orgasms, Cock Rings, Overstimulation, Masks, Muzzle Kink, Collars, Breathplay, Murder Husbands
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-08-26 Completed: 2018-10-02 Words: 81,017 Chapters: 8/8

Sweet Tooth

by HigherMagic

Summary

He has prepared for this, of course. No self-respecting Omega of his stature and skill would deign to let themselves be taken by surprise. Although, again, he has not expected his final heat to approach for some time, it is one of those occurrences people prepare for like Doomsday. He has plans, and bags packed, and knows what he will need to do, to make sure he makes it through the ordeal with minimal discomfort. The first step will be to hunt, to stock his fridge and his stores so he will not go hungry. The second step will be to find a suitable companion.

Notes

jesus h christ this was meant to be, like, a little PWP thing!! and it grew claws, and teeth, and I'm not even done but it's 20k already so, like, enjoy the first two chapters. i don't know when I'll have the next parts up, I'm so exhausted. please read the tags before diving in just to make sure y'all know what you're in for, and I'll probably add more as I update. knowing me this'll be another goddamn daydreamer and it'll be like 50k by tuesday.

I hope you guys like it! Feel free to yell at me here or on Tumblr when you're done :D

Cravings

When Hannibal feels the first sharp sting of it, he is, fortunately, alone.

In his study, the fire blazing bright despite the overly-warm weather outside, he shifts his weight, a tendril of warmth that has nothing to do with the fire running from the base of his neck to the small of his back. It dances down his spine, falls and curls like a rope artist in a circus, settles low in his belly. His fingers tremble, and clench around the stem of his wine glass, and he looks up from his book and sets his eyes on the fire.

"…Interesting," he murmurs.

He says it the same way a commander might order to drop a bomb on a city. He sets his glass down, carefully, and waits until the sensation goes away. He curls his fingers up tightly, rests his fists on his thighs, and forces his hands flat against the soft material of his suit pants. They slide down to his knees, then back up, and he breathes out as the feeling fades like a contraction.

The clock on the mantle reads that it's just past ten at night. He has several hours before his natural sleep patterns are due to rear their head, but he feels abruptly drained, and tired, as he has come to expect from his thorough research on the subject. It is, unfortunately, an unavoidable trick of biology, but one he had not expected for several more years.

He pushes himself to his feet, wine forgotten, and goes to his appointment book. He has several patients scheduled over the next few days, and on the next page noting the beginning of the new week, he circles the date and makes a note to keep that week clear.

He will be in no condition to tender and cater to his patients, if he even makes it that far.

He has prepared for this, of course. No self-respecting Omega of his stature and skill would deign to let themselves be taken by surprise. Although, again, he has not expected his final heat to approach for some time, it is one of those occurrences people prepare for like Doomsday. He has plans, and bags packed, and knows what he will need to do, to make sure he makes it through the ordeal with minimal discomfort.

The first step will be to hunt, to stock his fridge and his stores so he will not go hungry.

The second step will be to find a suitable companion.

The rude dental assistant is easy to track down and kill – a quick slice across her neck bleeds her out after he drives her to a quiet part of the woods in the Maryland wild. Her boyfriend, too, he takes and skewers and deprives him of his vital organs, leaving the carcass for any animal lucky enough to come upon the meal.

He takes his haul back to his home, cooks and prepares ready-made dishes for himself. His hands shake as he fries the boyfriend's kidneys, and he has to stop as another trickle of warmth runs down his spine at the scent of the Alpha-richness of his blood being seared into the meat, driving him to distraction.

He growls to himself, upper lip curling back, and forces his body to obey his commands and work through it, until he has prepared all the food he can from what he has brought. He may have to hunt again, later in the week, if he is able and cannot resist gorging himself in the typical preheat starvation cycle.

Once that is done, he returns to his dining room, taking with him a notepad and a pen, and settles into place at the head of the table, first page exposed. He writes down a list of high-sugar food and drinks that will be easy to purchase – dried fruit, juices, and wine to name a few. Things that will require little to no preparation and will keep his body going before and during his heat.

He also makes a note to cancel his suppressant medication, and to buy a temporary dose of birth control. After this heat is done, he will need neither.

Omegas have access to, nowadays, medications that will render them infertile and without the inconvenient heat cycle during their breeding years. The final heat, however, like menopause in women, is unavoidable unless that Omega has had surgery to remove those reproductive organs – a practice that, while Hannibal can see the convenience, he would never indulge in himself. He hasn't had a heat for over thirty years, not since he was sixteen and first presented, and the memory of such a time is dim and covered in blood and loss.

The reminder makes him feel unsettled, and combined with another trickle of warmth as it gushes down his spine, he is in quite a sour mood when the hour draws late and he must go to bed. In the morning, he will first visit the grocery store, and then his first patient at ten a.m. He has a lunch date with Alana, and hopes that she will prove to be diverting.

Hannibal wakes in a gross mess of sweaty sheets, breathing heavily as he rolls onto his back and blinks up at the ceiling of his bedroom. Even in the coldest of winters, Hannibal keeps his bedroom cool as he normally runs hot, but even the vent blowing directly over his face does little to calm the pounding waves of warmth rushing down his spine, pooling low in his stomach. He huffs in frustration, rolling his head up and to the side to spy the time on his bedside clock.

Five in the morning. He has less time than he thought.

His gut clenches, hunger sending an unpleasant shard of sensation through his stomach. He sighs, wipes a hand over his sweaty face, and rises from bed. He knows the dampness on his thighs is not just sweat, but steadfastly ignores the plaintive, twitching sensation in his body, asking for a touch, for a warm hand. He has neither the time nor the inclination to submit to such desires.

There will be time for that later.

He peels off his clothes and steps into the shower, sighing when he keeps the water cold and it feels, still, too warm and heavy against his skin. He knows this is the first symptom – the preheat causing his core temperature to rise and sweat, before it becomes a fever that will leave him desperate for the presence of another person in his bed.

He squirts a dollop of shampoo into his hand, working it to a thick lather as he washes his hair. Hannibal has prided himself on maintaining his independence, expertly skirting the societal pressures that demand he take a mate when he was young. After an Omega turns thirty, looks often change from desirous to pitying – "Oh, there must be something wrong with him", "Don't you want children?", "That's okay, you are the top of your field. Having an Alpha isn't everything."

And that much is true. Hannibal knows this, and has never felt the need to debase himself and lower himself to the status of a mate. Once mated, the Alpha becomes the one in control, the head of the house, the natural leader, and that is something Hannibal cannot and will never abide.

He sighs, leaning forward to rinse his hair, and lets the water run down his shoulders, over his back, cleansing him of sweat and slick. His body, it seems, has tempered itself, the latent pools of pending heat pushed back behind his iron-clad will. He finishes cleaning and turns the water off, emerges from the steamless shower dripping, and dries himself off with quick, brisk motions.

Once he is dressed, he fixes himself breakfast, which consists mostly of bread and juice. His stomach clenches in hunger, or perhaps something else, but he ignores it. He will indulge once he is better stocked.

He takes his coat and wraps himself in it, hoping that the extra layer will dampen his scent before he can purchase scent-deadening deodorant for the sake of his remaining patients. He gets into his car and drives to the grocery store, steadfastly ignoring every little clench and judder of his muscles, the twitch and curl of his fingers as he white-knuckles the steering wheel.

Once parked, he pulls his coat tight around himself and steps out, glad that the early hour means that the lot is sparsely packed, and the store is only just beginning to open. He hurries inside, takes a cart, and heads first to the juice aisle.

He passes the shelves of brightly-colored boxes and silver bags designated for children, the Capri Suns and Kool-Aids and things that have no business being that color, and comes to a stop in front of the rows of organic juice mixes which sport boasting statements of enhanced vitamin content. When his heat does come, he will need to make sure his nutrient intake is as efficient and effective as the rest of his life.

He stares at the rows of juice, lost in thought, until a gentle clearing of someone's throat draws his attention. He startles, though he does not like to admit he was startled, and turns his head to one side. A man is standing in front of the Capri Sun section, his eyes downcast but

slightly angled Hannibal's way. His scent is muted, like he's wearing deadening deodorant – a fact Hannibal is overwhelmingly grateful for, in his current state.

"Excuse me," the man says, his voice low. His eyes haven't moved from the vague direction of Hannibal's hands, and so Hannibal takes advantage of the lack of eye contact to look him over. He stands slightly shorter than Hannibal, though whether that is an illusion created by the downward slope of his shoulders or the fact that he keeps his head low, Hannibal cannot tell. He's broad in the chest, skinnier in the waist if the way his t-shirt hangs loosely on him is any indication. Despite the relative chill of the early morning air, he is only dressed in a t-shirt, light blue, and jeans, and boots that appear to be only half-tied.

Next to his feet sits a dog. It's a mixed breed, brindle-colored with triangle ears and a vaguely retriever-looking body. Across its back and looping around its front legs to secure at its neck is a bright yellow vest labeling it as an animal for special needs. The dog is sitting, docile between the solid metal handle that goes from its shoulders to the man's loose grip.

"I don't want to disturb you," the man continues, "or crowd you, but you've been standing there for a while."

Hannibal tilts his head to one side. The man's eyes close in a slow-blink, and though they don't move and remain fixed towards Hannibal's section of the juice aisle, they seem unfocused.

Hannibal takes a step back and the dog perks up, licking its muzzle. The man doesn't move.

"My apologies," Hannibal says, and grabs a bottle of apple juice, and another of a cranberry-pomegranate mix. He places them in his cart and the dog stands as Hannibal pushes his cart in the opposite direction, freeing up the space.

The man nods. His eyes have moved upwards, following the sound of Hannibal's voice, but they don't land on anything in particular. "Thank you," he says. Hannibal watches as the dog leans against its master's leg, directing him to where Hannibal was standing. The man reaches out, fingers brushing oh-so-lightly along the labels of the bottles in front of him. He appears to be counting the shelves, noting the notches when one unit ends and the next begins. He touches the cap of a bottle of orange juice, drags his fingers down the distinctive pattern around the neck of the bottle, and takes it from the shelf.

He turns towards Hannibal, and smiles in his direction, faint and polite. "Have a good day," he says, and then turns and walks back down the aisle, turning the corner and disappearing from sight. Hannibal releases a breath, and curiously steps back into his place in front of the juice. Where the air lingers around where the man was, he catches the scent of dog, of grass, of mint toothpaste and coffee.

And, beneath it all, *Alpha*.

The muscles around his spine tighten and his chest turns warm. He heaves a breath, shakes it off, and moves on.

As he is headed back to his car, he spots the bright yellow vest of the dog again. The man is walking towards a car which has been pulled up to the pickup area outside of the grocery store. He watches, unsure as to why he does so, as the man reaches to the passenger handle at the back of the car and opens the door, and the dog jumps inside. He carefully pushes at the dog's hindquarters and makes sure its wispy tail is tucked in before shutting the door, and then moves around to the trunk to load his groceries.

A woman gets out of the driver side to assist. Hannibal blinks, recognizing the artful waves of dark brown hair, the woman's round, kind face, the red dress, modest shoes, and thick black coat. She comes to the trunk of the car and opens it, and the two of them exchange smiles though the man's eyes do not meet hers. She touches his shoulder gently, and his fingers brush tenderly against her side.

Strange – Hannibal didn't know Alana was mated. He has never smelled an Alpha on her that intimately.

The wind changes, abruptly, and the Alpha freezes in place, his nostrils flaring and his shoulders going tense. He straightens, one hand raised up to avoid knocking his head, and looks over his shoulder in Hannibal's direction. Alana follows his gaze and she blinks, before her expression melts into a wide, familiar smile.

"Hannibal!" she says, and waves to him. Hannibal nods back, and debates whether it would be ruder to avoid the pair, or to come closer and force his scent upon the Alpha, who obviously has a sensitive enough nose to catch it.

In the end, the decision is made for him, as she frantically waves him over. Hannibal sighs through his nose, and wheels his cart towards them as they finish loading the groceries and shut the trunk of her car.

"Hannibal, it's good to see you," Alana says, and leans in for a quick embrace and a kiss, cheek to cheek. "How are you?"

"Very well, thank you," Hannibal replies politely, glad that the wind is still keeping the Alpha's scent away from him. Though, it means that the Alpha can smell him more potently. Hannibal shifts and attempts to form a kind of line, so that Alana's perfume might be carried on the breeze with his own scent and gentle it for the other man. "I wasn't under the impression that you were one of the early birds."

She smiles, and rolls her eyes, nudging her companion lightly, before she seems to remember that they have not, in fact, been introduced. "Oh! Hannibal, this is Will – I've told you about Will, right? My roommate?" Hannibal nods, and ignores the little flicker of pleasure in his stomach that rises when he realizes that this Alpha and Alana are not, in fact, mated. "Will, this is Doctor Lecter, my mentor and former colleague at the University."

"I remember," the Alpha – Will – says softly. Hannibal's eyes flash to him, and from where he is standing, he can examine Will more closely. Will's cheeks have turned pale from the cold breeze. His hair is dark and sits in a mess of curls that might be intentional, and Hannibal

would think so if he thought Will had the privilege of being vain. He has the shadow of scruff on his jaws, around his mouth, down his neck, and Hannibal doesn't appreciate the way his body reacts to noticing that at all.

His eyes – well, they are lovely, Hannibal will concede that. Clearly whatever caused his loss of sight did not affect the appearance of his irises, and they are a bright, glacial blue, subtly tinged around the pupil with the ever-present Alpha red. It makes him look otherworldly, the presence of two conflicting colors meshing together so well.

Will clears his throat, ducks his head like he can feel Hannibal's eyes on him, and tucks his hands into the back pockets of his jeans. "It's nice to meet you, Doctor Lecter," he says. Hannibal appreciates that he didn't offer a handshake. He must be able to smell the changes in Hannibal's scent as they are appearing, and is keeping a respectful distance, a demure pose so as to appear as non-threatening as possible.

Delightful, all in all.

"Alana has told me a lot about you," Will adds when the silence stretches on a little past comfortable. Hannibal smiles.

"Hopefully nothing too scandalous," he replies, and Alana laughs and covers her mouth. "I'm afraid I must apologize, for she has not been as forthcoming in information regarding you. I must say I don't know much about you at all."

Alana tilts her head to one side, a peculiar light in her eyes. "Maybe we should change that," she says. Challenging. "We can move our lunch date to another time."

Hannibal's smile widens, and he nods. "Perhaps you will both do me the honor of being my guests tonight. I'd love to have you both for dinner."

"Done," Alana says, and if Will had any protest about it, she doesn't give him the chance to voice it. Indeed, he shifts his weight as though nervous, his face still downturned like he wants to glare at Alana's shoes.

Finally, he swallows. "Sounds fun," he says. "Alana's told me you're a really good cook."

"A reputation I will do my utmost to defend," Hannibal says. "Wonderful. I shall see you both tonight. Seven?"

"We'll be there," Alana says, smiling, and Hannibal takes his cart in hand and wheels it away. As he does, the wind changes direction, and his mouth floods with saliva as he is once again given a taste of Will's delightful scent. He knows it is merely a side-effect of being so close to his final heat, but as he has said many times before, there is no room in life to deny oneself little indulgences.

He will be quite pleased to feast to his heart's content at dinner.

Hannibal makes it back to his home for nine in the morning, having collected as much food and sugary beverages as he can, and visited the pharmacy to cancel his suppression medication and get a course of birth control that will ensure he does not get pregnant during this final heat. He has also purchased scent-deadening deodorant so that he might navigate the next few days without too much spectacle.

The final, though arguably the most important factor, will be finding a companion who will be able to provide physical satisfaction for Hannibal's desires. He does not need an Alpha to take care of him, of course not, but with an Alpha, his periods of lucidity will be more often and far longer, and the satisfaction fuller. Hannibal is no stranger to the physiological and psychological effects of Alphas and Omegas sharing a heat or rut, and he is prepared for them.

He just needs, as they say, a warm body.

He finds himself thinking, idly as he unpacks the groceries, of the man at the grocery store. Will. Pretty, demure Will. A friend of Alana, which automatically elevates him in Hannibal's eyes – he knows Alana would not tolerate a boorish roommate nor invite an embarrassment to accompany her to Hannibal's table. He is an Alpha, of course, but with none of the brash showoffishness of his breed, nor the posturing and sharp scent that Hannibal so detests. Indeed, Will's scent had been very pleasant, and reminded Hannibal of mint chocolate – a sweet, indulgent thing he wanted to sink his teeth into.

He wonders as well, if Will's behavior is a result of his disability – if, perhaps, at one point, he *could* see, and now navigates a world without that sense. Or if he was born like that, and is simply accepting and polite. If Hannibal might be afforded the chance to discover for himself.

If Will's politeness extends to his behavior as a lover.

That particular train of thought brings with it a surge of heat, almost insistent, like a cat rubbing at its master's feet and begging for attention, as though Hannibal had no more control over the turn his thoughts took than if he might command the sun rise in the west. Hannibal growls to himself, his mouth dry, and he opens the bottle of apple juice, pours himself a glass. It goes down in three swallows and he contemplates drinking straight from the bottle.

Only briefly. So, too, does the warmth last. He swallows, and eyes his appointment book. Perhaps it would be better if he cleared out the rest of this week, as well. The symptoms are progressing more rapidly than he prepared for.

Regardless, he has a patient scheduled for ten, and now that his lunch date with Alana has been turned into a dinner invitation, he will need to use the free time to prepare a meal for his guests. He will know, surely, by that time, if he ought to clear the rest of the week as well as the next one. Most of his patients are females and Omegas, so he knows they will understand, and if this kind of thing persists, it would not only be unwise to treat his Alpha patients – it could prove dangerous.

By the time Hannibal can finally return home, he is in a terribly sour mood. It borders on wrath, first brought to light by the innocuous, hesitant way Franklyn had asked 'Doctor Lecter, are you alright?', and fanned from there to consume him until it feels like there is a blackness behind his vision, a blistering anger and impatience with his own body that he is unable to quell.

Adding to that, traffic had been less than tolerable and as he crosses the threshold into his house, enveloping himself in air that is mercifully cool and only scented by himself, he finds his attitude so unfriendly that he almost cancels dinner with Alana and Will.

But, as he ventures to his kitchen and opens a glass dish of breaded and fried kidney, warms it and spends the time drinking juice to quiet his shaking hands, the reminder of his pending dinner soothes him. Hannibal has never been an anxious person – anxiety comes from doubt, and he suffers no such emotion – and therefore does not find any allure in the notion of being placated or played with, as other members of his breed might. And yet, he finds himself picturing those large, gentle hands. He clenches his fingers and imagines the warmth of soft hair between them. He thinks, absently and knowing there is no basis for it, that an Alpha would be able to bear the brunt of his frustration most admirably.

He tries to recall what Alana has told him about her roommate, overlaying the image of Will into the stories. Through his memory palace he strolls, to the left where he keeps his friends, through the black door of Alana's house and into the cinnamon-spiced air. She's very fond of those Glade air fresheners, and Hannibal wonders if Will finds them similarly sharp on the nose and scenting palette.

In fact, now that he thinks about it, he recalls that each room in her house has a distinctly different scent. Perhaps it helps Will to navigate.

She's sitting on her brown couch, soft to the touch and patterned where errant hands have marked it and brushed the material against the grain. She smiles at Hannibal and pats the cushion by her side. Hannibal takes his seat, and turns towards her.

She tilts her head at him, elbow against the back of the couch and propping her head up, an unlabeled bottle of light-colored beer in her other hand. "Would you like some wine?" she asks.

"I shouldn't," Hannibal replies, and yet as he settles back on the couch, a glass materializes in his hand. He takes a sip and hums at the crisp sweetness of it, candy-like. Indulging his subconscious sweet tooth, apparently.

Her smile widens, showing the edges of her teeth in the way women can without worrying if they're being threatening. "You're here to talk about Will."

"You would know," Hannibal replies mildly, taking another sip. He is suddenly so thirsty. "I'm glad to see he hasn't completely overtaken my thoughts, however."

She nods, sage, her expression purposely blank. "This isn't like you," she says. "You rarely take such interest in someone based off so little."

"I'm aware," Hannibal says coolly. He turns and meets her eyes, which are the color he thinks the loveliest – a dark blue, reflecting no light. They get that color when she's angry, and he likes her when on a righteous warpath, when she's passionate about something. "How long have you known Will?"

"Ages," she replies, repeating a conversation they had long ago. It was during one of their sessions when Hannibal had been mentoring her for her degree, in a lull between case study and discussion. "We were in college together."

Hannibal nods, conceding that. "He could see, back then, I imagine."

The corner of her mouth quirks upwards. "Conjecture? Really?"

"It's all I have, for now. You never mentioned it."

She huffs, takes a large swallow of her beer, but nods, and tucks her feet up under her thigh, toes tucked between two cushions. "He was in law enforcement," she says, and Hannibal nods. Criminal psychology was her major before she got her Doctorate, it would follow that Will was in a similar field. "Was a cop." Calluses on his hands, from a gun, maybe. "Injured in the line of duty and he lost his sight as a result."

Perhaps all that hair is hiding some kind of injury? Hannibal thinks of all the ways a man can go blind at such a young age, and he sighs, for none of them are particularly gentle.

"And that's when he moved in with you," Hannibal says, already knowing the answer. She nods all the same. "And your relationship is platonic, for the most part."

Alana blinks at him, and blushes. "You can't possibly know that," she says.

Hannibal hums. "I have always detected a certain softening of your voice when you mention Will, and you two touch each other intimately – though, I admit, this could be a result of his condition. Still, he displayed no obvious signs of romantic attraction, nor pheromone spikes in your proximity."

"He didn't in yours, either," Alana says, and Hannibal huffs. His mind has the unfortunate habit of fighting against him, when it comes to speaking with Alana. But her insight is the most beneficial, as she has no problem being contrary with him.

"That's true," Hannibal concedes. He thinks of the way Will's shoulders had stiffened when the wind brought him Hannibal's scent. Hannibal had seen no obvious Alpha posturing, no instinctive response that would point towards aggression. Which is…odd. Considering. Hannibal is, after all, approaching his heat, and even the most polite and well-bred Alpha would react to it on some level.

"Perhaps I should reschedule," Alana says, giving voice in Hannibal's mind to the idea that he knows, consciously, he wants to reject. "It would be rude to force your scent on Will like

this."

He sighs, taking another drink of the sweet wine. "He can decline the invitation," he says.

Alana smiles, indulgent. "Would that not be similarly rude?"

"Of course not," Hannibal replies. "We are strangers, and he might feel as though he in encroaching – invited simply because he was there. I would not begrudge him a change of heart."

Alana's smile doesn't change. "However," she says, and nothing more.

Hannibal sighs. "However," he parrots back with a reluctant nod. He cannot deny that Will is aesthetically attractive, and he is young, which are both good characteristics when choosing a companion for a heat. Alphas must have the stamina to satisfy their Omega partners, with enough leftover to fight off any potential threats, and to hunt and gather food for them both. Of course, anyone Hannibal chooses will not be playing the role of an Alpha mate in that regard, but it always helps.

After a while, Alana shifts her weight, sighs, and finishes off her beer. "You should be going soon," she says, giving voice to the internal alarm clock Hannibal always keeps well-synced. "A feast isn't going to present itself."

Hannibal smiles, and stands with another nod of concession. He finishes his wine and sets the glass down.

"I daresay, my dear, that it already has."

A thought occurs to him as he's slicing the foot from the dental student's leg. He turns off the saw, washes his hands, and grabs his cell phone to call Alana.

It rings several times, and then stops. There's a brief moment of hesitation, then; "Hello?"

It's a man's voice. Hannibal closes his eyes and tries to ignore the sudden warmth in his fingertips. "Good afternoon. Is this Will?"

Another moment, then; "Yes," comes Will's reply. "Doctor Lecter, I presume."

Hannibal smiles.

"Alana's outside right now, can I have her call you back?"

"Actually, this is a question you can answer just as readily," Hannibal replies. Strangely, he finds the idea of ending the call prematurely very unpleasant. Will's voice is soft, not as low as most Alphas his age, and curls around Hannibal's neck like the brush of lips.

Will makes a vague, curious sound.

"I wanted to confirm if you will be bringing your dog to dinner," Hannibal says. "I'm more than happy to prepare some additional food for him or her."

Will makes a sound, affectionate and amused. "He's a boy," he replies quietly. "And that won't be necessary – I won't be bringing him. But thank you for taking it into consideration."

He sounds sincere, and the warmth in Hannibal's spine plummets abruptly. "Excellent," he says, swallowing back his mouthful of saliva. Then; "I'm looking forward to it. I'll see you both at seven."

"Thank you, Doctor Lecter," Will murmurs. "See you then."

It sounds like a challenge, and Hannibal finds himself smiling as he hangs up the phone.

Delightful.

He's peeling potatoes for a side dish when he gets the first, real, intense wave of preheat. It moves up his spine like fire up a trail of gasoline, makes his stomach and shoulders and thighs tense up and tighten so badly it's near painful. It makes him stumble, leaning heavily on the edge of his kitchen island. He tries to work through it, not unlike gritting one's teeth and bearing it through a brain freeze, and his nails dig into the countertops, he forces himself to let go of the potato and peeler he's holding before he compromises anything.

It fades, settles heavy on his back but loses its heat, and Hannibal's breath explodes through his nose, like he'd tried to hold his breath through it all. Perhaps he had.

As he remains still, devoting most of his energy to slowing his heart and steadying his breathing, the warmth settles into a distractingly unpleasant tingle, and centers in his hands and the base of his skull, slithers down his spine to pool in his gut. His teeth itch, his mouth is dry, and he feels very suddenly thirsty.

He turns to his fridge, takes out the bottle of apple juice and pours himself a glass, pleased to see that his hands barely shake through the process. The bottle is already over half gone, and he sighs, setting it back and knowing he will have to risk another venture to the store before long.

This is getting ridiculous. He should have better control over himself by now – granted, he hasn't had a heat in a very long time, but his body has always been under his influence, not the other way around. He cannot afford to indulge himself or lose any of his control before the proper time.

He closes the fridge, nursing his juice despite the fact that he's so thirsty and he wants to down it all. He can't slip, his stores won't allow it. He doesn't have the luxury of such indulgence as his stomach is demanding.

"But," a voice tells him, and it's soft and gentle and sounds vaguely like Will, "you could indulge in other things."

With it comes another flicker-fire of warmth up his spine, and Hannibal breathes out, shakes his head, eyes the glowing numbers of the clock on his oven. It's just past three in the afternoon, and he will need to shower and cover himself in scent-deadening deodorant prior to Alana and Will's arrival, for the sake of propriety.

But he does have time.

He considers it, but stops when a shiver runs down his spine, and his shoulders roll. Of course, succumbing to his desires prematurely could escalate the process and render him completely useless and unworthy of socialization.

It's that thought that stays the others from wandering too far. Desperately seeking distraction, he finishes his juice and returns his attention to the potatoes, and conjures Alana in his mind. She has played sous-chef for him multiple times in preparation for his dinner parties, and it's easy to imagine her with her hair pulled back, an apron tied around her shoulders and waist, and a glass of Hannibal's specially-brewed wine sitting at the corner of the kitchen island.

She gives him a knowing smile. "Twice in one day? I'm flattered."

"I need something to focus on," Hannibal says.

She laughs. "Fair enough," she replies. "But you only want to talk to me so you can talk about Will."

"I'm certain that's not the case."

"I'm you, Hannibal, remember? I can't say anything you're not thinking." She pauses, and drinks from her beer glass. "Whether you want to think about it or not."

"Perhaps you can help me, then," Hannibal replies coolly. He feels more in control of himself, now, enough that he can return to his task of peeling the potatoes. "I do have options, you know."

"Oh, yes," she says airily, almost Bedelia-like in her superior tone. "You could go through an Agency. Or call in a favor from one of your…former colleagues. I'm sure Doctor Sutcliffe would be more than happy to provide. Or Chilton."

Hannibal bristles at the names. *Sutcliffe. Chilton*. The thought of either of those squirrelly men putting their hands on him makes him supremely uncomfortable to the point of anger. He exposes his teeth at Alana, and she grins at him.

"Or, perhaps, someone from the Opera."

"I'm afraid I don't know any single Alphas at the Opera," Hannibal replies coolly, and does not even deign to remember the names of the few Alphas he'd seen in the first place, with all their finery and trophy wives and greying, balding heads. Hannibal is older, of course, than

most Alphas and Omegas would be when considered in their prime, but that doesn't mean he has to resign himself to fossilized specimens.

"Former patients?"

Hannibal sighs. "I don't remember you always being so contrary," he replies.

"You brought me here to give you options, but you're rejecting them before you can even think of me saying them." She pauses, and Hannibal looks to her. "What is it about Will that's so damn intriguing?"

Hannibal pauses in his task, and tries to consider that clinically. "I don't know," he finally must admit.

Alana pauses for him, then, gently; "He's attractive."

Hannibal nods.

"Seemed in good enough health."

Another nod.

"Polite," she adds.

"Friends with you," Hannibal says. "Roommates, even. I trust your judgement above most else, and I do not think you'd live with someone who behaved in a manner so stereotyped of Alphas. So, too, you would not have invited him to my table."

She smiles.

"He's…" Hannibal pauses, trying to think of the right word.

Alana's hand settles over his, and Hannibal looks up to meet her eyes. They're dark like they normally are when he thinks of her. "Submissive?" she suggests, and Hannibal presses his lips together and looks away. "Easy to control."

"Not because of his blindness." Hannibal's tone is curt, biting; "I'm not sexualizing his disability."

"Of course not," Alana replies, and lets him go. "Easy to control by choice."

"I'll have to figure that out, myself," Hannibal says. "This is all…conjecture."

Alana grins. "It's all you have," she replies mildly. She's starting to sound more like Hannibal, as the familiarity of their conversations dies away, and his own internal thoughts take over. "But if he is as…delightful…as you're imagining, he might prove suitable. Wind him up, watch him go."

Hannibal can't help but smile. He's done with the potatoes, and must turn his attention to slicing them thinly. Another list forms in his mind, of things he will have to make room for,

rules he would need to lay down, and extra needs he would need to account for, if Will agreed to be his companion during his final heat.

The first point being, of course, finding out if Will would indeed be a suitable choice. The second, to find out if he's willing. Before all that, though, he must figure out a way to separate Will from Alana.

He finds himself humming, his hands no longer shaking and his thirst momentarily quenched, as his focus becomes centered entirely on the preparation of the meal, and the guests that will soon sit at his table.

At ten to seven, there's a knock on his door. Hannibal smiles to himself, makes sure that the red wine has had enough time to air, and that Alana's preferred brew of choice is readily available, before he goes to the door and opens it.

Alana stands on the top step, Will one down and to her left. His head snaps up when the door opens, head tilted so that he can listen, and Alana smiles and walks in when Hannibal steps to one side, allowing her through the threshold.

"Welcome," Hannibal says. Will isn't holding any cane or guiding tool in his hand, and Hannibal watches, fascinated, as he takes the last step and passes through the threshold after Alana without incident. "May I take your coats?"

"Thank you," Alana says, shrugging off her thin black coat and handing it to Hannibal. Underneath is the same red dress that Hannibal saw her in this morning, which ends at her knees, revealing the rest of her pale legs. It clings to her, flattering but modest, and has long sleeves that reach to the middle of her forearms. Will has changed from his attire that morning, instead dressed in black slacks, black shoes, and a button-down the color of fresh salmon. His hair is somewhat tamed from the wild mess it was before, and Hannibal admires him openly, knowing he need not play coy when Will cannot catch him staring.

He is not wearing his coat, but has it folded over one arm. He tilts his head, eyes somewhere in the vicinity of Hannibal's hands as Hannibal takes a hanger, places Alana's coat around it, and hangs it back.

Then, very quietly; "Alana should probably hang mine."

Hannibal smiles. Though he has showered and applied a liberal amount of deadening deodorant, Will might still be able to smell him. Indeed, the Alpha's cheeks are a very delicate pink, and he's breathing shallowly, as close as they're standing. Unfortunately, evolution has damned their species to be equally sensitive, whether they're breathing through their nose, or over the scenting palette in the roof of their mouths.

Still, Hannibal accepts it with a conceding nod. "Perhaps that is best," he says, watching as Will's shoulders loosen very subtly, and Alana is frowning, but takes Will's coat without

protest and hangs it beside hers.

"I know we're a little early," Alana says, as Hannibal leads the way to the dining room. "I wasn't sure how good the traffic would be. It's meant to storm later, and I think people will start panicking and stockpiling before long."

"Happens every year, doesn't it?" Hannibal says mildly. "The Heavens open and people fear for the next flood."

"Can you blame them?" That's Will's voice, and Hannibal tilts his head to listen better. "No one is quite as aware of their sin as those who think they are about to face the consequences of it."

What a curious thing to say. Hannibal comes to a stop at the door leading from kitchen to dining room, freeing up space for Alana and Will to navigate to their seats. He spent a great deal of time thinking over the place settings and where they should go at the table. With three people, it is natural to place one person at the head of the table, and a guest at either side. But that would mean Alana and Will would be separated, and if Will relies on Alana for any physical cues, it would be a great inconvenience to him. Not to mention the fact that Hannibal, with his preheat scent, would be very close to Will, forcing his scent on the Alpha in a manner quite rude.

Placing Will or Alana at the head of the table, however, would be inappropriate.

So, instead, he set a table for four and simply removed the one to his right. Across from him, Alana will sit, and to her left, Will. Hannibal would worry that Will might feel like a third wheel, placed so asymmetrically, but he also gets the impression that Will would probably feel more comfortable, the less crowded he is.

His suspicions prove true when Will brushes his hands along the backs of the chairs, and Alana takes a seat opposite Hannibal's place setting. Will knocks his knuckles against her shoulder, confirming his own place, and sits down with a sigh. His fingertips run along the edge of the table, find the table cloth and dark red cloth placemat, nudge the tips of the silverware.

"Can I get you both something to drink?" Hannibal asks, when they're both settled. "Alana, I have a new flavor for you to try, if you're amenable."

She smiles. "I'd love to," she says, and Hannibal nods.

Will blinks when Hannibal turns to look at him. He has his eyes set forward, slanted just a little towards Hannibal. "Whatever you're having will be fine," he replies. "But I'd like some water, too."

"Of course," Hannibal replies. He goes to the kitchen and pours Alana a tall glass of the newest wine he made for her, which is flavored with pineapple and orange in light of the overly-warm summer they had. He sets it on a tray, and puts the decanter of red wine for himself and Will next to Alana's glass, along with two empty glasses for him to pour. He adds a glass of ice water, per Will's request.

He returns to the dining room, finding Alana and Will leaned close together in quiet conversation. Alana pulls back when he enters and gives him a grateful smile when he sets the tray down and hands her her glass. As he's pouring his own, and Will's, she takes a sip, blinking in surprise and letting out a pleased sound.

"Delicious," she says warmly. "I like this one a lot."

Will tilts his head towards her. "Do you play guinea pig often?" he asks, smiling.

Hannibal laughs, and sets Will's glass down in front of him, the water beside it. "Alana is less fond of wine than I am," he says, and Will nods, likely just as aware of that fact. "I offer a compromise, in the hopes of converting her."

"You make your own?" Will asks. His hand slides forward, feather-light, and he finds the water glass, distinct in its cylindrical shape from the wine glasses, and takes a sip.

Hannibal nods. "Yes," he adds, remembering that Will cannot see him do it. He finishes pouring his glass and sets it at the top corner of his own place setting.

Will seems to consider this. He sets his water glass down and drags his fingers along the edge of the place mat, finds the stem of the wine glass and curls his fingers around it, but does not take a drink. "A man of many talents, then."

Hannibal blinks, flushing warm despite himself. "I suppose."

"This is nothing," Alana says. "Wait until you taste his cooking."

Will hums, pressing his lips together, and takes a sip of wine. When he's done, he wets his lips, and his eyes dart in Hannibal's direction.

"It's sweet," he says, quietly.

"Do you like it?" Hannibal asks. "I have other options."

"No. I mean -." Will shakes his head, his cheeks turning pink. "I like it. It tastes good."

Hannibal's smile widens, pleased. Will shifts his weight, clears his throat, and takes his hand from his glass, rubbing absently at his own neck as though embarrassed. It draws Hannibal's attention to the arch of his neck, the exposed tendon and teased-at glimpse of the hollow of his throat. The sight makes Hannibal's teeth ache.

Hannibal straightens when he hears a beep from the oven. "I'll return shortly," he says, and retreats to the kitchen again.

He has prepared 'beef' wellington from the dental student's leg, as well as Dauphinoise potatoes, thick with gruyere cheese, and a side of Brussel sprouts, sliced and seasoned with onions and balsamic vinegar. It's a heavy meal, loaded with carbohydrates to sate his body's increasing appetite, but also pungent, in the hopes that he and Will might be able to make it through dinner without aggravating each other's instincts too much.

Not that he would mind in the slightest.

He brings out the potatoes and sprouts first, and returns for the main dish, which he has set on a platter, and lays out a cutting knife and serving fork alongside. Alana's eyes widen with appreciation at the sight as Hannibal places the main dish between them, and she breathes in deeply, exhaling with an appreciative sigh.

"Smells wonderful," she says, and Will nods, absently. His lips are parted, showing the edges of his teeth, as he breathes in the scents of the food. "But it looks like you were prepared for an army."

Hannibal smiles. "It's better to overindulge, especially when it comes to food," he replies. He takes the knife and fork and begins slicing cuts for them all. "Will, how do you prefer your meat?"

Will licks his lips, his eyes darting up towards Hannibal's voice. "Bloody," he says, and it sounds like he's meant to be teasing, but it sparks another flicker of warmth behind Hannibal's eyes. He smiles, and cuts towards the center of the roast, where the meat is pink and still oozing juice.

"Your plate, please," he says, and Will nods, curling his fingers around the edge and lifting it in offering. Hannibal sets his cut atop it, and takes it from him, spooning on a hearty portion of potatoes and Brussel sprouts before he returns it to Will's hands. He does the same with Alana, giving her a more-cooked section as he knows she prefers, and then cuts from the center for himself while she piles a more modest portion of the side dishes onto her plate.

He finishes serving himself, and they all sit. "Bon Appetit," he says.

Will smiles, and settles his hands over the sides of his plate, finding his knife and fork. Hannibal watches him do it, enthralled with the way Will seems to so-expertly navigate his food. His head is ducked, hiding his eyes and most of his face, but Hannibal is allowed a view as he cuts himself a small bite of meat, raises it to his mouth, delicately takes it between his teeth and chews.

Hannibal smiles when Will lifts his head, a purr unbidden and instinctive rumbling in his chest. He swallows immediately, blushing at having made such a sound. Even though Alana can't hear it, Hannibal can.

Will swallows again, his knuckles white, and he sets his knife down and takes a drink of water. "Wow," he says, hoarsely. "You weren't kidding."

Alana laughs. "I told you," she says after swallowing a bite of potatoes.

Will nods. "I'll never doubt you again," he says, looking towards her, and then Hannibal. "This is really good."

Hannibal's chest settles at the praise, and he smiles, and slices himself his own bite. "I cook most of my meals," he explains. "And I'm very careful about what I put into my body."

Will's cheeks darken, and he swallows again, huffing. "I imagine," he says.

Hannibal blinks, and shifts his weight. If he didn't know better, he'd say Will meant that comment as flirtatious. "Tell me," he begins, addressing neither of them in particular; he doesn't want to monopolize the conversation, but he also doesn't want anyone feeling left out. Just because his body is demanding certain attentions doesn't mean he should be rude about it. "How did you two end up living together?"

Alana hums, raising her eyebrows at Hannibal, but she's smiling. "It just seemed to make sense," she replies, shrugging one shoulder. "Will used to be a cop, then he worked for the FBI for a while, and I was friends with Jack during that time. When Will retired, I offered to have him move in with me."

'Retired'. Hannibal considers this. "I know Jack," he says, and Will's gaze lifts towards him, intrigued. "He and I have met several times at conferences concerning serial killers. Psychopaths, to be precise."

Will huffs. "Jack calls all serial killers psychopaths," he says flatly.

"You disagree?" Hannibal asks.

"I think it's lazy," Will replies.

Hannibal smiles, and takes a sip of wine. "So you were a police officer, before then?" he asks, and Will nods. "'Protect and Serve'. An admirable mantra."

Will's jaw turns tight, and he clears his throat. "I wasn't particularly good at the 'Protect' part," he says.

"Oh?"

Will nods. "I was the guy they called in when someone was already dead," he explains, ducking his head. "I created profiles from the crime scenes."

Abruptly, a memory stirs in Hannibal's mind. A man, mentioned by Jack, who possessed such keen sight that he could step into the minds of serial killers, read them as though he was one of them. He could walk into a room and recreate the emotion, the desires, the motivations. Hannibal cocks his head to one side, considering Will.

Alana catches his eye, and shakes her head subtly. *Don't*. Hannibal nods to her, and turns his attention back to his meal.

"Alana tells me you used to be a surgeon," Will says after a moment of silence. Hannibal gives a soft sound of assent. "Now you're a…therapist?"

Hannibal smiles. "A psychiatrist, yes," he replies. "Though nowadays the terms are somewhat interchangeable."

Will nods. The tension has melted from his shoulders, now that the conversation has turned from his own past. "Do you find it easier, to heal the mind?" he asks. "Or at least more

diverting?"

An interesting word choice. Hannibal takes another drink, watching as Will does the same. The sweetness of the wine soothes his sugar cravings, coats his tongue and sates the need to wet his mouth when he looks at Will.

"I'm sure Alana can attest to the satisfaction one feels, when you get to see someone heal," he replies. She smiles at him. "In surgery, my immediate influence began and ended when a person was brought into my operating room, and then left it. I was given no opportunity to hone my bedside manner, nor was I ever informed as to the patient's final fate."

Will seems to consider this, and then he smiles, off-kilter. It dimples his cheeks, makes him look rakish and coy. "I see," he says.

Hannibal tilts his head to one side.

"With your patients now, no one else can heal them like you can," Will adds, like he senses Hannibal's curiosity. "Your fate, as they say, rests in your hands."

Hannibal smiles.

"You don't have to share credit for a success story."

He laughs, undeniably pleased at Will's bluntness as well as his keen insight. "It's a shame you no longer work for the FBI," he says. "I imagine you were an irreplaceable resource to Jack."

Will hums, scooping some potatoes onto his fork and consuming them, still-delicate.

"I think of it as a blessing," he says, softly.

Hannibal looks to Alana, hoping she might offer some insight. Alana sighs, pressing her lips together. "I agree," she says, after a moment.

Will nods.

"Is Jack so distressing to work for?"

Will smiles, shaking his head. "Perhaps a story for another time, Doctor Lecter," he says, polite, but with an edge to his voice that warns Hannibal of pressing too hard, too soon.

Hannibal nods, accepting that. He can be patient.

Will sets his knife and fork down, finds the cloth napkin Hannibal placed on the edge of his setting and wipes his mouth. "Where is your restroom?" he asks.

Hannibal straightens, ready to stand and show him, but Alana reaches out and puts a hand on Will's shoulder. "The way we came," she says. "Second door on the left. Past the stairs."

Will nods, standing and fixing his seat. Hannibal watches as he brushes his hands across the back of the chair, trails gentle touches along the edge of the table. His other hand reaches out, finds the frame of the door to the hallway, and he disappears through it. It's a practice obviously well-honed, and would look comically like a person stumbling their way through the dark, but Will moves with grace and confidence. Hannibal watches him, able to see him move through the hallway, finding his way with a hand on the waist-high rim of decoration. He passes the stairs, finds the second door, and enters it, closing it behind him.

"Fascinating," he murmurs.

Alana smiles. "I'm really glad you let me bring him," she says, and Hannibal turns his head to regard her. "He doesn't get out much, since he lost his sight."

"How long ago was that?" Hannibal asks.

Alana blinks, her eyes tilting away as she thinks. Her brow furrows. "Um. About six years, I think?"

"How was his adaptation?" Hannibal asks.

Alana shrugs, pursing her lips. "Honestly, the learning curve went by really quickly for him," she replies, and her voice softens in the way it always does when she speaks of him, yet tinged with sorrow. "I think after spending so long looking through someone else's eyes, it just became second nature to him." She sighs. "If he was my patient, I'd say that not being able to see the horrors of the world comes as a relief to him. He's finally free of it."

Hannibal nods, considering that. "I'm inclined to agree," he replies. "They say people who lose a sense find the rest of them heightened. Have you observed anything like that?"

Alana laughs. "Oh, he's got the hearing of a Goddamn bat," she says. "He can probably hear us now, talking about him."

Hannibal laughs as well. "Well, I don't want to cause offense. We should change the subject."

She nods.

"Actually, while I have you, I was hoping you might be able to assist me with something," Hannibal adds. She tilts her head towards him. "I will be indisposed in the next week, and possibly the rest of this week as well. I was hoping you might be willing to step in and provide assistance and counsel to any of my patients, should they be in need of immediate therapy."

Alana blinks at him, and frowns. "Of course," she replies. "May I ask why?"

Hannibal sighs. "Simply a matter of inconvenient timing and biology."

She tilts her head to one side, before her face clears in understanding. "Oh," she says, and nods. "Of course. I'd be happy to help."

Hannibal smiles at her. "Thank you."

He hears the toilet flush, the sound of water running as Will washes his hands, and the bathroom door opens. He turns to look at Will, and Will leaves the bathroom, closing the door. His hand finds the opposite wall, but he does not turn towards them, to come back. Instead, he takes his phone out of his pocket, and lifts it to his ear, and heads towards the front door. It opens and shuts behind him with a quiet click.

Alana clears her throat. "Will still consults, sometimes," she says with a roll of her eyes, her lips pressed into a thin line. "Jack's like a dog with a bone. Honestly, sometimes Alphas are just so…"

She stops, and gestures vaguely. Hannibal understands perfectly.

"Oh!" Her eyes widen, and she covers her mouth. "Oh my God, should I have even brought Will here? I mean, are you okay?"

Hannibal smiles, and waves away her protests. "It's quite alright," he replies. "Will is very polite."

"That's why he asked me to hang his coat," she says, soft with realization. "He can probably smell you. Oh, Hannibal, I'm so sorry."

"Alana, please," Hannibal says, holding up a hand. "It's really alright. I still have a few days before I will be indisposed, and as I said, Will's presence hasn't troubled me. I find his behavior refreshing, in fact."

"He's very respectful," Alana says with a nod. "He's always been like that. Honestly, when I first met him I didn't even realize he was an Alpha."

Of course she didn't. Women don't have the refined sense of smell that Alphas and Omegas do.

They continue to eat, until most of their plates are clear and Will's water no longer has ice in it. She frowns towards the door. "He's been out there a while," she says.

Hannibal nods. "Is this common?" he asks.

She shakes her head, slowly.

"I should go check on him," she says.

"Nonsense," Hannibal replies, standing. This could be the opportunity he was waiting for. "Please. Relax. Eat. I'll go see if he's alright."

Alana regards him for a moment, before her shoulders relax, and she nods.

Hannibal gives her another reassuring smile, before he heads out of the dining room and down the hallway. The air clings to Will's scent, calls Hannibal onward, and he swallows back his mouthful of saliva as he opens the door to the outside.

He spies Will immediately. The Alpha is sitting on the front steps, idly turning his phone over and over in his hands. He looks up, nostrils flaring as he scents the air, and his cheeks turn pink when he must realize it's Hannibal. He turns away, ducking his head down.

"Sorry," he says, as Hannibal comes up beside him and stops, standing on the top step. "I needed a moment."

"Would you like to be alone?" Hannibal asks.

Will hesitates, then shakes his head. He looks up again. "Will you sit with me?"

Hannibal smiles, and takes a seat, scant inches from his thigh touching Will's. The air has turned cool again, and there's a breeze at their backs. Hannibal takes a deep breath, catches traces of the minty sweetness of Will's scent. His teeth ache again.

They sit in silence, comfortable but charged. Will finally sighs, pockets his phone, and rubs his hands over his face.

"Thank you for dinner," Will murmurs. "It really was delicious. I'm sorry I wasn't around for more of it."

"You may stay as long as you like," Hannibal replies. "Alana and I have no issue waiting, if you wish to continue eating."

Will's eyes slant over to him, settle in the area of Hannibal's mouth. Though it's not deliberate, Hannibal is very aware of it, as well as the darkening of Will's cheeks when he blushes, until his cheeks match the color of his shirt.

The Alpha touches his neck again. Hannibal knows that's not deliberate, either, but Alphas generate a lot of their scent from their lymph nodes, and it leaches through their skin, allowing them to mark their territory, and their mates. Still, when Will does it, Hannibal knows it's a gesture of anxiety, not a careful attempt to mark him or draw Hannibal's attention.

"I don't want to impose."

"Will," Hannibal says, smiling, "it would benefit our friendship greatly if you accept that I do not make offers out of obligation, nor a desire to accommodate, if I do not want to. If I didn't enjoy your company, I wouldn't be here."

Will nods, accepting that. His fingers curl and settle as fists on his thighs.

"In fact," Hannibal continues, "I would very much like to see you again."

Will's eyes snap up to him, wide. "I -." He stops, clearing his throat, and looks forward. It bares his neck, the soft flesh almost beckoning. Hannibal forces himself not to lean closer. "I don't think that's wise, Doctor Lecter."

"How so?" Hannibal asks.

Will licks his lips. "You're going into heat."

"I'm aware."

Will shivers, his breath misting in a light cloud from his parted lips. "I see," he whispers.

Hannibal smiles.

Will turns his head, and his eyes, though they do not meet Hannibal's, have a thick blaze of red in them. He lifts his hands, juddering, and lowers them again. He takes in a deep breath through his mouth, winces, shows his fangs.

Then, he holds one hand out in offering. "May I?" he whispers.

Hannibal looks down at his hand, and reaches out. He cups Will's palm, turns it, lifts it so that the calluses on Will's fingers gently graze his cheek. Will breathes out, and his hand flattens, measuring the line of Hannibal's cheekbone, the soft give of his cheek, the edge of his jaw. He turns into Hannibal, their knees touching, and his other hand finds the edge of Hannibal's eye socket, traces feather-light over his forehead, touches his hair.

Will's eyes are lifted, expression soft like he's in awe. He drags his thumb softly down Hannibal's nose, into his philtrum, finds the bow of his upper lip.

He stops there, knowing not to push too far. His head tilts, like he's following the line of Hannibal's lip, until he finds the corner of his mouth. His fingers slide down, subtly checking Hannibal's neck for previous bite marks, edge along his shoulders to measure the width of them.

He shivers, and draws his hands away, and Hannibal wants to give chase. Will's fingers were heavy with his scent, marking him like the shadow after bright light. Hannibal knows he's flushed, warm to the bone and glazed with Will's scent.

Will bites his lower lip, drops his eyes, and lets his hands rest in his lap. He breathes in again, lifts his fingers to his nose, curls them and sets his teeth against his knuckles.

He blinks. "You're not fertile."

Hannibal shakes his head. "No."

Will drops his hand. "You don't want a mate."

Hannibal smiles. "No."

"So…an arrangement, then."

"Yes."

Will nods, swallowing harshly. "May I ask why you decided to offer this to me?"

The way he says it pleases Hannibal immensely, like he's aware of just how lovely a gift he's being presented, like Hannibal's heat is a most sought-after prize. "I believe we are both in positions to sate each other's needs well," he replies. Will swallows. "If you're agreeable to the idea."

Will works his jaw to one side, breathing deep again. His exhale, when he releases it, holds a whine.

He looks away.

"Have you ever been attacked, Doctor Lecter?" he whispers.

Hannibal blinks, cocking his head to one side. "How so?"

"I lost my sight when I was taking a suspect into custody," Will says. "He got away from me, attacked me. Almost killed me." His hand goes to the side of his neck, just shy of the tendon at the back, where his hair falls most thickly. Hannibal reaches out, unable to help himself, and Will shivers, closing his eyes as Hannibal's fingertips find the hard, raised knot of scar tissue, hidden from sight.

"This is very close to your scenting glands," Hannibal says, and he wonders, abruptly, if this is why Will's scent isn't as potent as other Alphas. It's not that he wears deadening products, but he simply might produce less.

Will nods, clenching his jaw. Hannibal withdraws his touch and Will catches his hand, folds it between both his own.

"I'm not telling you this to garner sympathy, or anything else," he says. "I just want you to be aware. I'm not as…. I'm not like other Alphas." He huffs, rolling his eyes at how that sounds. "If you want someone to do that kind of thing for you, I'm not that guy."

"Will," Hannibal sighs, smiling. "Do I seem like an Omega who wants someone else to have that kind of control?"

Will huffs a laugh, his mouth quirking up unevenly. "No," he replies. "But I felt I should explain."

"I daresay you'd suit me well," Hannibal says. "But…there are ways to be sure. Before my heat manifests fully."

Will frowns, a line forming between his brows.

"If you're willing, I'd like you to come back tomorrow. We will eat, and talk, and if the chemistry fits, we will see if we're compatible physically as well."

"Like a trial run," Will says.

"Exactly."

Will shivers, licks his lips, bares just the slightest edge of his teeth. His cheeks are very dark, a lovely blush that accents the red in his eyes and highlights the blue. "Okay," he says, nodding once. "I'll -. I can do that."

Hannibal's smile is wide, satisfied. Predatory. "Good," he purrs, and doesn't miss how Will's shoulders roll and his fingers curl up ever-tighter.

Indulgence

Chapter Notes

this part is, like, all porn

Hannibal hunts again the next day, practically giddy with anticipation. He'd given Will his address and offered to pick him up from Alana's house, but Will had refused, saying he'd be alright taking a taxi and finding Hannibal's home from there. There are numbers at the end of the walkway, so Hannibal knows Will can find it once he's on the street.

He slaughters a man who hadn't felt the need to tip at a high-end restaurant after behaving like a brute the entire time, delights in the capsaicin-edge of his flesh as he picks at pieces of crisped fat, preparing the rest of the meat for later in this week and the next. If Will does prove a suitable companion, he will have to make sure they're both well-fed and that all the food is easily accessible for him, since Hannibal may not be in a state to provide it himself.

He showers again, not wanting to overwhelm Will with too much of his scent, so badly that his mind clouds and he is unable to think rationally. It would do neither of them any good to become overwhelmed by instinct before they made sure they were able to stand each other for longer than an hour at a time.

Will agreed to meet him at six, and Hannibal watches the clock while trying to pretend he isn't. His doorbell rings just shy of the hour and Hannibal freezes, his shoulders suddenly tense as the anticipation that's been biting at the back of his neck all day rears its head. He lets out a soft purr, hoping to rid himself of some of the tension, and washes his hands, and goes to the door.

Will is there, windswept, his hair more like the messy mop it had been when they first met. He's dressed warmly despite the humidity, his scent first misted with laundry detergent and the vague scent of dog, before it clears and allows Hannibal a breath of the mint-chocolate he has started to associate with Will.

He smiles warmly, and steps to one side. "Please," he says. "Come in."

Will ducks his head, reaches out to touch the frame of the door, and steps inside. Hannibal closes the door behind him and Will steps inward, so that he's not crowding Hannibal, his head turned in Hannibal's vague direction.

Then, he lifts his chin, and scents the air. "You've been cooking," he says.

Hannibal nods, smiling. "I won't be able to, soon. I thought it best to be prepared."

"Prepared," Will repeats, his cheeks flushing in a way that has nothing to do with the heat. He ducks his head and follows as Hannibal leads the way to the kitchen, drags his knuckles across the wall until he hits the frame of the entrance. Hannibal finds himself listening keenly as well, noting the difference between the sound of their shoes in the hallway versus the kitchen.

"There's a bar stool three steps in front of you," he says. Will nods, clicking his tongue once, tilts his head, and walks towards the kitchen island. He comes to a stop when his touch lands on the counter, slides across until he finds the stool, and takes a seat. "Would you like something to drink?"

"Water, please," he replies.

Hannibal nods, and pours Will a glass of ice water, setting it in front of him. He takes a seat beside Will, on another stool. Will's head turns as he moves, listening intently, and he takes a long drink, winces at the cold liquid against his teeth.

Hannibal watches him for a moment, his eyes following the flex of Will's throat when he swallows, the angle of his jaw and the slight hollow of his cheeks. He really is a beautiful man, Hannibal is sure he would notice that even when not driven by preheat hormones. His eyes are glacial today, like ice sitting on top of deep water, still with that ever-present red.

Will's eyes dart towards him, settle in the vague direction of Hannibal's shoulder. He offers a smile, off-kilter and somewhat shy. Hannibal returns it, knowing Will can hear in a voice when someone is smiling, even if he can't see it.

Will clears his throat, ducks his gaze, his posture demure and submissive. "I'm sorry," he says. "I'm not the best conversationalist."

Hannibal laughs.

"I have questions," Will adds.

"Regarding?"

"This whole thing, I suppose."

Hannibal nods. "Please, speak freely," he replies. "Communication will be essential, if we are to move forward."

Will swallows, his fingers idly tracing patterns in the condensation around his glass. "I suppose it just keeps circling back to one," he finally says. "I have to ask – why me? An Omega like you, with your reputation, I'm sure you had no end of suitors from the time you presented. And you hardly know me."

Hannibal hums, considering that. He expected Will to have misgivings in that regard. "To that, I'd ask you something in return," he says, and Will lifts his head, his eyes on Hannibal's face, just shy of his own gaze. "Do you think there's something about you that's fundamentally undesirable?"

Will huffs. "You know the answer to that," he replies with a roll of his bright eyes. "It's strange. So few people realize that you see with more than just your eyes. Our bodies have been evolved to attract and sate each other. Alphas, women, Omegas, we all possess basic biological urges and traits meant to lure others to us."

"Then, again, I ask; why do you think you lack such traits?"

"I know I do," Will replies, somewhat sharply. "Even before I went blind. Even before I lost most of my scent glands."

"Alana doesn't seem to think so," Hannibal says, hoping that the mention of his friend will soothe the tension in Will's shoulders, the tight flex of his jaw. Will blinks at him, and does soften. "I'll concede you are right, for most people. But I don't see with just my eyes either, Will."

Will blinks, and frowns. He lifts his chin and his fingers curl. "Are you trying to placate me?" he asks.

Hannibal smiles. "Are you trying to challenge me?"

"I don't want to do that," the Alpha breathes, like he can't help himself. His body turns towards Hannibal, as though he's magnetized, and their knees touch beneath the edge of the counter. "I'm not like that, I swear."

Hannibal's smile widens. He reaches out and gently grazes his fingers across the backs of Will's knuckles, and Will shivers visibly, straightening up in something like readiness.

"You said, yesterday, that you were not given the opportunity to protect, in your line of work." Will sucks in a breath, and nods. "What is your opinion of the other part?"

"Serving?" Will breathes, his voice so soft, so low. His upper lip twitches, bares his teeth, and his eyes prickle with red. His fingers curl, twist between Hannibal's. "Is that what you want? To be served?"

"To an extent, yes," Hannibal says. "I'll speak plainly to you, Will – the things you think make you lesser attract me greatly."

Will frowns, tilting his head.

Hannibal's eyes drop, and he draws in another breath, coats his tongue with Will's gentle, mild scent. "I appreciate good behavior," he says, and Will's eyes move up again. "I would see it rewarded."

A tremor runs down Will's back, and he breathes out raggedly. "I can do that," he whispers. "I can be good."

Hannibal smiles, wide and warm. "So now the question remains, Will, if you want to. For me."

Will pulls his hand back, takes his water glass and drinks from it, before he sets it down again. He stands, and Hannibal lifts his chin as Will slides the stool a little away, so that he can stand close to Hannibal. Hannibal turns, and Will sucks in another breath, reaches out with one trembling hand and curls it just shy of touching Hannibal's shoulder.

He lifts his eyes, licks his lips. "May I?"

Hannibal's smile widens. He takes Will's hand and presses it to his jaw, and Will's fingers curl, slide oh-so-gently to the back of Hannibal's skull. Not touching his neck. He knows better. He steps closer, braces his other hand on Hannibal's arm, and leans in until their foreheads touch. His breathing is ragged, eyes heavy-lidded, and he parts his lips, wets them, and leans in.

The first touch of his lips is gentle, as though asking for permission. Hannibal sighs, a fissure of pleasure running down his spine at the feeling. His lips part and Will curves into him, thighs tight to Hannibal's knees, and his fingers curl in Hannibal's arm but he doesn't tighten the touch on his head.

Hannibal's gut clenches with hunger, and he leans in, slides his hands to Will's flanks and tightens them there. It makes Will gasp, lips parting, and Hannibal takes quick advantage, tasting coffee and sweet cream on Will's tongue. Will lets out a rough, ragged sound, parts only long enough to take another breath and leans in again, his entire body sagging down so he's lower than Hannibal, and it forces his throat bare, begging for Hannibal's teeth, his nails.

Hannibal growls, his spine turning warm and his jaw aching with the desire to bite. He nips Will's lower lip, testing, and Will trembles, and his throat clogs with a mix of a growl and a purr; a discordant, eager noise that makes Hannibal's instincts sharpen, grow teeth.

He puts a hand in Will's hair and tugs him back, and Will goes, breathing harshly through pink lips. He rears back, takes his hands away and curls them, rests them with a plaintive sweetness on Hannibal's thighs.

"I'm sorry," he whispers. "I overstepped."

"Not at all," Hannibal replies, his voice uncharacteristically hoarse, though he's pleased with how Will shivers at the sound of it.

Will lifts his head, eyes glazed and low-lidded. He licks his lips and swallows, and stops purring. Hannibal smiles, and leans in, nuzzling Will's cheek, lets his lips drag in a tease against Will's. He can tell Will wants to follow him, feels the subtle flex in Will's neck as his hand slides down, cupping Will's nape. His thumb digs under Will's jaw and Will whimpers, trembling finely, and Hannibal cannot describe the satisfaction he feels, touching Will like this and receiving no boorish Alpha response. Will is sweet, and eager, and submissive to his touch.

"Will you serve me, Will?" he asks.

Will bites his lower lip, sighs with a whine at the end of it, and nods, head turning to lightly graze Hannibal's wrist with his lips. He's trying to soak himself in Hannibal's scent, complete

immersion, and though his scent is thick now on the precipice of arousal, Hannibal still breathes it in greedily, and he aches to taste something as sweet as Will.

"Good," he purrs, noting how Will flushes under the praise. He stands, and coaxes Will towards the door. "Come with me."

He leads Will up the stairs, making sure to go slow enough that Will can touch the walls and measure his footsteps, and navigate should he need to on his own. Hannibal's bedroom is down the hall, to the left of the stairs, but he does not take Will there. Instead, he goes to the guest bedroom, which is slightly off-right of the top of the stairs. He lets Will touch the walls until he reaches the door frame, and then opens it, and they both step inside.

Will takes a deep breath, lifting his chin. "You don't sleep here," he says.

Hannibal shakes his head. "No," he replies. "For now, we will use this room. There's less furniture, and it holds a more neutral scent."

Will nods, accepting that without complaint. Hannibal lets him go, and Will slides his feet along the floor carefully, until his toe hits the first wall. He keeps one hand on the wall at waist-level, snaking his fingers up and down so that he catches furniture or art, as he circles the room. There is a queen-sized bed pressed into the corner, the duvet and sheets a soft lilac to compliment the dark wood of the frame, and a small black dresser on the farthest wall, but not much else. A window breaches the wall between the bed and the far corner, and Will approaches it, touch landing light on the thick, golden curtains.

When he's apparently confident that he has the room navigated well enough, he clicks his tongue behind his teeth, tilts his head and fixes his gaze in Hannibal's direction. He offers a small smile that Hannibal returns.

"Before we begin," he says, and Will's shoulders straighten, "is there anything I should know? Things you like, things you don't like?"

Will's cheeks darken, he bites his lower lip and his smile turns sheepish. He lifts one shoulder in a shrug. "I'm really open to just about anything," he replies, and Hannibal tilts his head to one side, curious despite himself. "But I don't want to overstep. I imagine you will have rules."

Hannibal smiles, and approaches Will. Will's breath catches, his head turning away to expose his neck as Hannibal touches his chest, and Hannibal cannot describe how pleased it makes him to see Will do that. Most Alphas will protect their neck at all costs, only expose it during their domination of an Omega to seal a mating bond if they're so inclined, but Will offers his up freely, and does not flinch when Hannibal leans in and noses at Will's jaw.

"I do have some requirements," he says.

"Name them," Will replies.

Hannibal allows himself to purr, knowing Will can hear it, and his chest grows warm when Will reaches for him, sets his hands in the neutral territory of Hannibal's forearms. Hannibal pulls back and guides Will towards the bed, coaxing him to sit at Hannibal's side.

"First, should we continue, and you stay with me during my heat, I would ask that you remain here for the entire time. I haven't had a heat in many years, and I do not know how intense it will be, how long it will last, nor how often I will need to be knotted to remain lucid."

Will nods, swallowing harshly. The flush has started to spread down his neck and he's warm, enticingly so, his scent turning rich like mint with lamb. Still, faint, unoffensive.

"I understand that you have certain requirements so that you can navigate my home, but I would ask that you do your best to avoid scent-marking, as much as possible."

Will nods again, his fingers curling. "I understand," he says.

"I will also address your comment of being 'open to anything'," Hannibal adds. "I, too, have rarely found myself faced with a sexual inclination I am unwilling to accommodate, but we must be certain to ask permission from each other whenever possible, and make sure both parties remain enthusiastically consenting for the entire time."

Will lifts his head, and looks towards Hannibal's mouth. He appears hesitant, but not uncomfortable. He licks his lips and Hannibal's eyes drop to them and it takes a considerable amount of willpower not to lean in, to steal another taste.

"Are you familiar with the traffic light system?" he asks.

Hannibal tilts his head to one side. "I don't believe I am," he replies.

Will straightens. "It's a way of checking in," he says. "If one of us says 'Red', we have to stop whatever it is we're doing, regardless of what it is. 'Yellow' means to proceed with caution, or let up. 'Green' means everything's good."

"How delightful," Hannibal says, smiling. "And simple."

"Yeah," Will says, and rubs the back of his neck, his smile sheepish.

Hannibal considers him. His last requirement will be the one that makes or breaks this arrangement. "I have one last request," he says, and Will turns towards him, attentive. "This will, of course, only apply when I do finally go into heat, but there are certain…restrictive measures I would like to place on you."

Will's brow furrows, confusion turning his mouth down. "What do you mean?"

Hannibal hums, and looks down. He takes Will's hand and sets his fingertips against Will's pulse, so he can measure any change in his heartbeat. "Given the fact that I am going to go into heat, play will be unnecessary. So, there is no scenario that will require you have open access to my neck. Nor me, to your mouth."

Will's expression smooths out in understanding. His fingers curl. "You want to muzzle me," he says.

Hannibal smiles. "Yes," he replies. Will's heartbeat stutters under his hand, though when he measures the Alpha's expression, he sees no trace of revulsion, or even uncertainty. Rather, the red in his eyes flashes with something like anticipation, and his scent, already heavy, thickens further. He *likes* the idea, and sitting as close as he is, as keenly aware as he is of Will, Hannibal can tell. It makes the heat in Hannibal's gut clench, and he shivers and shifts his weight when he feels the first traces of slick gather and leak from him.

His heat is coming and, spurned by the presence of such a pretty, eager Alpha, it's coming fast.

Will's nostrils flare, like he can smell it, too. "I can do things with my mouth," he says. It's not a protest for the muzzle – rather, Hannibal feels like he's being given a sales pitch. Will wants to please him, that much is evident. "But it's your body. I won't touch it in any way you don't want me to."

Hannibal nods. "Only during my heat," he says, hoping to reassure, though Will doesn't seem hesitant in the slightest at the idea. "I trust you can control yourself tonight. And, if you can't, then…"

He doesn't finish the sentence, lets the promise of his rejection and disappointment slide over Will like oil. Will whimpers, like the thought hurts him, spearing him through the stomach. His fingers curl against Hannibal's wrist and he shakes his head.

"I can control myself," he promises. "I will."

Hannibal lets out a soft, ragged breath. Will's sweet pliancy is affecting him more than he expected. He drags his nails along Will's wrist and Will shivers, wetting his lips, the soft slip of his tongue teasing at Hannibal's hindbrain, demanding he lean in and bite.

"So you're agreeable, then?" he asks, for he must be sure.

Will nods, eyes low-lidded but dark, the pupil in them almost covering the blue so all that's left is a thin ring of mixed color.

He nods, and the heat in Hannibal's spine tightens, grows claws. He growls, softly. "Say it, Will," he says. "I want to hear it."

Will swallows, and lifts his eyes to Hannibal's mouth. "I agree," he breathes, voice lower now, raspy. "You won't regret choosing me. I swear."

Of that, Hannibal has no doubt.

"Good," he whispers, letting Will hear the pleasure in his voice. He slides his free hand into Will's soft hair, admires the way his curls nestle between his fingers, stirring up his scent. Will remains still, allowing Hannibal to come to him, and Hannibal smiles and closes the distance so that his lips can meet Will's.

Will arches into him, a ragged growl stuck in his chest, and Hannibal purrs in return, pushing himself to his feet and turning Will so that he's on the edge of the bed. Will's knees spread, giving Hannibal room between them – surprising, but a gesture eagerly welcomed – and his hands reach up to curl into Hannibal's forearms, gentle as the rest of him.

His kiss sets something in Hannibal alight, instincts long-denied rearing up in him, making him hot and slick under Will's touch. The air in the room is suddenly too warm and Hannibal pulls back, cups Will's face with both hands to stop him chasing, and Will whimpers, the scent of him filling Hannibal's open mouth, flooded with saliva.

Hannibal licks his lips, tastes Will on them, and growls, straightening up. "I'd like you to get undressed," he says, as calmly as he can manage, though his voice shakes.

Will swallows harshly, but nods, and Hannibal lets go of him. He does not stand, but pulls at the sweater clinging to his shoulders, tugs it over his head and down his arms and sets it to one side. Underneath, he's wearing a thin white t-shirt, which soon undergoes similar treatment, and then he's bare from the waist up.

Hannibal steps back, folds his arms across his chest, head tilted as he admires the Alpha as Will exposes himself. Will's hands appear large when he stands, fingers deft on his belt. The movement of his arms and shoulders makes Hannibal's teeth want to bare themselves, sink between flesh and bone and drink the strength from his muscles. He wonders, absently, if Will tastes as good as he smells, if his sweat will sweeten him, add a tang to his mint-scent.

Will slides his belt free and drops it to the floor. His slacks sit low on his hips, exposing the jut of bone and the dark trail of hair between his navel and down, into his clothes. Will's fingers are trembling, and Hannibal knows he can feel Hannibal's eyes on him, and wonders if the caress of his gaze is as ravenous as he is.

Will undoes the button of his slacks, pulls the halves apart and slides the zipper down, exposing the band of white underwear. It clings to him as the slacks fall, exposing pale thighs a few shades lighter than his forearms and neck, and they are thick with muscle. Hannibal imagines Will holding him, wonders if Will could lift him to the wall in a fit of passion.

He trembles, growling softly, and digs his nails into his biceps.

Will sits on the bed, slides his hands down his thighs and over his knees, pushes his slacks to his ankles. He toes off his shoes, bunches his socks into them, and slides the clothing off to join the rest of the pile.

Then, he pauses, and clicks his tongue. His eyes find Hannibal's feet, head kept low. Waiting.

Hannibal smiles, and doesn't recognize his own voice when he says; "Underwear, too."

Will bites his lower lip, shoulders rolling back, and he pushes himself to his feet again. His underwear clings to him, and Hannibal can see the bulge of his cock, the way his body fills out the clothing so wonderfully. He has never known an Alpha to make himself so vulnerable, especially for an Omega before. Like this, Hannibal could lunge for him and attack him at any moment.

Will's fingers slide into the waistband of his underwear, and push down. He steps out of them when they meet his ankles and then settles, hands at his sides, head tilted *just* so to show Hannibal to arch of his throat.

Hannibal breathes out, shakily. The dark hair in a line on his lower stomach melts into a patch of neatly-trimmed pubic hair. He is half-hard, his cock hanging thick between his legs, the head of it the same pretty pink of his mouth. Hannibal lets his arms unfold, drop, and he rakes his gaze back up, finds Will's eyes tilted towards him, his expression carefully smooth.

"You're beautiful," he whispers, and watches as Will's stomach sinks in. He purrs, low and soft, at the praise, and Hannibal smiles.

"Thank you," he replies, confession-quiet. His lips curl up, instinctively pleased, placated, Hannibal is sure, by how low his voice has gotten.

Hannibal approaches him and Will's fingers curl, tighten into fists. His passivity is lovely, the way he is displayed for Hannibal reminds him of sculptures, of stone. Hannibal wants to see him crack.

He touches Will's hip with one gentle hand, keeps his fingers feather-light, testing Will's reactiveness. Will trembles at it, flinching subtly, and his lips part as he takes in a heavy breath, his eyes fluttering closed. He reaches for Hannibal, whining when he finds Hannibal still-clothed, clings to his flanks and turns his head so his nose brushes Hannibal's jaw.

Then, he remembers himself. His inhale is quick, sudden, and though he doesn't release Hannibal, his touch lightens. "I'm sorry," he says, and Hannibal shivers as his warm breath brushes Hannibal's neck. "You smell so good."

Hannibal smiles. He turns his head, nudges Will's cheek, and slides his hand into Will's hair to hold him still when Hannibal kisses him. In return, he earns another of Will's rough, growling breaths, hears in it Alpha desire, and feels Will's cock thickening against his thigh.

He breaks the kiss, puts his teeth to Will's ear, and growls; "I want you to touch yourself." Will's breath hitches, the sweetness of his scent as arousal surges in him makes Hannibal's jaws ache to bite down. "Get ready for me."

Will nods, and Hannibal releases him and pushes him onto the bed. Will crawls back, his shoulders finding the wall and bracing himself there. He lays prone, like a virgin bride waiting for her groom to conquer her. Hannibal's hands turn to his own clothes, undressing slowly.

He wants to watch.

Will bites his lower lip, eyelids fluttering closed as he rakes a hand down his own chest, his other hand digging into his thigh and dragging up. He keeps his legs spread, left bent up to brace himself against the bed, right lying lax. It feels like an invitation, like Hannibal could place himself there and be as eagerly welcomed as if their breeds were reversed.

One of Will's hands finds his cock, strokes it to lay flat against his belly and expose his balls and the darker, loose patch of skin at the base where his knot would swell. Hannibal watches, ravenous, as Will's cock hardens at his own touch, and Will wraps his other hand around the base of his cock, cups his balls as he tugs on the head of his cock. His entire body twitches when he does it and he bares his teeth, releasing a quiet, desperate whine.

Hannibal almost rips the collar of his undershirt in his haste to get it off. He folds each piece of clothing in an attempt to exercise control and restraint, but his hands are shaking and he's *warm*, so warm, and slick has started to stick to his thighs, quickly-drying in the charged air. By the time he's naked, exposed as Will, Will has found a rhythm for himself, his knuckles white as he drags his tight fist up the shaft of his cock, brushes the side of his thumb under the head, across the slit to catch moisture, and back down. His other hand has sunken lower, behind his balls, brushing fever-damp over his hole.

Hannibal's breath catches, his eyes wide, heart pounding in his chest.

He steps closer. "What are you thinking about?" he asks, the words a borderline snarl.

Will opens his eyes, shows Hannibal the ring of red around his wide pupil. With no blue in his eyes, Hannibal thinks of blood, drying in moonlight. His hunger surges and he prowls forward another step. He could reach out and touch Will, standing this close.

Will's mouth parts, nostrils flaring as he breathes in deep, soaks Hannibal's scent into his lungs. "You," he replies, and Hannibal wouldn't believe it if anyone else had said it, but Will is frightfully sincere, and Hannibal doesn't doubt him.

Will's eyelids flutter, he tilts his head up and to one side, breathes out. His cock twitches in his grip and he arches, heel sliding along the duvet. "What color are your eyes?" he whispers.

Hannibal licks his lips, rasps; "Brown." Though he can feel them prickling, Omega gold showing through.

Will nods, sucks in another breath. "Your hair?"

Hannibal smiles, bares his teeth. "It was once as dark as yours," he replies. "It's lightened over the years."

He slides closer, lets the bed dip between Will's feet from the pressure of his knees. He's hard, his stomach aching with desire as he watches Will, watches his chest heave, stuttering whenever he breathes in Hannibal's scent. Watches the flex of his throat, how it starts to shine with sweat. He wants to taste.

He licks his lips. "How long has it been since you've warmed someone's bed?" he asks, deliberately phrasing it like Will is the companion – never the Alpha, never the conqueror, but the conquest. He wants to see how Will reacts to it.

He isn't disappointed. Will's cock darkens, flushing a deep red, and leaves a smear of clear liquid on his belly. "Years," he breathes. He hasn't closed his legs, is still touching his hole like he wants his fingers to be slick.

Hannibal can give that to him.

"Since I could see," Will adds.

Hannibal smiles. "You can see with more than just your eyes."

Will swallows.

Hannibal climbs onto the bed, takes Will's hand from between his legs. Will flinches, and lets go of his cock, drags his hand through his hair and tugs until his eyes close.

Hannibal prowls over him, digs his knees behind Will's thighs to keep him open, and sets Will's hand on his chest. "I want you to see me, Will."

Will surges up, both hands sliding into place on Hannibal's chest. He shivers, eyelids fluttering as he traces his fingers up, measures the line of his collarbones, digs his nails into the meat of Hannibal's shoulders. He flattens his palms, sucks in a breath when he touches the hair on Hannibal's chest, and whines, arching closer like to wants to rest his cheek there, too.

He looks up, fixes Hannibal with a look like he's a supplicant to a god. "Please," he whispers, and Hannibal's entire body trembles, neck to knee, and his fingers curl.

He finds Will's shoulders, turns him and shoves him down onto his back on the bed. They both move together, adjusting for the change in position, and Will purrs loudly as Hannibal's weight settles over his thighs.

His eyes widen, fly open and stare upward. "Oh," he growls, upper lip twitching. His fingers curl, nails digging in briefly to Hannibal's flanks. His cock twitches, spurts another thick pool of clear precum onto his stomach and Hannibal growls, rolling his hips so that his cockhead slides through it. Will bites his lower lip and slides his hands to Hannibal's thighs. "Shit, I can -. I can feel your slick."

Hannibal knows this. It cakes his thighs, smears sticky-warm over Will's skin. He smiles, and leans over Will, planting his hands on either side of Will's head.

He leans down further, chases the cling of Will's wet mouth, kisses him chastely as Will moans. He knots his fingers in Will's sweat-damp hair, rolls his hips to fuck into the slick Will's cock left on his skin, feels the hard line of him and the slight bulge where his knot wants to swell.

Will's hands are gentle, flat on Hannibal's hips, and slide upward, inward, finds the dip of his spine and he arches, eager, as though begging Hannibal to sink deeper into him. Hannibal closes his eyes, curious at the reaction.

"Have you ever -." He stops, trembling as another fresh wave of preheat sinks its teeth into the back of his neck, rakes down his spine in impatient lines, settles behind Will's palms and grows knots, coils like a snake about to strike. He growls. "Have you ever taken a man inside you, Will?"

Will swallows, parts his lips, shakes his head.

"Do you want to?"

"I -." Will isn't hesitant. Rather, he's as affected as Hannibal is, and cannot speak for the way his shoulders tense up, tremble, and his thighs shake between Hannibal's as Hannibal's body settles over him. "Yes," he finally manages, rubs his cheek to Hannibal's jaw and breathes in deeply. "Do you want that?"

Hannibal laughs, though the sound catches in his throat. "Oh, darling, I think by the end of this I will have devoured every inch of you."

Will's eyes snap open, his head falls back and his hand flies to his cock, wrapping tight around the base. His hips jerk up, arch, and he snarls, throwing his head to one side to expose his throat, fingers working in tight, short strokes at the base of his cock as he forces his knot to stay down, not to swell. His cock twitches again, stomach sinking in, and he digs his free hand into Hannibal's hip, thighs turning tight underneath him. Hannibal rears back, watches, breathless, as Will fights his way back from the precipice, denies himself his release.

Will whimpers, slick with sweat, and his hand goes from Hannibal's hip to his own neck, digs into his nape so that his eyes flare red. He growls, gasps, arches again, and Hannibal's hands shake, rest on Will's heart to measure how it jumps and stutters under his touch.

"*Fuck*," Will snarls, gasping the word. His knuckles are white, veins in the back of his hand standing out, and he rakes the nails at his neck across his throat, raises four dark red lines across it.

Still, no release comes. Will breathes out, eyes glazed and dark, as he goes lax under Hannibal's touch.

Hannibal is breathing raggedly, overwhelmed at the sight of this beautiful Alpha exercising such wild, desperate control. He's soaked to the core, aching on the inside, and the thought of not having Will is, suddenly, unacceptable.

He growls, and Will turns his head in time for Hannibal to kiss him. His lips part eagerly, and Hannibal is purring, so incredibly pleased to have been lucky enough to find someone such as Will. Will is trembling, filled with energy like a racehorse in the starting gate, and Hannibal wants to let him loose, let him run wild.

Wants to work him into the ground.

He pulls Will's hands away, plants them on the bed by Will's head, and puts his teeth to Will's ear; "That was beautiful to witness," he says, and Will whines, his fingers curling to touch Hannibal's knuckles. "You deserve a reward for that."

He lets go of one arm and reaches behind himself, finds his body slick and open, relaxed in preparation to take a knot. He shivers, brings his fingers back slick, and Will's nostrils flare, breath catching when he smells it.

Hannibal smiles, rocks forward until Will's cockhead slides between his legs, settles heavy against his hole. He puts his slick fingers over Will's mouth and Will's lips part, tongue

snaking out for a taste.

Hannibal growls in warning. "Don't bite," he says, and then he sinks down, parting for Will's cock.

Will lets out a broken, high-pitched sound around Hannibal's fingers as he sinks them between Will's teeth, just as Will's cock sinks into him. Will fills him up wonderfully, sating that urge inside him to be filled up and mounted. He sighs, satisfied to the bone when Will sucks on his fingers, keeps his hands obediently pressed beside his head. Hannibal can tell how hard he's fighting to keep still, how much he wants to move, to roll his hips and fuck the Omega in his bed. Hannibal has studied enough Alphas to intimately know what they're thinking when they're with an Omega in heat.

He pulls his fingers out, wraps them around Will's throat instead to see if he snarls. He doesn't, merely slides his hands up Hannibal's arms, wraps around the backs of his shoulders, and closes his eyes, leans his head back.

Hannibal is too impatient to tease him. His own instincts are surging up, demanding he move, demanding he take everything this Alpha is offering him. Were he more like the other members of his breed, he would be thankful, and proud that an Alpha has managed to overpower and catch him – and yet, in his submission, Hannibal feels the same decadence. He hunted this Alpha, he lured him in and trapped him here, and Will gave himself up so eagerly, so sweetly.

Delightful.

He sinks down further, until his thighs meet Will's, and Will shivers, trembles, opens his eyes and meets Hannibal's, glazed and red. Will licks his lips and the movement of his throat makes Hannibal's hand tighten, makes Will gasps.

Will's hands go to Hannibal's hips – not guiding, not forcing, but resting there. "Use me," he whispers, rasping the words.

Hannibal's answering snarl borders on feral. "I intend to."

He rolls his hips, exhale shaky as Will sinks into him, withdraws and thrusts in again. Will cups Hannibal's thighs, lifts him up just enough to tuck his heels in and help Hannibal move. The scent of him now is overwhelming, and Hannibal leans down, digs his thumb under Will's jaw and turns his head, to where he still has a gland on the right side of his neck. He pushes his nose against Will, breathes in deeply the mint-sugar of his scent, his mouth watering, wet as the rest of him.

He keeps moving, driven by a need he does not care to examine. This is instinct, he knows that, and every muscle in him works to get Will inside him, deeper, *deeper*, to coax Will to the very edge of sanity so that he breaks apart, spills himself inside Hannibal, sates that gut-heavy need in him to be mounted and fucked.

Will moans, trembling when Hannibal bares his teeth against his throat. He can feel the tease of pressure that is Will's knot, pressing insistently at his slick rim. He's tempted, *oh* how he's

tempted, to let Will knot him, to demand it. But he wants, more than that, to see if Will might force himself inside anyway. If his control will snap.

If Hannibal can make him snap.

Will's hands slide to Hannibal's thighs, tighten, and he bears his teeth and moans. "Hannibal," he breathes, and Hannibal purrs at the sound of his name, driven from Will's fucked-out throat. He opens his jaws, sets his teeth to Will's throbbing pulse, clenches up around the Alpha's cock just to hear him whine.

Will jerks under him, tightens his nails, surges up to bury his face against Hannibal's neck. "*Fuck*," he growls, and his hands – strong, large, burning hot on Hannibal's sweaty skin – spread out, dig in. He forces Hannibal down onto his lap, forces the stretch of his half-swollen knot inside and Hannibal gasps, surprised at how good it feels to be forced open like that.

But Will stops, stutters, rolls his hips and drops them so that he pulls back out. He lets go with one hand, wraps it around his knot and Hannibal stays still, closes his eyes as Will breathes out harshly. He can't fight his orgasm back a second time, too close to madness with Hannibal's scent and his slick. He fists his knot tightly, knuckles against Hannibal's rim so that he doesn't sink back in, and Hannibal shivers, pulls his mouth away and concentrates on the feeling of Will spilling inside him. Without knotting, it's not as much as an Alpha can produce, but warms his belly, and the brief tease of his knot settles Hannibal's hindbrain, gentles his teeth.

He pushes Will back by the neck, kisses him fiercely as Will moans, shuddering through his orgasm. His kiss, to this point so desperate and reactive, is lax now, tongue lazily curling behind Hannibal's teeth. Hannibal's stomach sinks in at the sensation, his own arousal resting hard and red against Will's stomach.

Will recovers slowly, breathes out and takes his fist away from the base of his cock, slides his slick hands up Hannibal's back to satisfy the instinct to pet his bedfellow, soothe him. Hannibal finds that he's purring without meaning to, and it matches the bass note of Will's sated growl.

He pulls back, licks his tender lips, and lets go of Will's neck, which now bears a pink handprint on it. "You didn't knot me," he says.

Will's cheeks dimple as he smiles, sweaty hair plastered to his forehead, curling under his ears. He turns his head and nuzzles Hannibal's wrist. "You didn't say I could."

Oh, you sweet, beautiful boy. Hannibal clenches up so tightly that it forces Will to slide out of him. Will winces, swallowing harshly to stifle his sound of pain, and Hannibal kisses him again, fiercely, drinking down his quiet moan as Will arches up into him, just as eager as he has been the whole night.

"Good boy," Hannibal snarls, his vision dark at the edges with how badly he wants to tear into Will like this, claw at his ribs, peel back every layer of him until Hannibal can see it all.

Hannibal doesn't just use his eyes – his hands, by the end, will see Will more intimately than pure vision ever could.

Will's purr is disjointed but strong at the praise, and Hannibal pulls away, turns Will's head and kisses his jaw, bites the corner of it. Will's hands have gentled on him, forced back into Hannibal's control. Hannibal is tempted to force Will to hardness again, sink back down on him, and see how many times he could force Will to deny himself before he couldn't any longer.

But another need, more urgent, stirs in his belly.

He growls, pushes Will's hair back from his neck, and whispers; "Roll over."

Will blinks, his red irises flashing with anticipation. He nods, and Hannibal moves to allow him to adjust, watches as Will rolls gracefully onto his stomach. His shoulders bunch up, glistening with sweat. The dip of his spine begs Hannibal to rut into it, the smooth plane of his back appears as a feast for Hannibal's teeth.

He flattens himself over Will, wraps one arm around Will's stomach to take his cock in hand. Will gasps, shuddering, oversensitive. Since he didn't knot, he's still hard, able to recover quickly since his body is telling him that he didn't sate Hannibal's heat, that the Omega still needs him. It's an instinct Hannibal intends to pull at mercilessly when his heat does come. If Will agrees, Hannibal will use him until Will cannot walk, cannot speak. He'll drag every ounce of strength from the Alpha until he's satisfied.

Will is wet between his legs, Hannibal's slick staining them both so that, if one were to take this scene without context, it could be believed that Will is playing the Omega role. Hannibal ruts his cock between Will's legs, forces it through until his cockhead brushes the wet duvet cover. The sensation makes him tremble, for as soft as the bedding is, it cannot compare to the silky, wet feeling of Will's warm thighs.

"Please," Will breathes, arching up against Hannibal's weight. His hands find the bedspread, fist white-knuckled and tug until the white sheets are exposed. Hannibal growls, reaching between his legs to gather more of his slick and Will's seed on his fingers.

He spreads Will apart, one fingertip brushing his tight, slick-glazed hole, and he watches, watches as Will's shoulders flex, his spine curves, and Hannibal pushes one finger inside.

Alphas are not evolved to lay with anyone this way. The fact that Will allows it would be startling enough, but Hannibal watches him, and he seems to relish the stretch of it, the burn. His head is turned, tilted, forehead against the sheets, and he bares the nape of his neck, shoves his hips back, legs spread wide around Hannibal's knees.

"Oh, *God*," he moans, broken from the base of his neck. He reaches back, breathing ragged, and grabs Hannibal's forearm as though to pull him in further.

Hannibal growls; a warning. "Patience, darling," he says, and smooths his free hand up Will's back, rests it in the divots at the base of his spine to soothe. There's no placative point here, not like there are for Omegas, but Will reacts as though he has it, and he lets go.

Will's breathing is rough, bordering on hyperventilation. His chest expands with each one, jagged-edged, as Hannibal sinks his first finger all the way inside, crooks it down to drag against him. Will clenches up, weak-limbed, desperate, and he turns his head so Hannibal can see his flushed face, his red eyes.

He grits his teeth, arches again. "Please," he whispers. "Please, Hannibal, more."

Hannibal closes his eyes, breathing out harshly in an attempt to maintain some modicum of control. He adds a second finger, forcing Will to part for him, and drives his fingers in harshly, curled down until he finds Will's prostate.

Will howls, raw and rough, his whole body flinching in pleasure at the touch. Hannibal smiles, does it again, and rests his free hand on Will's shoulder to measure the jump and flex of his muscles. Will doesn't fight him, doesn't even try. He bares his nape and trembles when Hannibal leans down and nips at his tender, pink skin.

Unable to help himself, Hannibal licks a broad stripe across Will's neck, edges his teeth against the scent gland, and his palette explodes with sensation, soaked straight into his brain the taste of Will, the feel of him pinned under Hannibal. It's a level of control he had never realized he'd been wanting, and now that he has it, he's rabid, impatient.

Will makes him feel rude.

"Are you ready for me, Will?" he asks, and Will nods frantically, body tight around Hannibal's fingers, ready. Hannibal pulls his fingers out and opens his mouth wide on Will's nape, hobbles him like an Omega, draws him up to his knees so Hannibal can mount him properly.

Will moans, trembling, ready. Hannibal has no patience left to tease him further.

He guides his cock to Will's eager hole, pushes past the tight ring of resistance, and sinks inside.

Will buries his face in the bunched duvet, shouting his pleasure as he tightens up around Hannibal, almost suffocating. Hannibal growls, forces his cock past Will's spasming muscles, rolls his hips until his cockhead touches his swollen prostate.

Will's hands comes down harshly, sharp enough to rip the fabric beneath him. He bares his teeth, sinks them into the covers and rips, directing the need unforgivingly downwards, away from Hannibal's neck and hands.

Hannibal closes his eyes, shuddering as he bottoms out. In his life, he has never been inside a man like this, chosen instead the safer companionship of women, and he knows immediately, at this moment, that he will do this again. He'll break Will apart, force him to knot until he's too sore, roll him to his stomach and take his satisfaction from Will's pliant body.

He pulls back, fucks in again, and gasps as Will's body tightens further. The Alpha lets out a weak whimper, arched up desperately to feel Hannibal's weight on him. He shivers, groaning, and one of his hands goes below his stomach, fists his cock tightly as he starts to bear down.

The scent of his seed is sharp, stings Hannibal's nose, and he growls and, without thinking, finds Will's nape and bites down.

His fangs split skin, shed blood quickly. Will moans when he does it, another desperate clench of his body driving Hannibal to keep moving inside of him. Hannibal is brutal with him, rough and rude, fucks in and *in* as Will tightens, spasms, his orgasm tearing his throat and his lungs as he howls and moans and whimpers Hannibal's name.

The bite isn't deep, but it's wide, encasing Will's remaining scent gland. The mint-sharpness of him coats Hannibal's tongue, thick in his blood, and Hannibal licks over it, purring in supreme satisfaction.

He should stop – what he did was not something they agreed on, and after laying his own requirements on Will, it feels hypocritical – but just as he pulls back, an apology on his tongue, Will turns his head, reaches up and touches his hair. His hand is thickly coated with his seed and Hannibal breathes deeply, wanting to lick him clean.

"Please," Will breathes, his eyes wide. "Bite me again."

Hannibal's rhythm stutters, slows. His hands flex on Will. "Are you sure?"

Will nods, wets his lips. "I want your teeth," he says. Even as he says it, his body gives another encouraging spasm, and whether it's intentional or not, Hannibal cannot say, but it makes him react all the same. "I want to taste my blood in your mouth when you kiss me again."

Hannibal has always prided himself on his self-control, but he's only a man. He covers Will again, nuzzles Will's tender, swollen neck, licks over the wound he placed, prepared to lay another. "Where?" he growls.

Will swallows, closes his eyes, and tilts his head up, exposes the vulnerable arch of his neck, where his pulse rushes heaviest. He touches it with his free hand, feather-light. "Here."

Hannibal obeys with a snarl, thrusting deep into Will as he sinks his teeth down, clenches his jaws and swallows Will's arousal-sweet blood. Will whimpers, jaw tight with pain, and clenches down against Hannibal again, like an Omega, like he needs Hannibal's seed inside him to sate the fires consuming them both.

Hannibal wants to give it to him.

He licks Will's bloody neck, nuzzles his sweaty hair.

"Will you give me your mouth?" he asks.

Will's eyes fly open, his lips part in a gasp, and he nods.

"*Yes*," he breathes.

Hannibal swallows, licks Will's blood from his teeth, and pulls out abruptly. He rolls Will onto his back and straddles his chest, hand tight around his cock as he strokes himself,

cockhead resting against Will's bruised lower lip.

Will shifts his weight, tilts his head to lick the bottom of Hannibal's shaft, breathing deep.

Hannibal snarls, grabs his jaw. "Open," he commands, and Will's lips part obediently. He closes his eyes as Hannibal grunts, slides his fist down, and starts to spill over Will's mouth. Watches as his seed spreads thick and white over Will's red lips, the flush on his cheeks, the dark shadow of hair on his jaw. He pushes his cockhead between Will's lips, stroking once to tease another wave of release, pleased when Will licks the slit of his cock and sucks on the head, drinking him down.

When he's finished, he pulls back, breathing heavily. He's as wet as Will, soaked in every place, yet his mouth is so dry.

He leans down, licks Will's dirty cheek, and kisses him. Will's blood and Hannibal's seed and slick mix together, a decadent blend of iron and sweetness that he knows will sate both of them.

Will clutches at him, moaning into the kiss, his nostrils flared wide at the combined scents of them. Hannibal pulls back, gathers another trail of seed on his tongue, and feeds it to Will, delighted when the Alpha accepts it with grace.

He pulls back again, and rests their foreheads together. Will's eyes are dark, glazed, but he can see traces of blue returning to the iris, sensing that the Omega he needs to please has been sated. Will sighs, tilting his head so their noses brush, and pets a hand through Hannibal's hair.

Hannibal touches the raw bite marks on his neck, swallowing. "I must apologize," he says.

Will huffs a laugh, rolls his eyes. "Don't," he replies. "I liked it."

"Still," Hannibal says. "I didn't ask."

"No, you didn't," Will murmurs, nodding. "But I could have said 'Red'. And you were going to stop. I could feel that. I didn't want you to."

Hannibal hums, considering that. "Would you allow me to do it again?" he asks.

"Yes." Will's answer is immediate. "And I'll still wear the muzzle. You don't owe me anything."

Hannibal nods. He shifts his weight, goes to his hands and knees, and rears up, pulling Will upright. "Come with me," he says. "I'll show you the guest bathroom, and I believe I promised you a meal."

Will smiles, and wets his lips. "Good. I'm starving."

Hannibal showers quickly, redresses in lounge pants, a t-shirt, and loose sweater, and prepares food for Will.

After all, he's certainly earned it.

Hannibal's body is practically singing with satisfaction, pleased down to the bone. His ass and thighs ache wonderfully, his head is warm and heavy with release, and when he hears Will coming down the stairs, steps soft and sure, his head perks up and he finds himself smiling.

Will appears at the threshold of the kitchen. The bites on his neck are raw and red, already purpling where Hannibal sucked and stark against the lighter imprint of his hand. His hair, wetted down, is dark and highlights the still-flushed glow on his cheeks, the brightness of his lovely eyes. He hasn't put his sweater back on, and the look of him in his slacks and t-shirt is one both vulnerable and alluring. Hannibal's stomach clenches with hunger that has nothing to do with food.

Will smiles, like he can feel Hannibal's gaze. He goes to the barstool from memory and breathes deep. "Smells good," he murmurs.

Hannibal's smile widens. "Would you like some water?"

Will nods. "Please."

Hannibal fills a glass and sets it in front of Will, squeezing his shoulder lightly when he's done. He returns to the food, finished with warming what's left of the breaded and fried kidneys, and serves it with a bowl of grapes for them each.

He makes sure to make noise when he sets the plates down, touches the fork to Will's fingertips so he can find it. "Sliced kidneys," he tells him. "And the bowl has grapes in it."

"Thank you," Will says, quiet and pleased. He turns his head, searching, and Hannibal meets him, touches his nose to Will's temple and nuzzles his damp hair.

Then, he grabs his own food, and takes a seat beside Will.

They eat in silence for a while, too focused on their bellies to make much conversation, but Hannibal enjoys it. He has spent far too much time with people who would fill every silence with inane babble, and would even understand if Will, having no sight, chose to stimulate his other senses more often. But Will doesn't – he eats, purring unapologetically at the taste of the food, and remains quiet so that Hannibal can eat as well.

When they're done, he pushes his plate a little away, making room for his elbows, and begins to toy with his water glass idly.

His eyes slant towards Hannibal, his smile gentle.

Hannibal returns it, and places his hand on Will's thigh. "You are remarkable," he says.

Will blinks, huffs a small laugh and rubs his hand over the bitten side of his neck. "You're the first to say so," he replies.

"I'm sure that's not true," Hannibal says, teasing.

Will rolls his eyes, and clears his throat. His fingers drum, anxiously, on the countertop, and he looks to Hannibal once more. "Will I warm your bed again?"

"I would like that very much," Hannibal replies, earnestly, pleased when Will's smile dimples his cheeks and he lets out a quiet purr. "The hour is late. If you wish, you can stay the night."

Will wets his lips. "I want to, but I can't," he replies. Hannibal nods, withdrawing his hand. "I have to go home, check on my dog, make sure someone can take care of him while I'm here. Pack a bag." He huffs, rolling his eyes again. "I wanted to, before, but I didn't want to… presume."

Hannibal smiles. "I understand completely," he says. "But rest assured, Will, you are always welcome here."

Will smiles, though it seems sad. "Thank you," he says. He takes another drink of water. "Would you mind calling me a cab?"

"Of course," Hannibal replies, and ignores the pang of mild outrage at the thought of Will leaving so soon. His explanation is reasonable, and Hannibal soothes himself with the reminder that Will shall return to him, when the time is right.

He's caught Will, now, and won't let him go until it suits.

He stands, and, testing, he reaches for Will, curls his fingers in Will's damp hair and turns him to face Hannibal. Will's breath catches, eyes wide, throat bared, and Hannibal leans in.

He stops, just shy of a kiss, and smiles. "May I?"

Will bares his teeth in a grin, off-kilter and promising. This time, he closes the distance himself.

Restraint

The next day, Hannibal suffers the strange dual sensation of restless desire and total satisfaction. Having sex with Will and finding release from the burgeoning instincts in him has settled him remarkably, as he knew it would, almost like when one takes medicine to get ahead of a pending head cold. He knows his heat is still coming, can feel it like sunlight on the horizon, but he no longer has tremors and flashes of heat driving him to distraction.

No, the distraction comes purely, and insistently, from the desire to see Will again.

His teeth ache, still sweetly numb from the taste of Will's blood, Will's sweat. His ears ring in the quiet with the sounds of the Alpha's purr, his moans, the desperate whines and curses that fell from his pink mouth. He wants, ardently, to hear such sounds again.

It's strange – Hannibal has always known his sense of smell was his keenest sense, and Will is the one person who does not overwhelm it. It could be argued that Hannibal is blinded as he is, robbed of his enhanced sense of smell when it comes to the Alpha. In its effects, his others are heightened. His sense of touch is fine-tuned to the tremble of Will's shoulders, the flex of his throat, the gentle cling of his chapped lips. His ears are attentive to the memory of Will's cries, his laugh, the sweet, desperate way he'd moaned Hannibal's name, begged him 'Please, more'.

His eyes, oh, they have enjoyed quite a feast. One that he conjures frequently as he goes about feeding himself and preparing for the day. In the corners of his vision, Will lingers, a shadow with a rakish smile and hair all in disarray. He comes to Hannibal in the kitchen, sits at his bar stool and sips water, patient and attentive.

Ready to serve.

Hannibal's thoughts are interrupted when his phone rings, Alana's name flashing across the screen. He smiles, wipes his hands, and answers it, pressing it between his cheek and shoulder as he pours himself a glass of juice and heads to the dining room.

"Good morning, Alana."

"Morning," Alana says, her voice warm, yet soft. She hesitates, then; "I wanted to talk to you about something."

Hannibal hums, curious at the vague language. "Anything in particular?" he asks.

She hesitates again, then sighs; "Can I come over? I don't really want to have this conversation over the phone."

Hannibal takes a seat at his dining room table, sets the glass down and takes his phone in hand. "Of course," he replies. "You're always welcome here."

"Thank you. I'll be over in an hour," she says, and hangs up the phone once they exchange 'Goodbye's. Hannibal sets his phone down, taking a drink of juice, sighing at the sweetness as it coats his tongue. He rubs his fingers along the side of his neck, teases at the line of his hair, and scratches there. He has felt oddly itchy since Will left him last night.

As his thoughts jump to Will, the rest of his concentration eagerly follows. He conjures Will in his mind, sets the Alpha at his right-hand side. Will sits lax, lazy, leaned back in the chair to show his belly and the lovely arch of his neck. His eyes find Hannibal's in Hannibal's imagination, focus there like they can't in real life, and he smiles.

"I hope I'm not distracting you," he says.

Hannibal returns his smile. "Not at all," he replies. "Distraction and indulgence are not the same thing."

"Ah, so I'm an indulgence," Will murmurs, drumming the fingertips of his left hand against the table. His hand, where it sits, is close enough to reach out and touch, but Hannibal resists. It will not be half as satisfying as the real thing.

Hannibal considers this. "Perhaps not," he replies. "That word isn't intimate enough."

Will presses his lips together, head tilted again. New as he is to Hannibal's mind palace, he does not offer conversation freely – after all, the actual talks they have shared are few, and Hannibal does not have the luxury of taking this Will to places more familiar, and more visceral. Not with Alana on the way.

"You betray a strange attachment to me," Will notes, and Hannibal nods, for he cannot deny that. None of his bedfellows have been welcomed at the table of his mind. "I would be flattered, if it wasn't a means to an end."

"Saying that implies I intend for this to end," Hannibal replies mildly, able to speak more freely to this version of Will. This Will is safer – Hannibal can assert all of his desires upon him, his imagination the only limit to Will's eagerness.

Will raises an eyebrow, and his smile widens, turns off-kilter. "Do you?" he asks. "Intend for this to end?"

"I'm not sure yet," Hannibal admits, and takes another drink of his juice. In his mind's eye, water appears before Will, and the Alpha mimics him, taking a drink of his own. "You are a very rare thing. I don't think I can make a decision to keep or discard you until I know you completely."

Will smiles, hums, looks away. "I see," he says.

"Do you?"

"Yes," Will replies, and turns his gaze to Hannibal again. Spears him in place, glaciers meeting cliffs. He leans forward. "What do you want from me, Doctor Lecter?"

Hannibal tilts his head, and answers; "Service."

Will grins, bares the tip of his fangs. "And?"

Hannibal sighs. "I cannot say," he replies.

"Don't want to say."

It sounds challenging. Hannibal likes it, and wonders how accurate it might be to the real thing. If Will even has it in him to challenge Hannibal when they're this close. He takes a deep breath – with how mild Will's scent is, it has all but dissipated, even with how much he trailed his hands across these chairs, the walls, set his scent into the air.

"You're not ashamed of what you want," Will says, and Hannibal looks to him again. "Neither am I. Aren't you the one who said we should communicate openly with each other?"

Hannibal nods, and thinks back to the last conversation they had, when Will smiled at him and asked if he would warm Hannibal's bed again. "You seemed sad at the thought of leaving," he tells Will, and Will blinks at him, nodding, leaning back again. Putting distance between them lest Hannibal find his throat.

"Of course I was," Will says, rubbing a hand over his mouth, down the side of his neck. "Do you know why?"

"I imagine it was the same reason that I felt…the same. A loss."

Will laughs. "Conjecture?" he asks, and he sounds like Alana. "Really?"

"It's all I have, until you're with me again."

Will considers him, heavy-lidded eyes raking Hannibal up and down. "Perhaps it would be worth considering, Doctor Lecter, the implications of this gift you've offered me."

"Oh?"

"You've made it clear this is an inevitable act of desperation. That you will only condone my presence in your home and your bed when left no other choice." Will smiles again, lopsided, dimpling his cheeks. When he speaks again, his voice is high, teasing; "How do you think that makes me *feel*?"

It makes Hannibal laugh, and he tilts his head, considering. "I see."

"Do you?" Will challenges.

"Yes."

The doorbell rings, and Will's head snaps up. He smiles. "Alana," he murmurs, and Hannibal nods as well, standing. Will fades from sight as Hannibal goes to the door and opens it, revealing Alana behind. She's wearing another dress, this one the same blue as her righteously-angry eyes, which lift to Hannibal immediately. They are dark, like whatever she wants to talk about troubles her deeply. With no coat on, and her shoes the same modest black, she looks stern and severe like a monarch perched on her throne.

Still, he smiles at her, and waves her in. "Please, come in," he tells her, and she steps inside. He closes the door behind her and they both go to the dining room. "Would you like something to drink?"

"No, thank you, I'm alright," she replies, pulling her hair back from her neck. She sits where Will was in Hannibal's mind and Hannibal returns to his seat at the head of the table, idly spinning his glass around atop its coaster.

He regards her, her dark blue eyes, her flushed cheeks. She could have run here if he didn't know any better.

She looks to him in turn, her eyes set obviously on his neck. Hannibal tilts his head, does not bare it.

"I need to talk to you about Will," she says.

Hannibal raises an eyebrow. "What about him?"

"Someone bit him," she says, and looks away. "He wouldn't tell me who."

Hannibal smiles. "And you're hoping I might tell you?" he asks.

"I think I know," Alana replies sharply. Her eyes snap to Hannibal's again, meets his in a way that, in an Alpha, would prompt Hannibal to tense up and bare his teeth. "It was you, wasn't it?"

Hannibal takes a drink of juice, hums at the sweet flavor, and sets his glass back down. "I can't tell if my answer would anger you, or provide relief," he replies coolly.

Her brows furrow, come together in a sharp line. "He's my best friend, Hannibal," she says.

"I'm aware," Hannibal replies coolly. He thinks to his conversations with her in his mind palace, recalls how she blushed and skirted the dialogue when he mentioned she might be attracted to him. "If it's any consolation, both parties were given enthusiastic consent."

She breathes out, closes her eyes, and leans her elbows on the table. Her shoulders curl in like she's preparing for a physical blow. Hannibal allows her to stew, to process that information, and then she opens her eyes and looks at him. Her irises are no longer as dark, and they shine with emotion.

"Did you mate with him, then?"

Hannibal smiles, and shakes his head. "Nothing as permanent as that."

She frowns, corners of her mouth tugging down. "So…what is this?"

Hannibal sighs, eyebrows rising as he regards his glass, swipes his thumb along the condensation at the side. "You're very protective of him."

"Someone has to be," she says, teeth gritted. "I don't -. I know he's an adult. You both are. But the idea of seeing him get hurt…. I couldn't forgive that."

"Do you think I intend to hurt him?"

"Intend to? No." She shakes her head, one sharp movement like she wants to crack her neck, and looks away.

Hannibal sighs. "If you care so much about him, why have you never told him?" he asks. "Given how long you've known each other, you must understand each other intimately. Enough to try a relationship, at least."

She nods. "I suppose it's my fault," she says. "I…spend too much time analyzing my feelings, instead of acting upon them." She sighs again, and offers Hannibal a sad, faint smile. "And now it's too late."

Hannibal doesn't reply to that. Instinctively, he wants to soothe her, to tell her that after their arrangement is done he has no further use for Will, but the heat in his spine flares at that thought, and he cannot say for sure that that is the case. He might only part from Will by force.

But that's getting ahead of himself. For now, Will is merely a method of relief, a means to an end. Hannibal has never been so attached to someone as to consider them for the role of permanent fixture in his life, his home, or his bed, and it would take someone truly extraordinary to change that.

Alana makes a quiet, resigned sound, her face drawn. "Hannibal, will you…?" She stops, presses her lips together, and turns her head to face him. "Promise me you'll be kind to him. I know -. Like I said, I know you're both adults, and I trust you more than almost everyone. But Will is very special to me and I couldn't bear seeing him hurt."

Hannibal smiles at her. "I assure you, Alana, Will and I are very aware of what this arrangement is," he says. Her expression doesn't change, eyes wide and plaintive, mouth turned down. Hannibal sighs. "But, if it will calm your fears, I'll tell you that I have no intention of harming Will."

He does not ask her why it doesn't occur that Will might harm him. Socially, Hannibal is in the weaker position as the Omega. Given physical stereotypes, he would be the weaker one in that way as well, more prone to receiving a bite and submitting to an Alpha's control. But she doesn't mention that. Perhaps she knows Will too well.

Perhaps she knows Hannibal too well.

She nods, and does appear calmed by his reassurances. "Thank you," she says, and clears her throat, her cheeks turning pink. "He asked me to watch Winston – his dog," she adds, when Hannibal's head tilts, and Hannibal nods in understanding, "for a while. I suppose it'll be when you're…indisposed."

Hannibal smiles.

"Do you…have an idea of when that will be?"

"I'm not sure," Hannibal replies honestly. "But, if it will make things easier, I can try and make everything as planned as possible. If I have not gone into heat by tomorrow night, I will have Will come and stay in the guest room regardless."

She swallows, her fingers curling, and nods again. "Alright," she murmurs. "I can…drive him over, if it'll make things easier."

"I must thank you for your accommodating nature, Alana," Hannibal says, smiling. "I understand this is difficult for you."

"Yes, well." She clears her throat and reaches for her hair, pulling it over one shoulder as though to shield her neck. The action makes Hannibal's smile widen.

"I shall have to make sure I give you proper thanks, when all's said and done."

She nods, and stands. "That's all I really wanted to talk about," she says quietly, and offers Hannibal a kind, faint smile. "Thank you for being honest with me."

"Of course," Hannibal replies, standing as well so he can walk her to the door. "I shall see you when you bring Will."

She nods, and leaves. Hannibal watches until she reaches her car before closing the door, sighing heavily when he catches traces of her perfume in the air. It's a thick, musky scent, usually pleasant when he smells it, but today it sets his teeth on edge. He finds the thought, however ridiculous, of anyone's scent in his home but his own and Will's unforgiveable, in his current state.

His phone chimes on the table, and he looks to see that it's a message from Alana, sharing Will's phone number with him. He smiles. In all the flurry of the previous two nights, he hadn't thought about getting Will's number for himself. Now that he has it, he finds that the warmth has returned to the base of his skull, knowing that the Alpha is literally a phone call away when Hannibal's need strikes.

"Wonderful," he murmurs. He pockets his phone, finishes his juice and sets the glass in the sink, and goes upstairs.

He goes to his bedroom, closing the door behind him, and then moves to his bedside table. He opens the bottom drawer and pulls out the contents. When Hannibal was younger, and around a greater number of interested Alphas, he had this fashioned on the off-chance that he might find someone who would compel him to use it.

The mask is made of clear plastic, with holes at the front to allow the wearer to breathe, and be heard when speaking. There's a thick loop of black leather at the bottom, meant to sit just shy of an Alpha's or Omega's scent glands, and the strap extends in front of the ears, over the

top of the head to keep it in place. The plastic piece extends upwards and covers the nose, with small holes at the nostrils to allow breath there, too.

It's a simple piece, elegant in its practicality. It will allow Hannibal continued access to Will's neck, to his mild scent, and to his hair, and allow him to see when Will bares his teeth, wets his lips, hear him when he begs.

His fingers clench and he holds the mask close to his chest, leaves his bedroom and goes to the guest bedroom where he and Will so ardently claimed each other the night before. The sheets are still rumpled, and the air is thick and heavy with Hannibal's slick-scent, Will's sweetness making his mouth water when he sits on the bed and drags the duvet up, to where it's stained white and dried with Will's seed.

He pushes his nose against the stain, breathes in deeply, and shivers at the tight clench of heat in his lower stomach. Here, at least, Will smells as potent as any Alpha, and Hannibal bares his teeth, feels the compelling urge to bite down and suck at the fabric.

He lets it go, slides back and rests with his shoulders against the pillows. He lifts the mask up, admiring the shine of it in the daylight coming from the window. He wants to send Will a picture of it, but of course that would make no sense. Will can't see it, and Hannibal wouldn't cause him the potential embarrassment of showing someone and asking for an explanation.

His stomach tightens, and he sucks in a slow breath, conjures Will in his mind and has the Alpha prowl to him, climb into bed beside him so they both lie, facing upwards, next to each other. Will reaches out, touches the mask with something close to reverence.

Hannibal turns his head, meets Will's eyes, finds them a very, very dark red. He likes the idea of Will wearing this, turning so weak with pleasure at the restraint that he's all instinct, a slave to Hannibal's whim and will.

Will licks his lips, swallows, shows Hannibal the bitten arch of his throat. "You should put this on me loosely," he whispers hoarsely. "That way you can pull."

Hannibal smiles. He looks back at the mask, then at Will. He knows the dimensions of Will's face intimately, but cannot tell if the mask will fit him.

An idea occurs to him, and he sits up and takes his phone from his pocket. Will disappears from his sight with an echoing laugh.

Hannibal pulls up Will's number, hesitating. While he knows there are apps and visual aids for those blind or lacking sight to read text messages, he doesn't like the idea of his words being spoken aloud, robbed of the inflection his own voice could give.

Decided, he calls Will instead.

The phone rings five times, before it stops, and Will's voice comes flatly, clinically; "Will Graham."

Hannibal smiles, and the warmth in his chest settles like a sunning cat at the sound of his voice. "Good morning, Will," he says warmly, glad when Will's breath catches. It's a small sound, but Hannibal feels vindicated when he hears it. "How are you?"

"Good." Will's voice has melted, gone from the stony tone of his answer before. Hannibal imagines he must get calls from all kinds of people he'd rather not talk to, if he still consults for Jack. "And -. You? How are you?"

"Excellent," Hannibal replies, and lets Will hear his purr. He imagines Will, sitting on Alana's big brown couch, clutching his phone tightly to his ear, feet tucked up, his dog's flank pressed warm to his thigh. Vulnerable. Waiting. He idly imagines coming up behind Will and speaking into his ear; "I just found the mask I intend for you to wear."

Will shivers. Hannibal hears it in his exhale.

"If you're available, I'd like to see if it fits."

"Okay," Will answers, immediate and rushed. "I, ah, shit." He huffs an impatient, aggravated sound. "I said I'd go see Jack today, but I should be done by two. I can come over after."

Hannibal eyes the clock. It's nearing ten in the morning. His upper lip twitches with impatience, but he doesn't let Will hear his displeasure: "That will suit me fine."

"Good," Will murmurs, and Hannibal can hear him smiling. "I'll let you know when I'm on my way."

Hannibal nods, and ends the call, setting his phone down beside the pillows. After a moment, he sighs, and places the mask there, too. He turns onto his back, stares up at the ceiling, and breathes in deeply the mix of his and Will's scent.

He thinks to his conversation with his mind palace version of Will, and then with Alana. A strange juxtaposition occurs to him – namely, Alana assuming that taking Will as a companion means a permanent arrangement for the both of them, contrasted with his own desire to remain independent, and unattached.

Twice, now, his own brain has thrown the phrase at him: attachment. A strange one. A sudden, uncharacteristic one. Perhaps he is simply hormonal, prone to psychological weakness when faced with the concept of an Alpha so eager to suit his body's desires. He has Will's blood in his throat – he may even gain a Voice from it, and hold ultimate power over Will. A power Will has given no indication he expects to gain himself. No indication that he even wants it.

The thoughts swirl around in his head, too colorless and formless to pin down, and he closes his eyes, sighs again, and then pushes himself to his feet. He goes to the window and opens it, letting the humid air waft in. It will gentle the scents in the room and render it less overwhelming to himself and Will, should they find themselves in here again.

He leaves the room, but like a starving dog, thoughts of Will follow him. Though he intended to go to his kitchen and eat, he finds himself heading back to his bedroom. Finds himself

pulling his sweater and shirt over his head, baring his chest, and settling into place in the middle of his bed.

Will manifests by his bedside, sharp eyes raking Hannibal up and down. He smiles when Hannibal looks at him. "Just can't keep me away, can you?" he whispers, purring softly.

"Do you have any objection?" Hannibal replies. His spine is tense, strangely exposed under Will's gaze.

Will shakes his head, once. His hair is falling around his face, thick curls that beg for Hannibal's touch.

Will reaches out until his fingers touch the edge of Hannibal's bed, and then he climbs into it, slides a hand up Hannibal's thigh in a way Hannibal knows he would never presume to in real life, and Will settles over his thighs, heavy and warm.

"I want to, you know," Will murmurs, as Hannibal's breath catches, the scent of the Alpha recalled perfectly, dragging over the roof of his wet mouth. He slides a hand down his own chest, dips his touch beneath the waistband of his lounge pants, and wraps a hand around his hardening cock. "I want to stay."

Hannibal growls, closing his eyes to shut the sight of Will from them. Will's weight doesn't disappear, and Hannibal's hand tightens around his cock, coaxing it to fullness until it sits heavy under his palm. His body clenches up, slickening, and he slides his other hand to touch between his legs, over his clothes, teasing at pressure, at penetration.

Will moves for him, settles over one leg instead so Hannibal can spread his own, give himself more room to move.

Will huffs a laugh, and when Hannibal opens his eyes, he's smiling. "I weaken you, don't I?" he whispers. "You wouldn't touch yourself before."

"I don't know how you affect me," Hannibal replies. "Only that you do."

Will's cheeks darken, that delicate pink that makes Hannibal's jaws ache to bite. He turns his head to one side, revealing the bite marks on his neck, and in Hannibal's mind, he has Will reach down, pull Hannibal's clothes down his hips so his cock is free. Has Will wet his lips, slide back, prowl over him and kiss at the flush on Hannibal's cockhead.

Hannibal jerks at the sensation, his thighs trembling, aching to spread wider. It was seldom that he felt the need to touch himself so basely, much less conjure a fantasy to urge the need higher, but Will's presence, the echo of his scent, makes him ache.

He wants Will. Wants to drive to his home, take him by the neck and demand Will serve him right there, in the threshold. Wants to see if Will snaps, incensed by Hannibal's rudeness.

The thought causes his thighs to tremble, slick leaking out to stain his sheets, and his hand tightens around the head of his cock, tugging gently. His eyes close as he imagines Will, has the vision in his mind whimper with need, slide between his legs, lower his mouth to suck at

Hannibal's inner thigh. In his mind, Will is ravenous for him, wants to lick at his slick and bury his face between Hannibal's legs, drink him from the source.

He swallows, bares his teeth, and opens his eyes when he hears his phone ringing. The sound comes from his guest bedroom, and he takes his hands away from himself, sitting up. Will pulls away from him, standing, and Hannibal growls in frustration as he pulls his lounge pants back up, hissing at the feel of the fabric trapping his erection.

He goes to his guest room. If it's a patient, he still has the obligation to answer it.

Will's name lights up the screen, and Hannibal smiles, breathing out heavily. Even though his body is aching with desires unfulfilled, the idea of hearing the Alpha's voice is an enticing one. He answers the phone. "Hello, Will."

"Hi," Will replies, his voice quiet. "I'm sorry if I'm disturbing you, I just…"

He trails off. Hannibal listens, sits on the bed and hears a creak of furniture like Will is doing the same. He hears a door click shut.

"What is it, Will?" he asks, when the silence stretches on. "Talk to me."

"I was just wondering if you could…describe the mask to me."

Hannibal swallows, his mouth suddenly flooding with saliva. He shifts back on the bed, puts his shoulders to the wall and sets his eyes on the mask, which still rests innocently on the pillows. Will's breathing is soft over the phone, but ragged, and Hannibal imagines him confined to his room, sitting on his bed, eyes closed and ready to imagine whatever Hannibal tells him.

Hannibal licks his lips. "Are you alone?" he whispers.

"Yes," Will replies.

His breath hitches, and Hannibal smiles, feeling feral. "Are you touching yourself, Will?"

"No," Will says, though it sounds hesitant. "I'm trying not to, at least."

"Why?" Hannibal says, curious.

Will huffs. "I don't want to overstep. Most people consider unprompted or secretive phone sex inappropriate." Hannibal hums, and Will adds; "Not that I expected that. Phone sex."

Hannibal is quiet, lets him stew, lets him grow nervous in the face of his silence.

Then, Will whines. It's a stifled sound, like he doesn't want Hannibal to hear it, and Hannibal's chest turns warm, expands with the heat, and he finds his hand wandering idly down to rest on the bulge of his cock, over his clothes. His arousal had calmed somewhat, but now, hearing Will's voice and given the promise of riling Will up, it returns full-force.

"I want you to," he murmurs, grinning when Will's breath catches. "Do you have headphones?"

"Yeah," Will replies, rushed and eager. "Give me a second."

Hannibal nods, places him on speaker so he can hear Will moving around, and settles on his back on the bed. He pushes his lounge pants down to his knees, resumes idly stroking his cock and takes his phone back, puts Will off speaker, and presses the phone to his ear as Will comes back with a soft; "Okay. They're in now."

Hannibal smiles. "Good," he purrs, and his cock twitches at the sound of Will's rumbling, anticipatory growl. "I want you to roll onto your stomach. Put a pillow under your hips. Remain fully clothed."

Will whines, but Hannibal hears his bed creak and the sheets rustle as he obeys. His breathing is already unsteady, heavy in Hannibal's ear, and Hannibal closes his eyes, tightens his grip on his cock and imagines he has Will pinned under him, rutting desperately into the mattress while Hannibal sits astride his lower back and places the mask on.

He growls at the mental image, and Will responds with a soft, desperate sound. "Will it cover my whole face?" he asks, hoarse.

"No," Hannibal replies. "It will cover your cheeks, your jaw, some of your nose. Your mouth, of course." He opens his eyes, turns his head to look at the mask. "It's clear."

Will muffles a curse, and Hannibal hears the bed creak again, imagines Will grinding his hips into the pillow like a teenager, uncoordinated, lacking finesse. "Plastic?" he asks.

"Yes," Hannibal replies. "There are holes at the mouth and nostrils, so you'll be able to smell me properly." He pauses to imagine Will doing just that, shoving his face rough and desperate against Hannibal's neck. Wonders if Will wants to bite just as badly, if his jaws ache just as much as Hannibal's.

Another sharp stab of heat makes its way down his spine, pools between his legs in a fresh wave of slick, and Hannibal growls, jerking his hips up into his hand. He wants to touch himself more, feel his body part for his fingers, get pressure inside of him as well, but he restrains himself.

"What are you thinking about?" he asks.

Will moans, the sound strained. "You," he replies, honestly. "Being inside you again."

Hannibal purrs, pleased that, at this moment, their mindsets are aligning so nicely.

"You felt so fucking good," Will continues, his breathing heavier now. "I can't stop thinking about it. Your hand on my neck. Your *scent* -."

His breath catches, and Hannibal's body hitches in response. He imagines Will between his legs, buried deep, bares his teeth and digs his heels into the bed as he conjures the memory of

Will's large hands, imagines Will with his head tilted back, snarling to the ceiling, the mask rendering him unable to bite.

"Tell me what you'd do, if you were here," he commands.

Will's growl, the sound of it right in his ear, makes Hannibal's stomach tighten, his cock twitch and spurt a thick pool of precum onto his hand. He swipes his fingers through it, uses the slick to keep touching himself.

"I'd – *fuck*." Will goes quiet for a moment, the sound of his bed creaking in sharp protest as he moves. Hannibal's upper lip twitches and he tightens his hand on his cock, drawing another bead of precum from the slit. He imagines Will licking it clean, the Alpha's pretty lips parted wide to take his cock. Perhaps, the longer this goes on and the more Hannibal becomes aware of Will's limits and control, he will allow the Alpha to use his mouth on him.

Will doesn't say anything else for a long moment – lets the silence stretch on until Hannibal bares his teeth with impatience. "Come on, darling," he murmurs, coaxes; "How can I give you what you want if you don't tell me?"

Will's silence breaks, crashes to the sound of the creaking bed and his off-rhythm breathing. "I want you against the wall," he growls, snarls the words, and Hannibal shivers, his hand turning tight on his own cock. "I wanna go to my knees, want to taste you. Want to see how wet I can get you before you tell me to fuck you."

Hannibal growls, bristling at the implication that he would ever be brought low enough to *beg*. But the way Will says it doesn't sound like begging – Will plays with words the same way Hannibal does, understands their significance and meaning, how they will be construed. He does not seek to insult.

And Hannibal knows, without a doubt, that he would never allow another Alpha to speak to him this way. This is something Will just does, effortlessly, the same way he navigates the walls and peers without sight into the workings of people's minds.

"Have you thought about fucking me, Will?" Hannibal asks.

"Yes," Will replies breathlessly, confesses without repentance. "I'll make you feel so good, Hannibal, I promise. I *swear*."

"I know, darling," Hannibal replies, purring the word because he likes how Will's breath catches when he does it. The sound makes his stomach sink down, tighten, and the knot of arousal curling up tensely in his gut abruptly flares, rushes down. His breathing becomes uneven, deep, and he tilts his head back and closes his eyes, feels the mask slide down the pillow to touch his cheek. The sudden touch of the cool plastic is jarring, and makes him tremble.

Will whimpers, and Hannibal imagines him as he was the night before, forehead shoved tight to his sheets, fists clenched within them, so he doesn't claw. He imagines Will digging his nails into his own nape, through his hair, rutting his erection down onto the pillow.

"I wanna hear you come," Will says, jagged-edged and desperate. "Please. Can you do that for me?"

Hannibal growls, presses his lips together and exhales heavily through his nose. His hand slides, down the shaft of his cock, over his balls, his fingers curl and press against his slick hole, finds his body open and wanting.

He imagines Will doing it, imagines his face tight with restraint as he sinks into Hannibal, imagines how his hands will cling to Hannibal's thighs and his face, covered with the mask, will press tight to Hannibal's neck. His breath, warm on Hannibal's throat. The slide of his sweat and the pound of his heart so heavy it's like music.

He slides one finger in, curls it up, tugs to mimic the stretch of a knot. His breath catches and he can't help moaning, gratified when Will answers with a pleased rumble of his own.

"When you arrive here," Hannibal says, somewhat unnerved by how unsteady his voice is, "you will come back to the room I brought you to before. You will undress, and wait, on your knees, for me to come to you. Do you understand?"

"*Yes*," Will says, and he says it like he shouted the word last night, on the precipice of orgasm.

It is, as it turns out, all Hannibal needed to hear. His body tightens, bears down around his finger, and he snarls, rolling sharply to the side and taking his finger out, cupping his cock to stroke himself through his release. His breath escapes him in a series of punched-out groans, and he grips his phone so tight to his ear that the plastic shell creaks.

The wave crests, breaks, and covers him like warm water. He gasps, nursing the tremble of his thighs, the roll of his shoulders. He absorbs every sensation like the bouquet of a glass of wine; first the sharpness from his cock as it grows too sensitive to touch; the wet smear of his slick between his thighs; the tension in his spine as it abruptly melts, settles into something more patient at the base of his neck.

Will snarls, and the sound is all victory-scent, sharp even though Hannibal cannot smell him. Alphas give off a particular scent when pleased; capsaicin and heat that clouds Hannibal's palette and whets his tongue.

Hannibal sighs, absently wiping his dirty hand on the duvet cover, knowing Will is going to smell it later. He rolls onto his back once more, wincing at the wet spot created between his thighs from his slick. Even as he does it, his body clenches with impatient demand, for there is no Alpha here to satisfy him fully, and his belly is empty.

He wipes the back of his wrist across his forehead, breathes out again, and lets Will hear his purr. "I'm looking forward to seeing you this afternoon," he says.

He hears Will swallow, let out a high-pitched, needy sound.

Then, Hannibal smiles, flushed and pleased. "You may stop, now," he says.

The creaking of Will's bed stops immediately, and the Alpha moans, but it's not a sound of protest. He sucks in a deep breath, and Hannibal's smile widens when he murmurs; "It's all for you, isn't it?"

"How so?"

"It'd be a shame to waste me."

Clever boy.

"You are very observant."

Will huffs a laugh. He sounds no less calm, but Hannibal knows he's stopped rutting against the pillow, knows that Will has stopped trying to seek more of that unsatisfying pleasure. Hannibal pictures him sitting up, pushing his sweat-damp hair from his flushed face. Hears him unplug the headphones and raise the phone to his ear instead.

Hears Will purr. "I will earn you," he says quietly, and Hannibal's breath catches. He stares at the ceiling and contemplates the choice of words. "I'll see you later."

Hannibal smiles. "Let me know when you're on your way," he says. Will gives a soft sound of assent, and Hannibal hangs up the phone, setting it to one side. He takes a brief moment to pull his lounge pants up to settle on his hips, and wipes absently the rest of his seed onto the clothing.

'Earn', Will had said. An interesting choice of words – a deliberate one, Hannibal is sure. It reminds him of the way Will had asked why Hannibal chose him; *Why offer me this gift*? Like he knows, and understands, that this is not something that Hannibal has shared with anyone else. Certainly not in recent years.

It does not make him feel like something to be bartered, contended for, or fought over like a prize. Rather, Will has ascended him to something akin to the gift from a god at the end of a long pilgrimage. It makes Hannibal's chest settle with pleasure, makes him purr.

It's flattering, to say the least, and altogether delightful.

Hannibal sighs, and pushes himself to his feet. He's damp with sweat and can smell his slick and seed too heavily on him for comfort, so he goes to the shower, undressing all the way and adding his lounge pants to the pile of clothes in his hamper.

He lingers in the shower, allowing the warm water to beat down on his shoulders and ease the tension in his spine. His gut has resorted to giving him dull pangs of hunger, though whether it's real hunger or hunger for Will, he is not entirely sure.

Still, he must eat. After his shower he redresses in another pair of lounge pants, a t-shirt, and a sweater over that, and goes downstairs. He re-checks that the food supplies are well-stocked, drinks another glass of juice and finishes the bottle of apple juice as he does it, warms the last of the kidneys from dinner with Will last night and eats them.

He makes sure the food is all on the same shelf and easily accessible to Will, should he need it. His hands shake with anticipation and he feels strangely weak, eager. He wants to see Will again, wants to taste and smell and hear him. Wants to see his lovely sky-blue eyes, wants to watch them darken to red, wants to see how lovely the mask sits over Will's expressive mouth.

He wants to lay another mark on Will, open his skin, bare muscle and bone.

The desires rise and fall again like a scanned view of a cityscape. Some of them jut up sharper than others, some a gentle crest of desire that softens the need in his stomach as he eats and drinks. By the end of it, his belly is full, but his mind wanders from him, seeks out the Alpha in the shadows in the room.

He sighs. He should not indulge himself further – at the very least, it will likely require another shower, and he has neither the time nor the inclination to go down that road again.

But his mind is stubborn, and when he washes the dishes and puts them away, he turns to find Will sitting at the kitchen counter, a glass of ice water in front of him. The Alpha looks up, his smile sheepish and mischievous all at once, and meets his eyes.

Hannibal sighs, tugging the sleeves of his sweater down to his wrists from where he'd rolled them while washing the dishes. "I thought you didn't want to impose," he says mildly.

Will raises an eyebrow, tilts his head. "You invited me here," he replies.

"You're a distraction," Hannibal says. He wants to sound admonishing, but it's ridiculous to argue with one's own thoughts. Even though they are proving to be exceedingly dogged in their pursuit of him.

Will smiles. "Do you think it's possible that this…distraction," he hesitates on the word, then draws it out for several beats, and clicks his tongue, "is so strong because you are rationing yourself?"

Hannibal tilts his head.

"Cravings are worse when you quit cold turkey," Will says.

"Suggesting that I crave you?" Hannibal asks, cutting.

Will shrugs one shoulder, looks down at his wine glass. "Maybe not you," he replies, slowly, sad as the night before. "In either case, it's not just you." He looks to Hannibal again. "You know that, right?"

"Enlighten me."

"I could have waited, until I was here, to have you describe the mask to me," Will says, and Hannibal hums, nodding in acknowledgement. "But I didn't. I called you. Let you tease me. Let you deny me what's mine -."

Will stops. Hannibal stops him, because he knows that's not how Will thinks.

Will licks his lips, stammers in place like a hologram being reset, and says instead; "It's obvious I want to be here. With you. *For* you." His eyes turn ghostly, a pale blue like sunlight through sapphire, reflected and projected onto a white wall. "Even if it's only temporary, why deny it?"

"Are you suggesting I…overindulge?" Hannibal asks.

"Binge. Consume until you're sick of me. That's the only way to get over a craving."

"I disagree," Hannibal replies coolly. He leans on the other side of the countertop, across from Will. The Alpha meets his eyes in a daring display – one he cannot mimic in real life, but something Hannibal is seeing so often that he's not sure if he's projecting Will's desires, or his own. "With time, and resistance, cravings can be overcome."

Will smiles. "You don't have time," he replies. "Just a time limit."

Hannibal's upper lip curls back, aggravated at the reminder. "So the only recourse is to gorge myself, and hope that this turns into sickness, and aversion."

Will nods, looking down to his glass again. He swipes his thumb over the rim, lifts it to suck the moisture between his pink lips. "You never were prone to addiction," he murmurs. "But at this point, I'm only telling you what you want to hear."

Hannibal straightens, and Will meets his eyes. "You want to know there's still a way out."

"There is," Hannibal replies, baring his teeth. "The ultimate end. If I cannot stop craving you, I will devour you entirely." He pauses, and Will blinks, before his expression melts into a charming, flirtatious grin. His chin lifts in challenge.

"Head first?" he purrs.

Hannibal smiles. "Perhaps."

Hannibal is in his study when he hears the front door open. He closes the book he hadn't been reading, and stands, prowling silently to the dining room entrance so that he can watch as Will enters his home. The Alpha is carrying a duffle bag over his shoulder, and Hannibal blinks, head tilted to one side.

He wants to ask, but he left Will instructions.

Will closes the door behind him and toes off his shoes. He hesitates there, lifting his head to scent the air. His brows come together, and he clicks his tongue, looking towards where Hannibal is standing.

Hannibal doesn't move. Neither does Will. For a moment, they are interlocked, caught in a moment of stasis, before Will breathes out, and reaches along the wall, finds the edge of it,

and heads towards the stairs. He moves almost soundlessly, nothing but the quiet slip of his socked feet and his steady breathing to let the house know he's there at all.

Hannibal smiles to himself, pleased that Will is obeying his instructions. He forces himself to count to fifty before he goes to the front door, locks it, and prowls upstairs.

Will is in the guest room. He's undressed as Hannibal told him to be, his clothes piled at the corner of the bed on top of his duffle bag. He's kneeling, hands resting gently on his thighs, his head slightly turned as though to listen.

He straightens when Hannibal enters the room. The air is thick with the scent of Hannibal's slick despite the open window, which he goes to, sliding it closed. At the sound of it, Will's breath catches, and he lifts his head.

Hannibal goes to him, halts just a foot away, pausing to admire Will. With such a heavy scent of slick Omega in the room, Will is half-hard, a flush on his face reaching down his neck. The bite marks Hannibal left are dark and raw-looking, and stand out amid the paler blush of Hannibal's handprint. Hannibal can see why Alana was concerned.

Will's nostrils flare, his lips part as Hannibal slides closer, reaches out and cups his face with gentle hands. Will leans into them, eyes fluttering closed, and bows his head as Hannibal crouches so they're at the same height.

Hannibal smiles, brushing Will's hair back from his neck. He looks at the duffle bag again. "Do you intend to spend the night?" he asks.

Will licks his lips, cheeks darkening. "Yes," he replies.

Hannibal hums, the sound curious, and he tries to keep it mild, impassive, to hide his purr. But Will must hear it, because he shivers, and his fingers clench on his thighs.

"You'll be going into heat soon," Will murmurs, slanting his gaze in the vague direction of Hannibal's neck. "It would be inconvenient if I were gone, when it struck. I don't like the idea of keeping you waiting."

This time, Hannibal can't stop himself purring. He stands, and lets Will go, circling him and sitting behind him on the bed.

He takes Will by the hair, pulling him back, and Will shivers and goes, sliding into place between Hannibal's feet, shoulders to knees, head tilted back so Hannibal can see his face and his bared throat. Hannibal's mouth waters at the sight, itching to sink his teeth into Will's vulnerable flesh.

"Do you think, today, you will earn a place in my home?" Hannibal asks, too on-edge from his discussions with his mind-version of Will to let it go. In any other instance, he knows he might be overjoyed at the thought of Will being trapped here, a slave to his will. The night before, Hannibal had felt rabid and outraged at the idea of Will leaving him.

But that was another day.

Will licks his lips, clenches his fingers tight enough to whiten his knuckles. "If you want me to leave, tell me," he says, and turns his head, touches his lips with utmost gentleness to the inside of Hannibal's knee. "I won't make you ask me to stay, though, if that's what you want."

Hannibal cannot help but smile. If he agrees, it will not be a loss, but a concession. Will is a master at keeping power in the hands of those who should wield it.

"And if I want you to stay?" he whispers, letting Will's hair go and reaching for the mask, which still sits, undisturbed, on the rumpled pillows.

Will swallows, nuzzles Hannibal's thigh. "Then I will."

Hannibal takes the mask in hand, turns it so that he can set it over Will's mouth. He rests his forearms on Will's shoulders, leans his weight onto the Alpha, and lets him feel the press of plastic. On his nose, on his jaws. Will trembles beneath him, unprotesting, eager, as Hannibal gently presses the mask over his face, pulls the strap over his head and tugs it into place.

The mask fits perfectly. Hannibal is incredibly, viscerally proud about that.

Will's eyes are closed, lips slightly parted to breathe Hannibal in as Hannibal tightens the strap until the leather and plastic sits close and tight to Will's skull. He drags his nails across Will's nape, slides his fingers under Will's jaw to force his head up, testing the movement, the give of it. Making sure it will not slide or fall away.

Then, he leans down, puts his teeth to Will's ear and presses his hands over Will's heart to hear it stutter.

"Stay," he commands, breathless.

Will swallows, opens his eyes, and nods. One of his hands comes up, settles over Hannibal's, and their fingers lace together, curling tight.

"Thank you," he breathes, and in it Hannibal feels his gratitude, genuine and raw. Hannibal smiles, and leans down further to nip at Will's bared neck. The scent of him is just as Hannibal remembers; muted, but sharp and sweet. Mint chocolate and lemongrass.

"Good," he whispers, and stands, circling to the front of Will again. Will really does look lovely in the mask, caged beauty and untapped strength, eager to be shredded and ruined at Hannibal's touch. He crouches down again, cups Will's face, and pulls him in, kisses his forehead, rests his lips there as Will shivers.

Then, he stands, and pulls his sweater over his head. Spurned by the scent of Will, the reminder of his eager trust and submission, Hannibal's body is growing hot again, incensed to the point of madness with the need to dominate and use this Alpha until he's satisfied.

Will's shoulders roll, and he trembles when he hears Hannibal's clothing hit the floor.

"Let's begin."

Addiction

Chapter Notes

dang this chapter FOUGHT ME.
also I'd like to apologize in advance because my own kinks got WILDLY OUT OF CONTROL here but I don't think y'all will mind ;D
enjoy!

One of the largest reasons for delay, it has been said, is the sheer multitude of opportunities offered to a person at a crossroads. Similarly, Hannibal finds himself studying Will, watching him grow tenser and tighter under his gaze, and cannot bring himself to decide what to do first.

For all his careful planning, all his care for making lists and leading up to a moment just like this, he could not have predicted finding an Alpha who suited him so perfectly, that he enjoys the company of, so much so that the idea of Will spending the night fills him with anticipation and pleasure.

Nor, too, could he have predicted Will's eager submission, his desire to please and serve, and his keen insight, so that Hannibal hadn't even had to ask. Will had simply known.

He remains clothed from the waist down, and is not shy as he admires Will openly. He tilts his head to one side, arms folded across his chest, and kneels down in front of the Alpha. Will's eyes follow the sound of his movement, his lips parting behind the mask. Around the holes for his mouth, it has already started to fog up.

Hannibal waits. Lets him sit, lets him tremble. Most Alphas would not be able to remain so still, and Hannibal knows he has not been kind with his scent; that Will's heightened sensitivity to smell must be stinging behind his eyes, wetting his mouth. "You are remarkably restrained," he says, and his voice appears to loosen something in Will, for the Alpha sighs, shoulders sagging. His hands, still resting on his thighs, flex as though wanting to claw.

"I have the luxury of certainty," he replies, low and quiet. He blinks slowly, once, rolls his shoulders, and lets out another soft breath.

"Certainty?" Hannibal repeats.

Will nods. "If you didn't want me here, I wouldn't be here," he replies. "Now all I have to do is wait, and obey."

"I imagine that's refreshing for you," Hannibal murmurs. "To be robbed of true consequence."

Will bites his lip, turns his face away as though ashamed, and Hannibal shakes his head, reaches forward and cups Will's cheeks over the mask, bringing their eyes back to each other. Though Will's cannot focus on his, he knows the Alpha understands the gesture.

"I'll confess, Will," he says. "There are so many things I want to do, and you have given me the delightful offer of all the time in the world to accomplish them. I'm having trouble deciding what to do first."

Will's eyes flash, dart up from the direction of Hannibal's mouth, then drop again. He turns his head, the mask sitting tight to his cheekbones as Hannibal's wrist presses against it, and his lips part, and he breathes in deeply.

Hannibal shivers, warmth expanding rapidly in his chest as Will's fingers graze feather-light across Hannibal's knees.

"May I?" he whispers.

Hannibal smiles, curious as to what Will might do. With the mask on, he's in no danger of being bitten, and is confident that if Will does something he doesn't like, a swift word will call the Alpha off. So, he brings one of Will's hands to his face, and nods.

Will sucks in a breath and pulls Hannibal to him, pushing himself to his feet in one graceful motion until they're both standing. Will is strong, Hannibal can feel the strength in his arms and his legs as he pulls them both upright, and the warmth in his chest abruptly flares, rushing down in a slick line along his spine.

Will cannot kiss him with the mask on, but he presses his face to Hannibal's neck, breathing in deeply, and Hannibal growls, clutching at Will's shoulders as the Alpha turns him, and pushes him down onto the bed. Hannibal crawls back and Will slides into place over him, hands touching everywhere – not just to navigate, Hannibal is sure, but because he can't get enough. Where his mouth cannot taste, his hands devour, rapidly covering each inch of exposed skin Hannibal offers him until he feels consumed.

Will leans down, breathing in raggedly, dragging the piece of mask over his nose up the center of Hannibal's chest. Hannibal abruptly hates its presence there – he wants to feel Will's mouth, wants to bite his lower lip to hear him gasp, wants to taste the desperation on his tongue.

Hannibal yanks him up by the hair, spreads his legs as Will falls between them. The Alpha, bare as he is, can't hide his arousal, and his breath catches, shoulders tensing when his cock slides across the soft material of Hannibal's lounge pants.

Hannibal smiles at the weak, desperate noise Will makes, the way his hands flutter hesitantly at Hannibal's waistband. "Go on," he coaxes, and lifts his hips to allow Will to pull them off. He does, quickly, and then they're both bare, rolling against the sheets that reek of Hannibal's slick and Will's seed.

Will's large hands flatten wide outside Hannibal's thighs, thumbs and fingertips dug into the muscle, holding him fast. Hannibal is slick, but not stretched, and he prepares himself to

scold Will and tell him to wait, to be polite.

But Will does not press forward. He doesn't force his cock into Hannibal.

Instead, forehead flat against Hannibal's neck, he shivers, breathes in deeply, and lets go of one thigh, drags with gentle nails up Hannibal's flank, until he reaches Hannibal's jaw.

Then, he touches the mask, tests the width of the holes around his mouth, and swallows, nodding as though confirming something to himself. The holes aren't large enough to fit his finger through, and as Will gently touches Hannibal's chin, Hannibal realizes what he wants.

He parts his lips, grabs Will's wrist, and sucks his first two fingers down.

Will snarls, baring his upper teeth as Hannibal does it, his eyes fluttering closed. Hannibal purrs, rumbling in delight at seeing Will so affected, and then he lets Will's fingers go and pushes his wrist away, guiding Will's hand between his legs.

Will shudders, lifts his head and rubs his temple against Hannibal's cheek, and Hannibal pets his fingers through Will's hair, catching on the strap of the mask, as Will finds his slick hole. He hesitates only a moment before pushing the first finger inside.

It's not enough. Hannibal's body reminds him of that immediately, clenches up with impatience so fiercely that his hips rise with it, eager to get more inside him. Will is trembling in his arms, his weight solid and warm, the heat of his breath causing goosebumps to rise on Hannibal's neck.

Hannibal smiles, turns his head to nuzzle Will's dampening hair. "Is this what you've been thinking about, Will?" he asks, both curious and terribly eager to tempt the Alpha, to pick and pull at him until something snaps.

Will shivers. His finger sinks in deeper, curls up, and Hannibal swallows back a soft moan, closes his eyes as he feels his body clamp down around it, seeking more. His stomach is tense, hungry, his mouth watering as he nuzzles Will's hair and kisses his temple. The mask digs into his neck, a reminder of the restraint Will has, a promise against a bite.

Will's own marks stand out starkly, brazen on his blush-heavy neck. Hannibal drags his nails across them, cradles Will's throat with his free hand and puts pressure there so Will's next breaths are gasping.

"Yes," Will breathes, and Hannibal growls as he pushes in with another finger, stretching Hannibal out. Hannibal's slick coats Will's fingers, the sound of them turning wet and obscene. He spreads his legs a little wider, lifts his hips in encouragement.

He smiles.

"Tell me."

"I just -. I want -."

Will's voice catches, stutters when Hannibal clenches up around his fingers with an impatient growl. Will answers with a rumble of his own, drags his forehead along Hannibal's shoulder and nuzzles there, the nose piece of the mask pressing sharp against Hannibal's warm flesh.

"I want to make you feel good," he says, confession-quiet. It sounds cheap, but doesn't feel it – Hannibal can hear Will's sincerity, feel it in the way he curls his fingers up, seeking Hannibal's prostate with a desperate touch.

Hannibal twitches, growling when he feels wetness at his shoulder. He turns his head and sees Will, jaws parted, tongue pressed to the holes in the mask. Eager to taste. At the sound of his growl, Will stops, shuddering like he knows he's been caught. He blushes, bows his head and rolls his shoulders in shame, and Hannibal growls again, rears up and pulls Will by the hair, drags him up until their foreheads touch and Will has to pull his fingers out to maintain his balance. His stomach is pressed flush to Hannibal's, Hannibal's cock trapped between smooth flesh.

Hannibal digs his nails into Will's neck, over the bite marks, and Will whines. "I'm sorry," he whispers. "You just -. You smell and taste so good."

Hannibal hums, leaning up to brush his nose under Will's jaw, along his scent gland. He breathes deep, lets the mint-chocolate sweetness of Will's scent settle him. "Don't apologize, darling," he murmurs. Will's jaw clenches and he whines, tilting his head to give Hannibal greater access to his neck.

Hannibal drags his hands down Will's back, digs his nails into the divots on either side of his spine, arches his hips up. His body feels empty, aching with hunger, hunger he knows the Alpha will do his damnedest to satisfy.

"Will," he breathes.

"Yes," Will gasps, shoving his knees up behind Hannibal's thighs, settling his hands firm and warm on Hannibal's legs to keep him spread open. "Can I? Please?"

Hannibal growls, wondering how such a simple request can affect him so deeply. "Yes," he breathes, and Will bares his teeth, leans down to rest his forehead against Hannibal's shoulder. He lets go one of leg, wraps his fingers tight around his cock, and guides it to Hannibal's hole. Hannibal parts for him easily, his body slick and lax.

Will shudders as he sinks inside, the hand still on Hannibal's thigh clenching up in a brief spasm. Hannibal allows himself to be pulled down the bed, lets Will push his leg out and up to give himself room, until Will is buried deep inside him. Hannibal's gut clenches up, pleasure and hunger swirling around in a tight, intoxicating mess of heated color.

Will lets out a rough, low noise, Hannibal's name, a curse, God, all mixed into it. He puts his free hand on Hannibal's arm, slides down until he finds Hannibal's hand and shoves it to the bed by their heads, laces their fingers tightly together as he pushes in all the way. Hannibal sighs, letting himself soak in the feeling of Will inside him, forcing his body to yield and give solid ground. Will whines when he clenches down, and the last inch is sudden, a sharp thrust that forces Hannibal's head back and a rough, low growl to spill from between his teeth.

Will takes it as encouragement. His hands tighten, and he pulls back, thrusts in again. His breathing is ragged, the edges of the mask pressed sharply to Hannibal's flesh as he builds up a rhythm. In it, Hannibal feels Will's strength returning. The bed creaks and groans beneath them and Will sinks deep, entire body rolling as though needing to feel every inch Hannibal has to offer.

"Mm, *fuck*," Will snarls, and lets go of Hannibal's hand and leg to settle on his hips instead. He rears up, shows Hannibal the wild redness of his iris, the shine of his teeth behind the mask, the curl of his sweat-damp hair as it curls along his neck.

Hannibal growls back, incensed by the display of Will's fangs, caged though they are. He pushes himself upright and Will moves with him, and Hannibal snarls as his shoulders hit the wall and Will holds him there, bearing their weight in his thighs. Hannibal knots a hand in Will's hair, pulls his mouth away from his neck, sets his teeth at Will's pulse as the Alpha fucks him brutally. Will's hands are wide and harsh on his hips, holding Hannibal steady, and Hannibal's stance is weak, barely able to keep himself upright on his feet, it's all Will – just Will, his shoulders bearing the brunt of Hannibal's claws, turning red in thin lines where his nails drag and dig in.

Pressed as close as they are, Hannibal is sweating, trapped by the heat and power in Will's body against the wall. He snarls, parts his jaws and sinks his teeth in deep to Will's neck and Will shivers, his hips jerking, and Hannibal gasps – gasps, blood behind his teeth, as Will's cockhead hits his prostate and sends the heat in his stomach abruptly downward, knotted tightly somewhere in the base of his spine.

Will is purring, likely able to smell the abrupt spike in pheromones that is Hannibal's pleasure, able to feel as Hannibal bears down around him, close to the edge. "If my mouth was free," he rumbles, his eyes closed, rhythm slower but more deliberate now, angling as best he can to hit that sensitive spot over and over, "*God*. I'd pull out, let you use me until you were spent, mount you until you were ready and then do it again."

Hannibal bares his teeth, hardly resembling a smile. "Deny yourself your knot?" he asks.

Will nods. "I want you to use me," he breathes, rubbing his forehead against Hannibal's sweaty neck. He lets Hannibal sink down on him, deep as they can join, and one of his hands slides to Hannibal's cock, stroking tight and quick and Hannibal trembles, thighs tight around Will's waist, nails sunk deep into his shoulders. He might be drawing blood – it's hard to tell, as slick as they are with sweat.

Hannibal shivers, leaning his head back against the wall as Will touches him. He's close, he can feel his body spasming in preparation for his orgasm, the blood in him rushing loudly, the heat in his stomach and chest pulses, flares, wants to sink -.

"Use me," Will whispers, purring the words to Hannibal's neck. "Please, *please* Hannibal."

Hannibal growls, throws himself forward and Will catches him, whines sharp and high as Hannibal bites him, sinks his fangs into Will's tender flesh as his orgasm overwhelms him. His cock twitches, shoulders rolling as Will strokes him through it, and Hannibal will admit,

it's amazingly gratifying to feel how the Alpha shudders and moans as he bears down, suffocation-tight around Will's cock.

Will's hands settle wide and hot on Hannibal's hips, hold him steady as Hannibal licks over the fresh wound he laid to Will's neck. The Alpha's neck is a mess of bruises and bites already, and Hannibal knows he will leave far more before his heat is done. Will's eyes are heavy-lidded, a blistering red the color of raw meat, glazed with pleasure, his lips parted so he can scent Hannibal deeply, soak it into his chest.

There's a warm smear of seed between them now, and Hannibal's hips tighten and jerk, seeking something to rut against. Will flinches when he does it, still hard, sensitive, but bears him steadily. Hannibal can feel how his thighs shake with strain, his shoulders tense and strong under Hannibal's hands.

Hannibal sighs, blinking slowly, and lets himself purr. He licks over Will's neck again, nuzzles under his ear. "Good boy," he murmurs, and Will whines, swallowing harshly in a way that makes his bloody neck flex.

Hannibal smiles, lets his hand drag gently down Will's chest to his tensed stomach. Will's flesh jumps under his touch, his fingers flex and tighten around Hannibal's hips. "Do you need to finish?" he asks, curious if Will is going to demand more of him, if he'll bare his teeth and mount Hannibal until he knots. If he'll whine and bare his throat and say he can wait.

Will shivers, breathes in deeply. "I want to," he replies, honestly. Then he shakes his head. "But I don't need to."

Hannibal's smile widens, turns sharp. "Sit back," he commands, and Will swallows, pulling out with a hiss. He settles Hannibal gently on the bed and rocks back on his heels, withdrawing his touch. "Sit," Hannibal says, and Will obeys. "Turn around."

Will frowns, not in protest, merely confusion, and he does so, turning until his feet hang off the side of the bed. Hannibal prowls forward, slides his hands along the wounds and nail marks he left on Will's shoulders. Will shivers, bowing his head, offering his neck and back to Hannibal's touch.

Hannibal covers him, slides a hand around Will's chest and pushes the saddle of his thumb tight to Will's bitten neck. He tilts his head, bites at Will's ear. "I find your accommodating nature incredible, Will," he murmurs.

Will shivers, biting his lower lip. His eyes are closed, and he leans into the pressure at his neck, and Hannibal smiles, watches ravenously as Will's cock twitches with arousal. Will likes the hand at his neck, Hannibal has no doubt of that. It's something he doubts any of Will's bedfellows cared to discover, let alone exploit.

With his other hand, Hannibal carefully wraps his fingers through Will's sweaty hair, dip under the strap of the mask. He pulls it over Will's head, catches it as it falls, and sets the mask to one side. He kisses the indent left behind on Will's cheek.

Will stretches his jaw out, rubs at it absently, then over the side of his neck away from Hannibal's mouth, where his knotted scar is. He settles his hands on either side of his thighs, clenches them in the bedsheets when Hannibal presses tight to his back, weight on Will's shoulders, the slick of their sweat and his seed smearing between them. It's scent-marking, Hannibal understands that like a bone-deep instinct, and purrs at the idea of Will stinking of him by the end.

"I have never, in all my years, encountered an Alpha willing to submit to half the things I have asked you to do."

Will huffs, smile faint and wry. He turns his head and Hannibal obliges him, kisses lightly at the corner of his mouth. "You underestimate the feeling of satisfying one's partner," he replies. Hannibal hums at that. "A happy Omega is the…sweetest scent in the world. It can border on addiction."

Hannibal smiles. His free hand drags down, wraps around Will's cock, and Will's breath catches, hips jerking up to chase the tightness of his hand. "So that's what you get out of this?" he asks, curious and breathless. Will's cock is a deep, deep blushing red, leaking at the tip and shining with Hannibal's slick. "Satisfying your own cravings?"

"I suppose -." Will's breath hitches, his neck flexing as Hannibal tightens his hand. His knuckles turn white and he pulls at the sheets, letting out his breath in a sharp growl, eyelids fluttering. "I suppose it works both ways. I've never been with someone where I can just… *be*."

Hannibal growls, closing his eyes and burying his face in Will's neck. The scent of Will is stirring him again, making his chest beat with impatient hunger. It's one of the first signs of heat – a bone-deep need to go, and *go*, and keep going until he has an Alpha's seed inside him, satisfying the biological urge to mate and breed. He ruts his cock against Will's spine, half-hard already, and breathes deeply.

Will can feel it, he's sure. Can smell him getting slick, sweet again. He whimpers, swallowing harshly enough that Hannibal's hands tighten in answer, around his neck, around his cock.

"I'd like you to knot me, Will," Hannibal whispers, like a prayer. Will lets out a rough, wanton sound, baring his teeth.

He turns his head, exposes more of his neck. "The mask?"

"Do you think you can resist biting me?"

"I don't know," Will confesses. "I want to say 'Yes', but -."

He stops, shakes his head.

Hannibal nods, and lets go of Will's neck and cock. Will hisses at the abrupt removal of sensation, and Hannibal turns his head, kisses him chastely.

"A compromise, then," he says. "Be still."

Will nods, and remains static as Hannibal picks up the mask again. He reaches behind himself, shivering at the feeling of so much slick leaking from him, staining his thighs. He gathers a liberal amount on his fingers and smears it along the inside of the mask, taking special care to coat the section around the nose and mouth.

He returns to Will, and holds it in front of him. "Lean forward," he says.

Will obeys, gasping as Hannibal places the mask over his face. His eyes open, wide and red, and he cups the mask to his face tightly, breathing in deep as Hannibal secures the straps. He whimpers when Hannibal tightens it, expression like he's in pain.

He makes a weak, helpless sound, as Hannibal turns him back onto the bed. "You're a cruel man," he breathes.

Hannibal smiles. "Am I?"

Will growls, baring his teeth, and shoves his face to Hannibal's chest, presses him down onto the bed. "You know you are," he snarls, and Hannibal purrs, spreading his legs to allow Will between them. Will, for all his demure submission, finds his place easily, forces Hannibal's legs farther apart and growls, digging his nails behind Hannibal's knees, folds him.

His cock finds Hannibal's slick hole and he pushes in. No hesitation. Fiercely.

It seems Hannibal can compel Will to rudeness just as easily, given the right incentive.

Will fucks him brutally, sinks deep and pulls back and forces himself in again. He's a mess of snarls, and Hannibal purrs when he turns his head, sees slick and saliva leaking out of the holes in the mask around Will's mouth. It must be driving him to madness, so close to the source and unable to drink his fill. Will's face, his neck, his chest is red, he's shining with sweat, with a pink smear of blood at his throat. He looks like an animal, a wild beast, and Hannibal's head is full of static with pleasure at the sight of him.

He has never seen an Alpha so undone, and it fills him with pride to know he was the one that did it.

Will forces Hannibal's calves over his arms, sinks his claws into the sheets at either side of Hannibal's ribs, forces his thighs tight under Hannibal's and thrusts deep. The bulge of his half-formed knot tugs on Hannibal's rim and he gasps, growling as he is only given teases of that fullness.

He wants it. He wants all of it.

"Will," he snarls, wrapping both hands in Will's hair, tugging. Will growls in reply, his eyes flashing open, red and glazed. Hannibal smiles, cruel, cutting; "Come on, darling. Don't you want to please me?"

"*Yes*," Will says, and for all the power his body contains, his voice is weak. Raw. Desperate. His nails dig into the bedsheets, yank down. They might rip, Hannibal can't be sure. Abruptly, Will slows, judders, his shoulders getting tight. "*Fuck*, hn, *Hannibal*."

He rears up, cups Hannibal's hips and hauls him up onto his thighs. The abrupt change in angle means Will's cockhead is grazing Hannibal's prostate and he shivers, biting his lower lip, one hand dropping from Will's hair to fist his own cock and stroke quickly.

Will goes still, sunk deep, bares his teeth and licks his wet lips. His eyes close, flinch-tight, and he shudders.

"Please," he whispers. "Please, I need you to -."

The way he says it, 'need', not 'want', is enough for Hannibal's arousal to give way. He snarls, tugging on Will's hair sharply enough to force his head to one side, bare his neck for Hannibal's teeth. He bites down, mouth flooding with Will's blood as he spills thick and hot over his own hand, trapped between their stomachs. He clamps down around Will's cock and the Alpha shudders, and his hands fly to Hannibal's hips, pull him close.

"*Thank you*," he breathes. Hannibal feels the rumble of his purr against his teeth.

He licks his lips, bites more gently at Will's ear. His body is spasming, desperate and so empty. He's ravenous, and if Will doesn't knot him he might not be able to stop himself biting down until he finds bone.

But Will doesn't wait for his command – he knows, of course he knows. He pulls back and thrusts in once, once more, and then goes absolutely still. Hannibal closes his eyes, savoring the feel of Will's knot swelling up and locking them together. It brings with it an insistent tug on his rim, warning him against moving, and then Will shudders, shoulders rolling, and Hannibal sighs as he feels Will let go, feels the heavy warmth of his seed as he starts to spill inside Hannibal's clenching body.

Will goes lax, falls to his elbows and knees and rests his forehead against Hannibal's collarbone. His breathing is ragged and Hannibal purrs, rubbing his hands down Will's sweaty spine. He can feel every twitch and judder as the Alpha finishes, hips rutting with dumb instinct to get his seed as deep inside of Hannibal as he can.

Will lets his hips go, lets them settle, stretching his legs out so most of his weight is on Hannibal's stomach and pelvis. It's not uncomfortable, but it is foreign, and Hannibal allows himself a moment to absorb it, the abstract satisfaction of having an Alpha knot him – a sensation he has not allowed himself to indulge in until this moment.

Will sucks in a breath, lifts his head, and Hannibal smiles. He pulls the mask off of Will and cups his face, leans up so that Will may kiss him.

Will's mouth is sweet with Hannibal's slick, his chin and jaws soaked with it and his own saliva. They're both disgusting, soaked to the bone, but Hannibal finds himself quite enjoying it in a way he did not anticipate.

Will moans – a soft, needy sound – his kiss desperate and passionate, the mixed taste of his own blood and Hannibal's slick creating a delicious aftertaste on Hannibal's tongue. He is purring, loudly and without inhibition, and Will answers him in kind, his own rumble bass in his chest.

Will parts from him to breathe, runs his nose down Hannibal's jaw and presses to his neck. Hannibal allows it, confident that Will has the wherewithal not to bite him now. Indeed, Will doesn't, doesn't even hint at it. He keeps his jaws closed and his lips polite, chaste, as he nuzzles Hannibal's pulse.

Hannibal sighs, carding a hand through Will's sweaty hair, and Will's hands settle lightly on Hannibal's ribs, measuring the expansion of them. "How long does your knot last?" he asks.

Will huffs. "About ten minutes, give or take," he replies. "This one might, ah, last longer."

His cheeks have calmed to a delicate pink, a blush so pretty Hannibal wants to bite at it, drink it for himself. He smiles.

"When you're finished, I will show you the kitchen. You may need to salvage food for us, once my heat hits."

Will nods, accepting that. "Alright," he says. "We should probably call Alana, too."

"Oh?"

"She, ah." Will lets out a small laugh, shaking his head. He pushes himself up to his elbows, so his weight is not smothering Hannibal, head still tilted to allow Hannibal to play with his hair. "She got freaked out by the bite marks you left. Guess they looked worse than they felt."

Hannibal laughs. He doesn't miss how Will's jaw clenches as his shoulders tighten, as Hannibal's body clenches and moves around his knot. "Yes. She gave me quite a talking to about that."

Will's eyes flash in the direction of Hannibal's mouth, wide. "She knows?" he asks. Then; "I didn't tell her it was you. I mean. It's none of her business. Not like a shame thing. I just -."

He stops, clears his throat, tries again;

"I didn't want to say anything out of line."

Hannibal smiles, and makes sure Will can hear it in his voice; "It was no trouble," he murmurs. He pauses, contemplates bringing up the nature of their relationship. Improper as it might be, considering what they just did, he's curious as to Will's reaction. So, he adds; "She cares about you very deeply."

"Yeah," Will replies. To his credit, his voice neither softens nor hardens. He smiles, fond and affectionate. "She's my best friend. And when I went blind I guess her protectiveness just shot through the roof."

He shrugs, and sighs, settling to rest his cheek on Hannibal's chest, over his heart. His hands smooth out on Hannibal's flanks, drawing idle patterns. "In any case, if she comes home and I'm not there, she'll probably worry. So I need to call her and tell her where I am."

"Of course," Hannibal says. "We can do that, too."

Will's knot lasts for almost seventeen minutes. During that time, they remain in silence, which Hannibal enjoys immensely. Will, too, seems content to wait it out, only giving a small shiver when his arousal peaks and he spills another load inside Hannibal. When his knot goes down, he stirs, rising onto his hands and knees, and places a single chaste kiss to Hannibal's collarbone.

"One second," he says, and prowls to the edge of the bed. Hannibal sits up, wincing at the soreness of muscles previously untested, as well as the gratuitous amount of slick and seed he can feel leaking out of him.

Will returns with the t-shirt he'd been wearing, and he offers it to Hannibal. "For the mess," he murmurs, blushing.

Hannibal huffs a laugh, and takes it, wiping his thighs and ass clean. It won't stop the rest coming out, but it allows him to stand and retrieve his lounge pants without getting a stain on the floor. He dresses in just those, and Will dons a pair of sweatpants and another t-shirt.

"Would you like to shower first?" Hannibal asks.

Will bites his lower lip, rubbing his hands over his face. Hannibal imagines it's tacky with his slick, with Will's saliva, with their sweat. "Probably be best," he replies, and Hannibal nods. Will's eyes skate to him, and his smile turns wide, mischievous. "Are you going to join me?"

Hannibal blinks, huffing in amusement at the brazen question. Will's blush darkens, he shifts his weight but doesn't move his eyes from Hannibal's direction.

Hannibal prowls closer and Will straightens, sucking in a breath when Hannibal takes him by the neck and forces him to lift his head. He pushes Will back until his shoulders hit the wall and Will swallows, whining softly as though in supplication, like he's an Omega trying to placate his Alpha.

The sound stirs something in Hannibal, something with teeth and claws that wants to see how far he can take it.

Another surge of preheat accompanies the thoughts, and Hannibal growls, tilts Will's head and puts his teeth to Will's ear. "Will you let me inside you again?" he rasps, his voice hoarse with sudden desire. Will shivers, hands flattening on Hannibal's arms. Not to pull him away, not to press closer. Like he wants to feel the strength in them. Hannibal is no dainty Omega, not like the rest of his breed, and he wonders if Will likes it as much as he's liked everything else.

Will smiles, shows his teeth. Hannibal is quickly coming to love how he looks when he smiles like that – sharp-eyed, slick-mouthed, his cheeks pink and his eyes shining with an equal mix of blue and red. He looks decadent. "Yes," he breathes, running his hands down Hannibal's arms, to his flanks. He pulls Hannibal closer to him, presses his throat tight to

Hannibal's palm until their noses brush. Hannibal sucks in a breath, his mouth stings from the scents of them combined. "Use me."

"Careful, darling," Hannibal murmurs, playful with his warning. "You're making me want to do very impolite things."

"Polite?" Will says, and laughs. "Maybe I like you rude."

Hannibal growls, tightening his hand on Will's neck. He pulls Will from the wall and turns him, forces himself close to Will's back and ruts his hardening cock into the dip of Will's spine. Teeth to his neck, Will trembles, bows his head and bares his nape, gasping. His scent is thick with arousal, both satisfied and burgeoning anew.

"For what I want," Hannibal begins, "we will use my bathroom."

Will nods, whining. Hannibal smiles and pulls away.

"Can you follow me?"

"Anywhere," Will breathes.

Hannibal nods, stepping away. Will's head tilts, and he follows. Hannibal opens the door and leaves it open, stepping out into the hallway. Will follows him out, fingertips of one hand edged around the door frame, and Hannibal smiles to himself, and walks down the hallway towards his bedroom. With each step, the heat in his spine trembles and tightens. This is a chase, albeit a tame one, and the hairs on the back of his neck are on end, knowing an Alpha is behind him, pursuing him.

He goes to his bedroom and opens the door, looks over his shoulder to see Will a few steps behind. He enters his bedroom and Will removes his hand from the wall, knowing from instruction that he should avoid scent-marking Hannibal's room.

Hannibal smiles, purring softly. "This way," he calls, and Will answers, head snapping in his direction. His feet slide soundlessly over the floor, and Hannibal reaches out to him, taking his hand and leading him towards the bathroom.

He passes through it and closes the door behind them both. Unlike the guest bathroom, Hannibal's shower also has a bathtub, large enough for him to lay within it comfortably. He made sure to purchase a house with one large enough on indulgent days. Even with his suppressants, he would sometimes get cramps when his body was meant to go through a heat, and though his scent did not change and he was able to go about his business, he would spend those nights in a warm bath that allowed his body to settle and go lax in the warm water.

He takes Will by the shoulders and guides him towards the bath. "Step over," he murmurs, and Will nods, reaching down to feel for the edge of the tub, and then he climbs into it. Hannibal smiles. "Hand me your clothes."

Will does so, stripping down quickly, and Hannibal adds his lounge pants to the pile on the floor. The seat of his pants already has a wet spot inside them and he sighs, rolling his eyes at

the mess. He knows some Omegas purchase plugs for their heat, both to keep their Alpha's seed inside them and to stop them leaking all over the place, but he never thought to get one for himself. Perhaps he would have, had he more time to prepare, but that matters not, now.

He gets into the shower behind Will and pulls the curtain closed. Will shivers, biting his lower lip, but does not turn to face him. Hannibal smiles, flattening his hands on Will's shoulders, admiring the still-red marks from his nails.

"Beautiful," he breathes, watching the muscles there flex and tighten in response to his touch.

Will turns his head, showing the edge of his smile. "Thank you," he murmurs, and then sighs. "I wish I knew what you looked like. I mean, I have a vague idea, but…" He sighs again, shaking his head.

Hannibal hums, remembering the conversation over dinner, where he'd realized where he'd heard about Will before and Alana had told him not to press. "We may have met," he says, his hands turning idle as they run down Will's back, to his sides, cup his hips and pull him to Hannibal's chest.

Will frowns, letting out a curious sound.

"Jack told me about you, at one of the conferences many years ago," he says. "Pointed you out in the crowd. Our eyes met, but only briefly."

Will tilts his head to one side, baring his neck as Hannibal kisses him there. He turns, just long enough to turn the water on. It rushes out of the faucet and he adjusts the temperature. He will wait for it to warm before turning it to the shower setting.

Then, whisper quiet; "…*Oh*."

Will turns, his eyes wide, dropping to Hannibal's hands when Hannibal touches his chest, pulls Will close and nuzzles his bitten throat. Will's hands go to his shoulders, skate up his neck to his jaw. He touches Hannibal's cheeks, measures the curve of his cheekbones, the sharpness of bone where his eye sockets are. Into his hair, sweat-damp and flat in the humidity.

"You were…you were wearing a blue suit," Will says, still just as quiet. "Checkered, grey and blue. Talking to Jack." His eyes, glazed now with memory, close, open again. Hannibal nods and Will's fingers curl. "Oh my God, I -."

He stops, his blush darkening. "I didn't even realize you were Omega," he confesses, smile sheepish.

Hannibal laughs. "I was on suppressants at the time," he says, turning away when the water is warm enough and turning on the shower. It pours down onto his shoulders and he pulls Will into the spray, lets him shiver and warm up, his hair darkening under it. "It kept my scent mild."

"It didn't matter to me," Will says, his blush darkening further. "I, ah." He laughs, short, embarrassed. "I told Alana I thought you were hot."

Hannibal blinks, raising an eyebrow, amused and flattered in equal measure. "Are you attracted to Alphas as well?" he asks.

Will huffs, rubbing a hand over his face, up through his hair. Wet as it is, his hair sticks up in adorable disarray, and he shrugs one shoulder as though embarrassed by the admission. "We're all just blood and bones," he murmurs. "Beauty is beauty, and I don't deny myself appreciation of it, no matter what form it takes."

"In that, our mindsets are exactly alike," Hannibal murmurs. He cups Will's face, drawing him in for a kiss, and Will shivers, arching against him, desperately seeking the warmth of the water as it cascades around them. Hannibal steps back, pulling Will with him, and pushes down on the stopper for the drain, so that the water pools around their feet.

Will's kiss ignites Hannibal's desire, and he growls, digging his nails into Will's flanks, and pulls away from the kiss to nip at his wet lower lip, his jaw which still stinks of both of them. He licks water and blood from Will's neck, bites at the sharp scent of him below his jaw; "Get on your hands and knees."

Will whimpers, his hands shaking, and he pulls back, presses a hand to the tile wall, and turns. He goes gracefully, enough room in the bath for him to settle on his knees, feet between Hannibal's. Then he falls forward, settles himself on his hands. Hannibal admires him, the tension in his spine, the mar of cross-stitch marks on his flesh. He really is beautiful; a sight Hannibal will treasure in his memory long after their time together is done.

He growls, and reaches behind himself, to the slick ring of muscle that aches sharply in protest when he sinks his fingers inside, gathering up his slick and Will's seed on them. He kneels behind Will, flattens one hand on his water-slick back, and drags his fingers over Will's hole before sinking one inside.

Will hisses, flinching from it on instinct, and bows his head. With the water welling up around their knees, he cannot press himself flat to the floor like he did when Hannibal mounted him last. Hannibal is curious to see how he bears it now, with nowhere to claw and run to.

He knots a hand in Will's hair, forces him to arch up and back, his thighs aching from strain as Hannibal forces him to rock back onto his finger, taking it all the way. Hannibal leans over him and Will's hands go to the edges of the tub, arms flexed and tense to keep himself steady.

"I would see you satisfied in every way, Will," he murmurs. Will shivers, baring his teeth. The water rushes down on their shoulders, making everything slick. Muting Will's scent, which is aggravating, but Hannibal likes the way his neck tastes when he's clean just as much as when he's dirty. "You've been so good for me, so eager and sweet."

Will bows his head, closes his eyes as the water rushes down his face. He's shaking in Hannibal's arms, and Hannibal purrs, working another finger inside him when he whimpers. His free hand moves from Will's hair to his neck, tightening when Will leans his weight

against it. Positioned as he is, he can see Will's cock start to harden, incensed by the presence of an Omega near him, so close to heat and obviously willing.

Hannibal smiles, and must concede that Will was right; he is a cruel man. "Do you want me to mount you, darling?"

Will sags, a strained snarl spilling from his mouth. Hannibal growls, pulls on his neck, doesn't let him fall. Will's hands slide from the edges of the tub, sink into the water, fists clenched.

"*Yes*," he whispers, hoarse and ragged.

Hannibal growls, curls his fingers when he finds Will's prostate, jabs sharply at the swollen gland so Will trembles and howls. "Ask me properly," he demands.

Beg.

Will whimpers, turns his head and presses his nose to Hannibal's cheek. "Please," he whispers. Hannibal growls again, pressing mercilessly to Will's prostate until the Alpha goes tense all over, shuddering, his cock fully hard now and leaking into the pool of water. "Ah, *God*, please – *Hannibal* -."

"Properly, Will," Hannibal says, rough and low. His hand flexes on Will's bruised throat. He'll make a collar of bruises and bites by the end. Will licks his lips, whines again. "That's it, darling. Ask me."

"*Please*, Alpha," Will gasps, his eyes fluttering open so Hannibal can see them, see the red of them shining back at him. In his wide pupils, Hannibal's Omega gold is reflected, and he snarls. "Please. Mount me. Fuck me, I – *please*."

Hannibal smiles, borderline feral. "Good boy," he purrs, and Will sags with relief. He pulls his fingers out and fists his cock, guiding it slow to Will's stretched hole. Water isn't the best lubricant, he knows, but it will have to do. Will is so eager, but Hannibal is sure he'll say something if it's too much.

He presses the head to Will's hole, lets it sink in, holds himself there and lets Will's neck go. "Show me how much you want it."

Will sucks in a harsh, unsteady breath, shoulders rolling. He bows his head further, like he wants to sink into position, and slowly pushes back. Hannibal watches, rapt and breathless, as his cock sinks into Will slowly, inch by desperate inch, until he's all the way inside. Will is sinfully tight around him, every inch of muscle spread and pierced must be aching.

Hannibal growls, wraps his hands around Will's shoulders as Will sinks into position, breathing out shakily. The warmth of the water cannot compare to the searing heat inside of Will, and Hannibal feels rabid, rude, with the need to conquer him.

He doesn't hesitate – Will offered him no such courtesy. He pulls back and slams deep, snarling when Will whimpers, sinks to his elbows, clenches up as though trying to get

Hannibal to stay inside of him. The tub is unforgiving on their knees, but Hannibal knows this won't last long, not with how tightly wound they both are.

He leans over Will, covering him with his own heat as he fucks deep, forcing Will to bear his weight as they both shake and snarl. He bites Will on the shoulder, doesn't break skin but sucks a wet, red mark there, and Will whines, shivers, arches back to force Hannibal to mount him harder, fuck him deeper. And *oh*, how Hannibal wants to.

He wants to carve a scorching mark inside of Will, hollow him out and make a home for himself there.

Attachment.

He doesn't care. Doesn't have room in him to care. Not right now.

"I can feel how much you need this, Will," he growls, not knowing where the words come from, only that it feels right to say them. Will growls, shame gone, replaced with the same red-hot arousal Hannibal feels clawing at his own spine. He can taste it on Will's flesh, smell it beneath the water.

Will tenses up as Hannibal reaches below him, wrapping tight fingers around his cock and stroking quickly.

Will reaches back, finds Hannibal's thigh, digs in and pulls as though needing Hannibal deeper. Hannibal snarls, closing his eyes, fucking forward as the need in his stomach clenches, tightens, frays at the edges. He won't last much longer – can't, with such a beautiful and needy Alpha pinned below him. Nothing could compare to this.

Will shudders, cock twitching in Hannibal's hand when Hannibal bites him again. He lets out a weak, high noise of relief, and Hannibal growls, slowing as he feels Will bearing down, so tight Hannibal can hardly move. He slams his hands down on the bottom of the tub, splashing water around them, and howls behind clenched teeth. Hannibal snarls, satisfied to the bone at the sharp scent of Will's seed as it mixes with the water.

Will goes lax, rears up and shoves back to force Hannibal deep inside him. "Please," he whispers, ragged, raw. Hannibal flattens his dirty hand on Will's hip, settles back and forces Will to move for him, to arch up and sink back down. Will gasps every time, shoulders rolling as Hannibal hits that sensitive spot inside him, but he does not flinch, does not whimper.

He turns his head, shows Hannibal the delicate blush on his cheek, the sharp corner of his red mouth. Will licks his lower lip, eyelids heavy, takes Hannibal's hand and brings it to his neck.

"Fill me up, Alpha," he whispers.

Hannibal snarls, the plea hitting him sharply behind the eyes. He rears over Will, his weight heavy on Will's shoulders, and fucks in, chases the spasming tightness of Will's body, breathes in the sweetness of his scent, soaks himself in the sound of Will's desperate moans as he chases that high, one more thrust, one *more* -.

He goes still, snarling his release against Will's wet nape. Will moans, sagging beneath him like a knotted Omega, bears his weight steadily as Hannibal forces his hips tight to Will's body, empties himself inside the Alpha like he hasn't just orgasmed less than half an hour ago. Will makes him rude, rabid, full of vitality, *in control,* and he plants his praise with another bruising suck-kiss to Will's nape, drinks the water and sweat from his skin, drags his nails down Will's flanks and holds him still, caught and wrangled like prey, as he uses Will's body for his release.

He breathes out, nuzzles Will's bruised skin, and pulls out of him, pleased at the smear of white he sees leaking from Will's sore rim before the water washes it away. He pushes himself to his feet and pulls the plug, so the water can begin draining, and then reaches for Will, helping him to his feet.

Will winces, straightening until his knees pop, and he sighs, a satisfied smile on his face. He nuzzles Hannibal, pressed tight to his chest under the spray.

Will tilts his head up and Hannibal meets him, kisses him breathlessly, teeth in Will's lower lip, drinking in the sound of Will's sated moan. He runs his hands down Will's flanks, kneading gently at his hips for any lingering soreness. Will sighs again, his smile wide and pleased, and his purr can be heard even over the rush of the water.

"You feel free to do that whenever you damn well please," he says.

Hannibal huffs a laugh, eyebrows raised. "Do what?"

Will rolls his eyes. "You know what," he murmurs, and looks away. "Alright. Where's your shampoo?"

Despite the fact that Hannibal is sure they could have happily wasted far more time in the shower, they manage to clean themselves and dry off fairly efficiently. Hannibal goes to his bedroom for a new set of clothes, leaves his stained lounge pants in the hamper, and leads Will out of the bathroom once he's dressed, down to the kitchen.

His phone is still in his study, and he brings up Alana's number and hands it to Will. "I'll get us something to eat," he says. "Call Alana."

Will nods, biting his lower lip, and Hannibal leaves him in the study and goes to the kitchen. He takes out his cranberry-pomegranate juice mix and pours himself a glass, and ice water for Will, and takes a pre-sliced package of chopped pineapple and separates it into two bowls. He will warm something for them later in the evening, if they're still hungry.

Will emerges from the study, phone in hand, after a few moments. He looks somewhat chagrined, like he's been scolded. "Alana, um, wishes us luck?" he says, a half-question.

Hannibal smiles, and taps Will's bowl to his glass so Will can hear it. "I have pineapple here," he says. "And water for you."

"Awesome, thanks," Will says. He clicks his tongue and moves to the bar stool, taking his seat and setting Hannibal's phone down, before he skirts his fingers along the countertop until he finds the glass and bowl, and pulls each to him. He eats with his hands, sliding the pineapple between his lips and sucking the juice from his fingers after every bite.

Hannibal allows him to eat, before he clears his throat. "Here," he says, and circles the island, takes Will's hand and pulls him to his feet. Will drags his free hand along the island, freer to navigate as his hands are clean, as Hannibal leads him to the other side. "The sink is here," he says, and Will nods, brushing his hand along the edge. "And there's a corner, and here is the fridge. I have prepared enough meals that should last us both for the duration of my heat."

He opens the fridge and sets Will's hand on the second shelf. "This is the second shelf. All of these are single portions," he says, and Will nods, reaching out to touch the rows of Tupperware. "The shelf above has juice, and below is fresh fruit and vegetables if you're so inclined."

Will nods, touching each row in turn, before he steps back, and Hannibal closes the fridge. "Two steps to your right is the microwave," he says. "Unfortunately, all the buttons are touch-sensitive, not actually pushable. I will do my best to help you warm everything up if you need it."

Will nods again, huffing. "Yeah, unfortunately microwaves aren't standardized yet," he says with a roll of his bright eyes. They've returned to blue, only thin lines of red still remaining in them. He looks Hannibal's way. "But honestly I can just count. Trial and error, right?"

Hannibal smiles. "Right," he says.

Will tilts his head to one side, lifts his chin, and takes a deep breath. "Have you eaten?" he asks.

"I was about to, yes."

Will nods.

"Why?"

"You just…you smell really sweet right now."

Hannibal raises an eyebrow, and leads Will back to the bar stool. He takes a seat on the second one and pulls his own bowl to him, washing down the first bite of pineapple with his juice. "Perhaps my heat will be coming soon," he says mildly. "The timing is right."

"We might have exacerbated it," Will says. "I'm sorry."

"Will." Hannibal smiles, and settles his hand on Will's thigh. "We both knew this was coming. It was the point of this whole arrangement, after all."

Will presses his lips together, humming. "Right," he says. He sounds sad again, like he did the first time he was here. Hannibal pulls his hand away, considering his reaction. Perhaps he should not bring it up, yet the mind-palace version of Will he conjured flickers in the recesses of his consciousness.

He takes another bite of pineapple. "Does it bother you to refer to this as such?" he asks. "I can stop, if you'd prefer."

Will huffs. "I'm under no illusions, Doctor Lecter," he murmurs. Hannibal frowns, but does not comment. "It would do neither of us any favors to pretend this is something it's not."

"And what, exactly, would we pretend it is?" Hannibal asks.

Will raises an eyebrow, his expression almost haughty. Almost. "Permanent."

Hannibal nods again. "You're right," he replies, and notes the way Will's shoulders fall. "When this is over, I will return to my normal comings and goings, and you will go home. To your life. To your dog." He pauses. "To Alana."

He watches Will carefully, to see his reaction to that. Will's expression doesn't change – like he knows he's being watched.

In fact, he smiles. It's sharp again, and shows his teeth. "I see."

Hannibal huffs, finishing his bowl and his glass, and he stands. Will's bowl is empty as well, and he gathers it up and takes it to the sink to wash later.

As he approaches it, his entire body flushes hot, and he stumbles the last step, setting the dishes down too heavily in the sink. They do not break, but make a loud sound, and he curses under his breath, suddenly damp with sweat on his lower back, under his hair. His mouth is flooded with saliva and when he breathes in deeply, all he can register is the mint-sweetness of Will's scent, the feeling of his eyes on Hannibal's back.

He growls, clenching his fingers on the edge of the sink, and waits for it to pass. Only, it doesn't pass. It builds, and builds, grows teeth that sink into his spine, sheds fur and reveals jagged claws that dig into his stomach and gouge him deeply. His knees shake, and he locks them before he can buckle under his own weight, and his eyes burn.

He can see, in the warped reflection in his faucet, Omega gold blinking back at him.

He breathes out, and then Will is there – Will, his warmth and his scent soothing despite Hannibal's frantic heat, threatening to burn him from the inside out. He wants to snap at Will, to warn him away out of the instinct to defend his neck from an Alpha.

But Will reaches for him – gentle, demure, sweet. He settles a hand on Hannibal's forearm, nowhere suggestive, nowhere placative. Hannibal is sure he would have attacked Will, had Will gone for his neck.

Will whines, this gentle and submissive sound, and it settles Hannibal, soothes the creature in his chest that is howling and *howling*. The heat in his spine continues to build, sharpens

behind his teeth and his eyes. He snarls, snaps his jaws together.

"It's okay," Will breathes. He does not crowd Hannibal, does not creep closer. Hannibal closes his eyes, shakes his head, tries to will this blistering hot *need* away but it will not go. It lingers, storm clouds and shadows in him, and makes him tremble.

"I'm here," Will says, quieter this time, like a prayer. His other hand finds Hannibal's shoulder, flattens soft and wide and Hannibal gasps, swallows back a purr. "I can take care of you. That's what I'm here for, right?"

"*Right*," Hannibal growls, hardly able to form the word.

He turns Will, takes him by the hair and presses him against the kitchen island. Will bares his neck immediately, lets Hannibal's teeth find his pulse, lets him bite. Will flinches, but his hands remain gentle on Hannibal's arms, and he's so *warm*, but not burning. He is the soothing flare of alcohol versus the deadly rage of a wildfire. Hannibal wants him.

He *wants* him.

"It's alright," Will says again. His voice is wrecked – Hannibal bit too hard this time. His blood leaks sluggishly, and does not clot as fast as the other bites did. Hannibal licks over the wound, purring at the taste. Will's fingers shake, drag across Hannibal's shoulder, do not touch his neck but find his hair instead, threading gently.

Hannibal shakes him off, snarls low and promising. "Come with me," he says, and Will shivers and nods, and lets Hannibal lead him out of the kitchen, up the stairs, into the guest bedroom. Hannibal's hands shake, uncoordinated and heavy-handed when he forces Will to his knees and pulls insistently at his clothes.

He finds the mask, snarling, and hands it to Will. If he tries to do it himself, he will surely do more harm. Will takes it without complaint, slides it on and pulls the straps over his head. Hannibal circles him, pulls them tight, and hauls Will to his feet by his hair.

He rests their foreheads together, every part of him roiling and growling and eager, *he wants*, God how he wants, and Will is here, Will can submit, Will can give him everything he wants and more. Hannibal will see his limits, throw him right to the edge of them. He'll pull and pick Will apart until Will is little more than a trembling monument to Hannibal's ferocity, both a victim and willing participant to his savage brand of love.

Will's eyes flare with red, reacting to the scent of an in-heat Omega, and he breathes in deeply.

"Whatever you want, Hannibal," he breathes. "I'll do whatever you want."

Hannibal smiles, off-kilter, showing his teeth.

"I never doubted that, darling," he purrs, and Will shivers, licking his lips. Hannibal can still see the smear of his slick on the inside of the mask, wonders if it's more potent than his fresh

heat-scent. If Will can tell the difference. If he cares, or is simply drunk off of Hannibal's pheromones.

Addicted.

Attached.

He pushes Will back, watches him settle on the bed. Ready, attentive. Just as Hannibal needs him. Hannibal sheds his clothes, too impatient to tease, too rabid with need to exercise self-control. This Alpha is here, he's here and he's ready and he'll let Hannibal do whatever he wants, *has* let him do whatever he wants, and if this is to be temporary, Hannibal will not waste a single second.

He prowls close to Will, drags his nails up Will's neck and cups his jaw, raises him so Hannibal can lean down and nuzzle his hair, kiss his forehead. Will sucks in a breath, straightening up, legs spreading in an open invitation for anything Hannibal wants to do.

The crossroads is long-passed, and indecision no longer plagues him. He knows exactly what he wants.

He breathes in deeply, fill his mouth with Will's scent, and asks; "Color?"

Will shivers. "Green," he replies. "All green."

Hannibal smiles. "Good."

Decadence

Chapter Notes

> I'm p sure for what I want to do with this story, there will be two more chapters after this one. Hope you guys like it, and thanks to all the folks on Tumblr for helping me out with sexy stuff you want to see. I did.....some of them. I wanted to do all of them but Will kind of emotionally blindsided me and, well, you know how he is.
> Enjoy!

The air is awash with color, everything Hannibal sees tinted with red and gold. He closes his eyes, snarling, fucking forward into Will's fist as the Alpha works him through another orgasm. Will's knot is lodged deep inside of him, forcing him to remain as still as he can and avoid pulling it out. Yet he rolls his hips, jaw clenched at the tug on his rim, the enticing tightness of Will's hand around him as his stomach clenches, the coil of arousal in his gut suddenly sinking down and out of him.

He spills weakly onto Will's chest, sags forward and sets his claws at Will's throat as the Alpha moans, trembling underneath him, eyes staring up blankly, glazed and red. His mouth is open, panting heavy behind the mask which is so marred with exhale and saliva that Hannibal can barely see his pink lips.

That thought, once it registers, fills him with outrage. Will lets his cock go, settling his sweat-slick hands on Hannibal's hips instead, flexing finely as he floods Hannibal's body with his seed. This is his third knot, and what he can give is lesser and lesser every time.

Even now, his jaw is tight with pain: a knot is a muscle like any other, and can suffer strain and overexertion. Hannibal imagines it hurts, now, especially since Hannibal has robbed Will of the pheromones in his slick that are meant to increase an Alpha's stamina to keep up with their Omegas during a heat.

He gentles his hands on Will's throat as he recovers, lets out a purr and leans down, nuzzling Will's bared neck. Will has a collar of bruises and bites on him now – there is not a single inch without discoloration, whether it's the pink-blue of Hannibal's handprint, or the raw, red marks from his teeth and mouth. It makes the flush on his cheeks and chest seem bright, and his eyes are almost glowing, a deep, deep red around his wide pupils.

When Hannibal's need surges, he's borderline feral. In the moments after his orgasm, lucidity and decorum returns, though they are fragile things, the same restraint one might have when trying to control wild horses with twine. At any moment, he may snap again and urge Will through another round.

And yet, Will has not said anything but blatant, brazen encouragement. No 'Yellow', no 'Red', even though his blood is thick on his chest, his shoulders, the bedsheets and pillows below him. They're likely ruined, and that's nothing to say for the state of the mattress or duvet cover.

Hannibal runs his nose along the tendon in Will's neck, until he touches the edge of the mask. "I'm going to take this off," he murmurs, gently touching the fingers of his shaking hand along the cheekpiece.

Will whines, swallows. He lifts his head obediently and Hannibal slides his hand through Will's sweaty hair, under the too-tight straps, and lifts the mask off. He sets it on the bedside table and takes Will's face in his hands, bringing their mouths together. Will's kiss is lazy, too fucked-out to respond as he previously has. Hannibal smiles into it, nips Will's lower lip that tastes of his own slick, and purrs loudly when Will gives a weak, sated moan.

Hannibal pulls back, but does not go far. He isn't sure he has it in him to pull away from Will. "Do you need to rest?" he asks.

Will huffs, his smile wide, dimpling his cheeks. "Shouldn't I be asking you that?"

Hannibal smiles, and shakes his head. "Given the way I have restrained you, I have robbed you of any biological advantage you might have over me," he says. Will shivers as he clenches down around Will's knot, hips jerking in a brief attempt to rut deeper into Hannibal. "And," Hannibal adds, fingertips touching lightly to one particularly savage bite mark, "you're injured."

"I'm okay," Will replies, a ragged whisper.

Hannibal nods, and trembles when Will's knot deflates abruptly, allowing Hannibal to rise to his knees and separate them. A slick trail follows Will's cock, disgusting with how heavy it is, and Hannibal huffs, settling to one side of Will, his back to the wall.

Will sits up, his head bowed, and he clicks his tongue and turns his eyes Hannibal's way. It looks like he wants to say something.

Hannibal smiles, and reaches out to wrap his fingers in Will's hair. "Talk to me, darling."

Will clears his throat, his cheeks darkening as he bites his lower lip. "Do you think we could eat?" he asks.

Hannibal nods. Hunger, a different kind than the one that has been plaguing him all day, is stirring in his stomach. He's starving, having only eaten a meagre amount of food and juice before succumbing to his heat.

He stands, and drags his hand from Will's hair to his wrist, circling tightly and pulling him to his feet. The Alpha stumbles, sags against him, and lets out a sheepish laugh. Hannibal smiles, oddly flattered, affection rising up in his chest as he watches Will gather his feet, unsteady as a newborn fawn, and then he straightens, shoulders rolling.

The rest of him has taken similar abuse. The first time, when Hannibal was on his back, he clawed lines so deep into Will's flanks and shoulders that he drew blood. The second knot, Will's thighs earned bites and bruises as Hannibal used his mouth and his fingers to work Will open and suck him back to hardness, too impatient to give Will the recovery time he would have otherwise needed. When Will was ready, Hannibal mounted him just like that, nails bruise-tight on Will's thighs, forcing the Alpha to restrain himself while Hannibal claimed him.

The third, well, Will's chest bore the brunt of the abuse there. Smatterings of teeth marks and cross-stitched lines from claws have been raked over him, over his heart, his stomach. There is a deep-blushing bruise just above his left nipple, and his right is caked in drying blood and sweat from where Hannibal bit him, once his knot was locked.

Hannibal brings Will's wrist to his lips, breathing him in deeply. With Will's scent so mild, Hannibal's has overtaken him almost completely. It's a pure, decadent kind of ownership, for now Will smells like another of Hannibal's possessions, and is arguably one of the finest and most beautiful things he has ever claimed.

Will whines, unsure in the face of Hannibal's stillness, and steps close, nuzzling Hannibal's shoulder. Hannibal has no marks on him – Will's teeth have been kept back, and his hands, when they do touch and for all their hot, devouring hunger, do not tighten and do not claw.

"Hannibal?" he murmurs, unsure, one hand coming to a rest on Hannibal's chest. "Are you alright?"

Hannibal smiles. "Never better," he replies, kissing Will's cheek gently. He tightened the mask too tightly, and there are sharp indents in Will's cheeks and over the bridge of his nose. He nuzzles there, and pulls away, tugging Will after him.

They make it to the kitchen, and Will keeps his hands obediently by his sides, does not touch or trail his fingers along the walls and leave his scent behind. They're both slick with sweat, seed, blood, Hannibal hardly thinks it matters, but Will's conscientiousness pleases him all the same.

He goes to the fridge, takes out two Tupperware containers and gives them to Will, closing the door. "This way," he says, and Will nods, takes two steps and sets the containers on the counter.

Hannibal plasters himself to Will's back, nose at his neck, his hands sliding down Will's arms, to his hands, as they take off the lids. Hannibal laces his fingers between Will's, lifts one hand and guides him to the microwave handle. It comes open with a gentle tug, and Will places the first dish inside.

"What are we having?" he murmurs, as Hannibal guides him to close the door, then drags Will's fingertips to the two minute button. Pressing the number two starts the microwave immediately, and he makes Will do it, before he lets their hands drop.

Will leans against him, head cocked to listen to the whir of the microwave, his throat exposed to Hannibal's mouth.

"Pork," Hannibal lies. "Thinly sliced and cubed, with mashed potatoes and boiled carrots." A simple meal, but a hearty one.

Will nods, once, licking his lips. They stand in silence, and it's an intimate, comfortable kind of quiet. Hannibal could easily get used to it, as he nuzzles Will's pulse and cradles his hands gently. Will is lax, pliant in his arms, no instinct in him to cover his neck or do anything without Hannibal's command.

The microwave beeps, just a split second after Will lifts his head in readiness. Hannibal smiles, imagining Will counting down the seconds. He reaches up and opens the door, hissing at the heat of the container as he takes it out and sets it down. He lifts the second one in and Hannibal watches, pleased when Will manages to find the 'two' button again and presses it.

He reaches past Will's hip, to the silverware drawer, takes out two forks and places one in Will's hand. "Eat," he murmurs, watching as Will's skin breaks out in goose bumps at the sound of his voice.

Will nods. His fingers dance around the edges of the glass, and he finds a corner that is not as hot as the rest, curls his thumb into it and spreads his fingers out wide along the base, lifting it so he can eat at chest-level. When Hannibal's meal is done, he moves away from Will and takes his dish out. He stands next to Will, their arms touching, and they eat.

It is done quickly, mindful of the ticking clock. Hannibal has his back to the counter and eyes the window. It's dark outside, as Will arrived at his home in the afternoon and they have spent most of the day in his guest bedroom. Night has fallen, and cicadas are singing their late summer songs outside. There are fireflies, blinking in and out of existence in the window. It's beautiful, and Hannibal wishes Will could see it.

He hums, and Will tilts his head. "Do you miss your sight, at all?" he asks. It doesn't seem like an offensive question now, given how intimately they have shared each other's space. Rather, Hannibal feels, in this moment, that Will could ask him anything, and he could ask anything of Will, and it would be accepted, understood, and answered honestly.

Will shakes his head, smiling faintly. "If I could still see, I'd still be working for Jack."

"Ah," Hannibal replies. "But you do still work for Jack, don't you?"

"Not in the same capacity," Will murmurs. He shifts his grip on the dish as the weight redistributes itself. Mindful of Will's disability and aware that they might not have the time or inclination to indulge in grander meals, Hannibal had made sure most of the food he prepared could be eaten one-handed – or, in some cases, with no utensils at all. The 'pork' has been diced, and Will skewers another square of it, chewing and swallowing before he answers; "Towards the end, it was getting harder and harder to make myself look. But look I did, because I had to."

Hannibal hums. "What kinds of things did Jack make you look at, if you don't mind me asking?"

Will shakes his head. "Serial killers, mostly," he replies. "The Chesapeake Ripper."

"I see."

"I assume you've heard of him."

Hannibal smiles. "Most have," he replies.

"He was the hardest to look at," Will murmurs.

Hannibal blinks, frowning, but keeps his voice as calm and level as possible when he asks; "Why is that?"

"Because I…" Will stops, swallows. His head ducks down with embarrassment and he sets his dish and fork down, food only half-finished.

"Will." Hannibal mimics him, setting his food down, and cups Will's face. His hands are warm on Will's cheeks, gentle on the stubble coating his jaw. "Tell me."

Will's eyes drop, dart to one side. Even though he cannot see, he doesn't want to meet Hannibal's eyes. "Because I never wanted to look away," he finally breathes, confession-soft. Hannibal tilts his head and swallows, harshly, so that he doesn't purr. "I'm not crazy," he adds, in a rush. "I just -. My job was to think like these killers do, and his kills were always so… evocative. Because he was evocative. Whatever he feels, he feels very deeply, and I found myself liking that feeling."

Hannibal wants to kiss him, but fears it would send the wrong kind of message – not that he doesn't want to send that message, but he has no idea as to how Will might react to it, once it's received. "I've heard it said he is particularly brutal," he murmurs instead.

Will nods, pressing his lips together. "There's something very real in what he does," he replies. "I've never met a man so confident, so self-assured, and so aware of who and what he is. And when I looked at his kills, I felt aware of myself in a way I never have before. In a way I never will again."

He stops, swallows, and takes a step back. Hannibal lets him go, and Will turns, his hands finding his meal again. He picks it back up and continues to eat.

Hannibal wants to let him, but Will's speech has moved him deeply. And he must admit, Will is right – when Hannibal feels, he feels with one hundred percent of his entire being. And as such, his body flares abruptly with a new surge of heat, eager to bare more of this beautiful Alpha to him. He wants Will to see, again. He wants Will, with all his awareness, all of his shame, and all of his sight.

He shivers, and Will lifts his head, nostrils flaring. He can surely smell Hannibal's slick, and he sets his dish down again, brow furrowing in concern.

"Do you need me?" he whispers, reaching out.

"Yes," Hannibal replies, and hopes Will hears just how much.

Will nods, his hand still held out, waiting for Hannibal to come to him. Hannibal lunges, taking Will's head in his hands, and kisses him, spinning him to press Will's back against the counter. He growls when Will gasps, his hands flying to Hannibal's flanks and tightening.

"Can you make it to the bedroom?" he asks, ever-mindful of the fact that Hannibal doesn't want his scent spread everywhere.

Hannibal growls again. He yanks himself back from Will and grabs his hands, pulling him out of the kitchen. He heads for the stairs, but his knees abruptly buckle and give out, and he collapses against the wall, breathing heavily as his body flares hot and new slick leaks out of him, running down his thighs.

He curses lowly, sweat making his hands slick on Will's skin. Will shivers, and crouches down beside him. His grip moves to Hannibal's hips, trying to get him to stand, but Will has been weakened by Hannibal's mating urges and he's not as strong as he was earlier that day. And Hannibal, leaden and dead weight, is in no condition to help.

Will seems to realize this at the same time he does. He swallows, licks his lips, eyelids flickering red, nostrils flared wide. "I can use my mouth," he murmurs. "Take the edge off."

Hannibal nods, one hand going to Will's hair. "On your knees," he demands, and Will sinks to them on the bottom step with a gratified moan. Hannibal shifts his weight, spreading his legs, and fists his second hand in Will's hair as well, lower across his nape. If he feels Will's teeth, he will not hesitate to pull him away.

Will's hands flatten gently on Hannibal's thighs, pushing them out. He's salivating, Hannibal can see the shine of it on his tongue when he licks his lips, wets them. Will's eyes flash up and he breathes in deeply, and closes them, leaning in to kiss open-mouthed and feather-light at the crease of Hannibal's hip.

Hannibal growls, fingers tightening in Will's hair. His cock is hard and red, heavy against his stomach. One of Will's hands slides up, navigating the meat of his thigh, the soaked crease between his legs. He nuzzles Hannibal's hip and curls his fingers, drags two down and Hannibal sags, leaning back, braced against the stairs as Will pushes two fingers inside him.

He moans, bares his teeth, and his stomach sinks in as Will drags his nose up Hannibal's stomach. His wet, open mouth finds Hannibal's cockhead, licks the drying smear of seed on his belly. Will lets out a weak, desperate sound, his fingers pushing deep and curling up.

Then, slow as molasses, heavy in his shoulders with need and intent, he tilts his head and wraps his lips around Hannibal's cock, sucking him down harsh enough that his cheeks hollow.

"Will," Hannibal breathes, hands tightening in the Alpha's sweaty hair. Will moans, and loosens his jaw, sinking down further onto Hannibal's cock, and further, and Hannibal might go mad with how good it feels to have Will's hot, slick mouth wrapped around him like that. He thinks himself a fool, to have denied himself this until now.

Will tilts his head and jerks his fingers up, and Hannibal's hips rise in answer, fucking deeper into his mouth. Will takes it, tender throat spasming around Hannibal's cockhead. As swollen and injured as his neck is from Hannibal's bites, he's blister-hot on the inside, so wet it feels like when they were in the shower and Will was slick to the bone for Hannibal's cock.

Hannibal widens his stance, plants his feet, and rolls his hips up into Will's mouth, down onto his fingers. It's a decadent push and pull, his body clenching up tightly around Will and his cock eagerly seeking the heat of his mouth. Close as he is, Hannibal knows he won't last long.

He snarls, straightening, and yanks Will off of him. The Alpha gasps, whining, and Hannibal steals his bruised lips in a kiss. It's harsh, passionate, and he bites at Will's lower lip just to hear him gasp again.

"Don't swallow," he commands, and Will's eyelids flutter, and he nods, and Hannibal loosens his hold and allows Will's throat to take him again. He fucks up, growling low at the feeling, sinking down as Will's fingers find his prostate and touch the swollen gland without pause. Will's free hand flattens on the stairs by Hannibal's hip, knuckles white, and he's whimpering, shoulders tense and tight with urgent desire, like he needs Hannibal in his mouth, needs the casual way Hannibal angles his head and uses him.

Hannibal grunts, and pulls back. As he starts to bear down, Will's fingers withdraw and he angles his head so Hannibal's cockhead remains behind the seal of his lips. His cheeks hollow and he closes his eyes, sucking desperately as Hannibal trembles, upper lip curling, and spills thick and heavy across Will's tongue.

Will's breath catches, his nostrils flaring as he continues to suck, and Hannibal slides a hand to his throat, bows over his head and holds him fast so Will cannot pull away. He wants to see if Will swallows, but his throat doesn't move except the instinctive spasm for much-needed air. Hannibal's orgasm is powerful, makes him want to sink his teeth into Will's flesh and taste his blood.

He gasps when he finishes, and pulls Will off of him before he can become too sensitive. Will's lips remain sealed and Hannibal grabs his jaw, holds him like a snake he intends to milk venom from. He leans in, breathing heavily, and rests their foreheads together.

Will shakes in his arms, breathing harshly through his nose. Hannibal smiles, and licks the seam of Will's lips.

"Open up for me, darling," he says. Will whines, and parts his lips, and Hannibal moans at the feeling of his seed leaking out between the seal of their mouths. It's dirty, and Will's mouth is so wet. Hannibal drinks him in eagerly, cooling the fire on his tongue with Will's saliva and his own seed. It drips out of the corner of Will's mouth and Will kisses him eagerly, flattens both hands to the stairs and pushes up onto the balls of his feet so he can deepen the kiss.

Hannibal shivers, feeling Will's erection drag between his thighs. He spreads his legs and digs his nails into Will's nape. His free hand drags down Will's raw chest, finds his cock, strokes once and he tugs, purring when Will whines, and guides Will's cock to his hole.

Will pulls back, sharply, shaking his head. "Hannibal," he breathes, baring his teeth when Hannibal drags his cockhead through the slick between his legs. "The mask -."

Hannibal snarls. He feels cruel, and savage in this moment. "Do you want me to stop?"

Will shakes his head, once, sharply, and Hannibal smiles, pleased. He slouches on the steps, cants his hips out, and guides Will's cock into him. He digs his nails into Will's hip, forcing him to push in, slowly, achingly slowly, watching as Will's face tightens and tenses with restraint.

Will wraps his hands around Hannibal's hips, slides down to cup his thighs and lift him from the stairs so they don't dig in. His strength has returned, and he thrusts deep, instinct and need rearing up as he does, shoulders and arms flexing with strain. Hannibal purrs, leans up with one hand braced behind him, and drags Will in for a kiss.

Will whimpers against his mouth, bearing all of Hannibal's weight as he starts up a rhythm. Hannibal knows he is being terribly cruel, but Will likes his cruelty, likes his artistry even though Will doesn't know just how much.

He thinks of what he may have done, knowing someone like Will was watching him, admiring his kills and so entranced by his designs. He thinks he would have made quite a masterpiece, if Will could see it. Now, he can't, so Hannibal must create his own masterpiece in Will – and he can. Especially with how eagerly Will gives himself over to it, a lamb wandering innocently into the lion's den.

Will surges forward, growling into the kiss. Hannibal feels his teeth bared and snarls in reply. "Control yourself, Will," he orders, coaxing as Will whines, pulls away and rests his forehead against Hannibal's collarbone.

"I'm sorry," he growls, ragged and desperate. His hands flex on Hannibal's flesh, and he fucks in deeply, rutting his hips tight to Hannibal's body. "I'm sorry, I'm trying, I -. *Fuck*."

He lets go of Hannibal's hips abruptly, folds his forearm against Hannibal's chest, and sinks his teeth into his forearm just shy of his wrist. Hannibal gasps, eyes widening as he watches Will's fangs break his own skin, blood welling up and spilling thick and hot down his arm, staining Hannibal's chest.

His stomach sinks in as Will fucks deep again, whimpering and releasing his forearm. He rests his forehead against Hannibal's neck, breathing harshly. Hannibal pulls on his hair, lifts his head, swallows at the sight of Will's teeth, red with his blood.

"Will," he breathes, clenching up when Will's cockhead presses against his prostate, over-sensitive and sharp pleasure rearing up in his gut. He cups Will's face, brushes his thumbs at the corners of Will's mouth, and kisses him harshly.

Will whimpers, slowly abruptly. "Do you want me to knot you?" he whispers, desperate against Hannibal's lips.

"Yes," Hannibal says, quick, no hesitation. "Yes. *Please*."

Will's entire body trembles, a rush of desire spreading down his spine. Hannibal has never begged for anything in his life, but how can he not, now, knowing how Will has regarded his kills, having seen the Alpha exercise such remarkable restraint and control? He would defy any man to resist such a call.

Will pulls Hannibal to him abruptly, wrapping his arms tight around Hannibal's back, and shoves his knees under Hannibal's thighs, just enough strength in him to turn them and settle himself on the steps instead, saving Hannibal's back from the harsh press of them. Hannibal growls, shuddering as the change in angle means Will can sink into him more deeply.

He nuzzles Will's neck, wraps his hands in Will's hair, and licks over his bitten throat. "Knot me," he demands, and Will whimpers, clenching his eyes tightly shut. He pushes Hannibal's hips down, stomach tensing up, and his knot swells up and locks them in place.

It hurts – Hannibal tastes the spike of pain in his blood when he bites down, severing skin and reopening the first bite he laid to Will's neck. Will flinches from him, whining. The blood on his arm slicks down Hannibal's spine and Hannibal breathes out, shivering, the fires of his heat cooling as Will starts to spill inside him.

He cups Will's face, draws him up for a kiss. "Will, you are incredible," he breathes. Will lets out a soft, breathless whine, his lips twitching up at the corners, placated by Hannibal's praise. His teeth are still red, and Hannibal leans in to steal another taste.

Will exhales heavily, eyelids fluttering at Hannibal's kiss. He slides his hands around Hannibal's hips, and Hannibal turns, taking his bitten forearm and holding it between them. Will flinches, hisses with pain, and Hannibal shushes him, kissing gently at the edge of Will's fang marks.

"I mean it," he continues, liberal with his praise. Will's smile softens, his eyes turn gentle as the red starts to fade, his own mating urges sated for now. Hannibal leans in, nuzzles Will's neck and licks over his bruised, warm skin. "At every turn, you have absolutely delighted and satisfied me. I cannot think of a single person…"

He trails off, his throat suddenly tight.

Will smiles, a soft purr rumbling in his chest. He turns his head, cups Hannibal's face with his bloody hand and kisses Hannibal's jaw. The scent of his blood is so sweet, a thick wine and sweet honey on Hannibal's tongue, and he turns his face and licks Will's palm.

"I'm really glad you chose me," Will confesses in a whisper. Hannibal cannot stop his purr in answer. Then, Will sighs, touch so gentle on Hannibal's face as he traces his fingers over Hannibal's cheekbone, the corner of his mouth.

It feels like something sacred, intimate in the quiet space. Hannibal watches Will's face, watches the myriad of emotions as they pass behind his eyes, fleeting as wisps of cloud through a summer sky. He smiles, leans in and rests their foreheads together, sighing.

Finally, Will clears his throat, the delicate pink of his blush darkening with something like shame. "I'm glad I can help you," he murmurs, and takes his hand from Hannibal's mouth.

Their noses brush and Hannibal shifts his weight, wincing when Will's knot goes down and he can stand. His thighs are shaky but his body is sated, and he steps back and takes Will's hands.

"Come," he murmurs. "Let's finish eating."

Will nods, licking his lips, and breathes out heavily. "Alright."

They manage to finish their dinner, and Hannibal places the dishes in the sink, before he takes Will's hand and guides him to the bar stool.

Will hesitates, grimacing. "Should we really sit?" he asks.

Hannibal laughs, looking down at the seed and slick caking his thighs, his stomach. "I am sure I'll be doing a thorough wipe-down of the house when all's said and done." Will accepts that with a roll of his eyes, and sits, and Hannibal pours them both glasses of water, and juice. He slides Will's glasses to his hands. "Water," he says, nudging the first. "Cranberry-pomegranate juice," he adds, tapping the second.

Will nods, and takes the glass of water. Hannibal didn't put ice in it, guessing and finding his analysis correct when Will tips it back, swallowing half of it in one go. His own mouth is aching with dryness, dehydration setting in, and he sips at his juice and takes his seat at Will's side.

Will's knee swings out to touch his, and Hannibal smiles, resting a gentle hand on Will's thigh as he drinks his juice. "I've never been around an in-heat Omega before," Will says. "Do you have any idea how bad it's gonna be?"

"Unfortunately, no," Hannibal replies with a sigh, taking another drink. "I've read a lot of studies that follow the progression of a final heat, as well as the natural cycle for those not on suppressants, but I haven't experienced one myself since I first presented."

Will nods, accepting that. "They last a week, usually, don't they?"

"So I've heard, yes. Give or take."

"That's…" Will huffs a laugh, a faint smile crossing his face. "That's a long time. How the Hell do Omegas survive that?"

"I imagine the same way women manage their menstrual cycle," Hannibal replies coolly. "With a lot of food and dogged determination."

Will laughs again, louder this time. His eyes crinkle with amusement and he turns his head towards Hannibal, his smile wide enough to dimple his cheeks.

Then, he licks his lips. "Are you alright for food, then?" he asks, soft with concern. "I can go make a run, while you're fairly lucid. Or have Alana bring something."

Hannibal's hand tightens, and he pulls his touch away before he can harm Will. The thought of the Alpha leaving his nest, or Alana entering it, fills him with vile revulsion. "I believe we'll be okay," he says, as mildly as he can manage. Still, some of his anger must show through, because Will flinches, ducking his head.

He stands, abruptly, and Hannibal lifts his head, eyebrows raised as Will tucks the bar stool in and steps close to Hannibal's flank. He drags his fingers up Hannibal's arm, rests them in the crook of his elbow, and breathes out unsteadily. "Forgive me," he murmurs. "I spoke out of turn."

"Not out of turn," Hannibal replies, turning his head so his nose brushes under Will's jaw. "I would have you speak freely."

Will huffs, the sound self-deprecating. "There is some instinct in me, however small, that wants to protect you, and provide for you during your heat," he admits. His hand doesn't move, but he leans in, tilts his head and lets his cheek rest against Hannibal's hair, lips gentle on the arch of his ear. "But you don't need that. Nor, I think, do you want it."

Hannibal's fingers clench around his glass of juice. He clears his throat, feeling it suddenly grow tight at Will's soft, earnest words. "Have you been applying your keen insight to me, Will?" he asks, challenging.

"It's only fair," Will replies with a smile. He spreads his fingers along Hannibal's bicep, still so gentle. Hannibal would normally protest an Alpha being so familiar with him, but Will is not trying to placate him, or soothe him by touching sensitive pressure points only given to Omegas. His mouth does not move to Hannibal's nape, and his other hand remains at his side. "You dissect me, and I dissect you. Quid pro quo."

Hannibal hums. He sets his glass down and turns on his stool, pulling Will close to him between his knees. "Suggesting that there is a mutual reward in our savage treatment of each other?"

Will smiles, his eyelids at half-mast as he rests their foreheads together. Their noses brush and he sucks in a breath through parted lips. Hannibal can still smell his slick on Will's tongue, sweetened with pineapple and his own seed.

"Do you think it truly savage?" he asks, and Hannibal swallows, dropping his gaze to Will's marred chest and neck. True, Will cannot see it, but he must be in pain, the dull throbbing of bruises with each beat of his heart reminding him that Hannibal is not some dainty Omega to conquer and overcome. Will steps closer, slides his hands to a resting place in the neutral territory of Hannibal's waist, still soft.

"If you could see what I've done to you, you wouldn't be saying that," Hannibal replies.

Will's smile widens. He takes one of Hannibal's hands, kisses his palm, and lays it flat to his neck. Hannibal's fingers tighten instinctively, and Will shivers, biting his lower lip.

"You ration out your affection, serve scraps of it from your table to your friends and colleagues," Will breathes. Hannibal tilts his head, his breathing turning uneven in response to how ragged and raw Will's voice has gotten. "But you give it to me in its entirety."

"You're remarkably certain about that," Hannibal says.

Will hums, still smiling, and shows his teeth. "Affection changes a person," he says. "In how it's given, and who gives it to us."

"Saying I change you?"

"Yes," Will replies, nodding. He licks his lips, takes Hannibal's hands and holds them gently. Hannibal's fingers turn, glide along the raw-looking bite mark on Will's forearm. It's still bleeding, sluggishly, and Hannibal swallows back a sound of concern. Will, it appears, has a sharp bite, a strong jaw.

"You told me you've never met an Alpha who would do the things I want to do with you," Will continues, either not noticing or not minding the way Hannibal is gently feeling around the edges of his bite. "I'll confess, when I met you, I felt something. It stirred in me, like a shadow that had been put to bed a long time ago."

He stops, swallows, and his fingers tighten on Hannibal's hand.

"You affect me, Hannibal," he says. "And when I am with you, everything is sharp, and clear. So…" He smiles, shakes his head as though scolding himself for saying so much. "That is my reward. That is what you give me. Certainty, and freedom. And in return, I offer you myself, as an empty vessel for you to use as you see fit."

Hannibal cannot speak, can barely breathe. He could not put what he's feeling down to a single emotion, and yet Will, in his silence, doesn't press it. Will is patient, and adoring, and sweet, and allows Hannibal his control, his desires, without complaint, without protest. Will simply *is*, and in that state of being, Hannibal feels.

His breathing is unsteady, and he tightens his fingers between Will's, and around his wrist.

Will smiles, bowing his head so their foreheads touch again. "Now, can you call that savage?"

"No," Hannibal breathes, and shakes his head once, slowly. He lets go of Will's hands, cups his face, looks into the brilliant, glacial blue of his irises, and cannot think of any work of art, any kill, any symphony that could compare to it. "No, darling, I cannot."

He can't remain still. He stands, pushing Will back and the Alpha goes, sweet with supplication. Hannibal cups his jaw gently and presses his lips to Will's mouth. Will whines into the kiss, hands sliding into place on Hannibal's biceps. The heat of Will's hands gathers in his shoulders, spreads out along his spine like the weight of a great beast, purring and goading him onward.

He slides one hand into Will's hair, knotting his fingers gently, and turns Will, pulling him towards the door and the stairs. The air is heavy with the scent of them, the stairs slick and

stained, and they go, pressed close together as they navigate up the stairs. Will follows him eagerly, hands dragging down Hannibal's arms, his hips, his thighs, as Hannibal leads him back to the guest bedroom.

They go inside, and Hannibal closes the door and presses Will against it, shoulders to the dark wood. Will gasps, arching against his chest as Hannibal prowls close, nips at Will's lower lip and tilts his head up, forcing the Alpha to expose his neck.

Hannibal kisses him, under his jaw, where Will's remaining scent gland spices his skin, fills Hannibal's mouth with his mint-chocolate scent. Will trembles under his kiss, whining softly, fingers flexing on Hannibal's hips.

"Please," he whispers, so low and softly Hannibal almost doesn't hear him.

Hannibal growls, presses his teeth to Will's neck. He lets Will rut against him, feels the Alpha's cock hardening against his thigh when Hannibal slots a leg between his. His free hand drags down Will's flank, digs into the soft flesh at the top of his thigh, cuts deep.

"*Hannibal*," Will gasps, ragged, his eyes closing tightly as he grinds his cock against Hannibal's sweat-slick skin. He presses his forehead to Hannibal's neck, breathing heavily. "Please, mount me. I want to feel you."

Hannibal growls, hauling Will back from the door and pushing him towards the bed. Without clothes, it's easy to push Will down and spread his legs, and Hannibal falls between them, resting his weight heavy and hot on Will's body and weighing the Alpha down onto the ruined mattress.

Will lets out a shaken, eager moan, arching his hips up to rut his cock against Hannibal's. Hannibal's slick is warm between his thighs, leaking out of him as the desire and insistent heat builds up behind his eyes, sharpens his teeth so that when he leans down, he parts his jaws and sinks them into Will's throat.

Will whimpers, hands gentle on Hannibal's shoulders, and Hannibal lifts his legs, pushes his hands behind Will's knees and folds him to expose his wet, stained flesh. His cockhead ruts against Will's hole, and he wonders if Will would let him push in without stretching. Will is wet, but tight, his body resistant at first when Hannibal bears down.

Will's breath catches, his eyes wide when Hannibal pulls back. He bites his lower lip and shivers, clicks his tongue and turns his head to one side.

"The mask?"

"Leave it," Hannibal growls, too impatient to put it back on. He lets go of one leg and flattens his hand over Will's throat. "Are you going to control your teeth?"

Will whines, lifts his hands and cradles Hannibal's grip on his neck, his other hand petting up Hannibal's forearm. His eyes are wide, glazed with arousal, and Hannibal bares his teeth, impatient to the bone. His body is flaring hot again, trembling and eager, and he abruptly lets Will go, crawls over him and straddles his bitten chest.

He leans down, pets heavy-handed through Will's sweat-damp hair, and forces his head back as Hannibal folds, rests his parted jaws against Will's forehead.

"Touch me," he demands, and Will bites his lower lip, chest heaving under Hannibal's weight. His fingers flatten on Hannibal's thighs, spread up through the slick already gathered. Two of his fingers find Hannibal's rim and sink into it, and Hannibal shivers, closing his eyes as he lets the feeling of being penetrated wash over him.

Then, Will turns his head, forcing Hannibal to sit up, and Will's neck curls, he arches up, and licks at Hannibal's cockhead where it's resting against his chin. Hannibal snarls, hand tightening in Will's hair. His hips jerk forward, unbidden, instinctive, and Will accepts him graciously into his mouth. He keeps his teeth sheathed behind his lips, his red cheeks hollowing as he sucks at the head of Hannibal's cock, and his tongue presses tight and hot to the underside in a way that makes Hannibal tremble.

"Good boy," he purrs, though it's an aggressive sound. Will's lashes flutter closed, his throat trembles with a moan, and Hannibal sits upright, plants one hand behind Will's head on the wall, and sinks deeper into his mouth, rabid for the sweet, slick clench of his throat, his lips. Will's fingers curl inside him, coaxing out Hannibal's wetness so that it spills from his overwrought body, and Hannibal can feel it against his thighs, on Will's chest, dripping down Will's wrist.

Will's other hand parts from Hannibal's thigh, letting Hannibal control the movement of his hips and cock inside of Will, and Hannibal groans as he feels Will gather up what slick he can. Will chokes, arches up suddenly, and Hannibal pauses and looks behind him to see Will's hand between his legs. He's not touching his cock, but further, his thighs spread as he uses Hannibal's slick to spread himself open and make himself wet.

Clever boy.

Hannibal cannot voice his pleasure, his words flee his brain and he thinks, if he were to speak, it might not come out as English. So he purrs, loud and unabashed, and settles both hands in Will's hair, helps him keep his head up and steady as Hannibal uses his mouth. Will moans, the sound muffled but his throat trembling with it, and Hannibal's chest tightens when he feels Will's fingers sink deeply into him and find his prostate.

As much as he's tempted, he doesn't want to finish in Will's mouth. The Alpha asked to be mounted, and Hannibal will certainly oblige him.

He pulls back and Will gasps, heaving in an unsteady breath through parted, bruised lips. His head is heavy, neck limp as a newborn and Hannibal lets him settle, takes Will's fingers out of him and plants their interlaced hands to the bed.

He leans down, sliding back on Will so he can kiss him. "My beautiful, darling boy," he murmurs, and doesn't recognize the cadence of his own voice. It's rough, low, like he had been using his mouth instead of Will's. He feels clawed from the inside, something ravenous and howling behind his eyes as they burn, showing gold. Will whimpers against him, tries to reach for him but he can't, with how Hannibal is restraining him. "You're being so good for me."

Will's breaths are gasping, heavy. Hannibal licks the sweet slip of space between his lips, catches Will's bottom lip with his teeth and tugs and Will's entire body spasms, arching up into Hannibal's weight. He whines, desperate, supplicative, and when Hannibal lets his mouth go, Will tilts his head to one side and exposes his throat, and kisses the mess smeared between his and Hannibal's hand.

Hannibal smiles, nuzzles Will's jaw, nips tenderly at his ear; "If I could knot, I'd be very tempted to see if you could take me in your mouth, too," he whispers. Will's breath hitches and, lips pressed as tight to him as they are, Hannibal feels his rushing heartbeat stutter with desire. Hannibal purrs, runs the hand in Will's hair down his nape, forces Will to turn his head so Hannibal can kiss him again. He puts his thumb to the corner of Will's mouth, curls between his lips and keeps his mouth open so Hannibal can drink him down.

Will's fingers flex between his, and his other hand moves from between his legs, flattening on Hannibal's thigh instead. It's the one with the bite, and Hannibal can feel the sore beat of warmth there where he bit himself.

He pulls back, releases Will's mouth and hand, and moves so that he is once again kneeling between Will's thighs. He pushes Will's knees up, drags his nails down to hold him steady, and pulls him up into his lap.

Will hisses, his sore neck undoubtedly protesting the change in position, but he doesn't say anything to stop Hannibal. He pushes himself upright and Hannibal gathers him close, turns and shoves him against the wall so Will's face is pressed against it, his chest flush to it, his legs spread and hips canted back to give Hannibal all the access he wants.

Hannibal kneels behind him, drags his nose along Will's bitten shoulder and into his hair. "Are you ready for me, darling?" he murmurs, hands flattening wide on Will's hips.

Will whines, bares his teeth, shoves his forehead to the wall and presses his hands against it on either side of his head. His fingers curl, knuckles whitening, and digs his nails into his own palms. Then, he nods, once.

Hannibal growls; "Tell me, Will," he says, one hand sliding forward to wrap around Will's erection. He's hard, leaking at the tip, so desperate. Hannibal purrs, takes a bead of precum and brings it to his lips to taste.

Will shivers. "Please," he gasps. "I want you. I want all of you."

Hannibal breathes out harshly, digs his nails into Will's hip and pulls him back until his cockhead presses against Will's hole. Will's body parts for him eagerly, sore muscles spreading for Hannibal, wide. Hannibal does not hesitate, does not stop, until his thighs are pressed tight to the backs of Will's, and Will collapses against the wall when he's fully seated, a chaotic, discordant mix of purrs and whines spilling from his throat.

"Please," he begs, and takes Hannibal's hand to his cock, lifts it to his throat. "Please, *fuck*, please -."

Hannibal snarls, pulls Will to him and turns them so Will falls to his elbows and knees on the bed. He leans over Will, onto his feet so that he can fuck Will as brutally as possible, using gravity to make his thrusts jar and rattle the Alpha pinned below him. It's ownership, through and through, and Hannibal can hear, in Will's wrecked voice, in the stutter-gasp of his breath every time Hannibal slams deep, and feel it with how Will bears him steadily, body spasming to pull him in, tightening to stop him pulling back, Hannibal can tell how eagerly Will needs to be claimed.

Hannibal grits his teeth, resists the urge to bite – even though he wants to, Will's neck truly should not bear any more abuse, at least for a while. He moves his hand from Will's neck, presses both to his shoulders to keep him down, nails curling around the top of the muscle.

Will whimpers, growls, and – to Hannibal's surprise and delight – starts to tighten up around him, clenching and shuddering with his orgasm. He's touching his own neck, pressing down on the bites Hannibal left him, and the sight of it fills Hannibal with outrage.

If Will wants to hurt, Hannibal can make him hurt.

He nudges Will's hand away with his nose, bares his teeth, and sinks them into the side of Will's throat, previous restraint be damned. His bite covers Will's scent gland, floods his mouth with the taste of him and Will howls, every part of him immediately going lax. It's an instinct as old as time, when Alphas would fight, and one would get their teeth in the weaker one's neck. It's the only way to save their throats in a battle for dominance.

Will yields to him easily, slick body shaking like a boat ripped from its moorings and tossed to stormy seas. Hannibal covers him, shoves him to his belly on the bed, traps Will's thighs with his own and mounts him thoroughly, snarling with pleasure at the feeling of Will's oversensitive body tightening with aftershocks around his cock. Will's blood is honey-sweet, causes a visceral satisfaction in Hannibal's hindbrain that tells him this Alpha is willing, is wanting, can sate every desire Hannibal could lay across him.

Will whimpers, turns his head to show Hannibal the blush of red on his cheek, the tightness of his jaw and the pain-deep lines around his eyes as he flinches. His eyes are half-open, unfocused, his lips parted and slick with saliva.

Hannibal wants to devour him, to the bone, consume him in his entirety.

Will's breath hitches, his eyes flashing and widening when Hannibal thrusts in deep, ruts against Will's ass, wanting to get as deep as he can. He lifts one shaking hand, finds Hannibal's hair, and turns, tugging Hannibal away from his neck and licking at the smear of blood on his chin. Hannibal snarls against him, finds his mouth and kisses him, stealing whatever air his burning lungs can give.

Will flinches from him again, shakes his head and covers his own mouth, turning his face into the pillows. Hannibal growls, but understands;

Will wants to bite.

Saliva coats his tongue, an idle cruelty that spurns him onward. He wraps his arms under Will's chest, hauls him to his elbows and pushes himself flush to Will's back, puts his teeth to Will's ear. He bites down and Will whines, shuddering underneath him.

Will moves his hand, deeming it safe enough to speak. He dips forward, baring his nape, and reaches back to gently wrap his fingers in Hannibal's sweaty hair again. "Hannibal," he growls, harsh with how breathless he is. Hannibal's hips jerk at the sound of it, he pulls back and fucks in again. He's close, holding doggedly onto his own restraint. He doesn't want to leave Will; the fierce clench of his body; the heat and taste of him on Hannibal's tongue. "Please. Don't tease me."

Hannibal growls, closes his eyes, lets himself feel Will pinned beneath him. He pushes in one more time, snarling low.

"Ask me," he demands.

Will whines, and his fingers flex in Hannibal's hair. "I need -. I need you to, Alpha. *Please*. Fill me, mark me up."

At the sound of Will, begging so prettily, so plaintively for him, Hannibal cannot hold back any more. He digs his nails into Will's chest, rakes them down and flattens his hands on Will's hips, forcing him to the bed as he shudders, shoulders rolling and tensed up. His release bursts from him like water through a floodgate, too built-up, too urgent for finesse or control. Will whines, arching and lifting his hips to accept it all, his body giving one purposeful clench to force Hannibal to growl, jerk his hips forward and sink as deep as he can.

He collapses over Will, breathing heavily, nuzzling the Alpha's sweat- and blood-damp hair where it curls around his neck. Will smells so sweet, so wonderfully sweet, and Hannibal kisses over the bite he left, purring loudly as Will breathes out, settles again, every muscle in him lax and submissive to Hannibal's control.

Hannibal slides his hands, utterly gentle, to the side of Will's neck. He turns Will's head and kisses him, soft and chaste. When he's finished, he pulls out and Will rolls onto his back immediately, still caged by Hannibal's thighs, and pulls him into another kiss. It's sloppy, both of them ruined to the core by what they just did.

Will sags when he can spare no more air, and Hannibal smiles, petting his hair back from his face, and moves off of Will to settle beside him on the messy sheets. Will's chest is rising with rapid, deep inhales, and he rubs a hand over his face and lets out a half-formed, rough laugh.

"Fuck," he breathes, and turns towards Hannibal, smiling widely. Hannibal reaches for him, settles a hand on Will's arm and Will shivers, licks his lips, and slides across the small space between them on the bed. He nuzzles Hannibal's chest, sighing heavily, and throws one arm around Hannibal's waist.

Hannibal kisses his hair, strangely pleased to find that Will is tactile even after sex. He's never been one for cuddling, usually too overheated when he has a companion in his bed –

and, truthfully, he's gross with sweat and Will is too – but it's nice, to smell Will, and feel the Alpha's heartbeat when he settles a hand over Will's neck.

Will sighs, his eyes closing. Hannibal feels the flutter of his lashes against heated skin. Will yawns, stifling the noise behind a quick inhale.

Hannibal huffs a laugh, and kisses him again. "Rest, Will," he murmurs. "I'm alright for now."

Will nods, humming tiredly, though it's a protesting noise. "We should eat, while we can," he says. "The second day is worse, I've heard."

"We'll deal with it," Hannibal replies. "If necessary, you have my permission to forcibly remove yourself for however long it takes to feed us."

Will huffs a small, sheepish laugh. "You say that now," he murmurs, teasing and soft.

Hannibal smiles, for he cannot deny that his opinion will likely change in the morning, when his heat returns in full and he is once again filled with the savage need to keep Will in his bed, to work knot after knot from the Alpha until he's satisfied. Though, he considers it, and thinks it would be a delightful game, to let Will wander, and to hunt him down.

He doesn't give voice to it, for he's sure Will knows. He wraps Will in his arms and pulls him close, nuzzling the Alpha's messy hair, and closes his eyes.

Will stirs, after a moment, and Hannibal pulls back. Will swallows, his eyes open and darting away from Hannibal's face. "I'm sorry I keep trying to bite you," he says. "Maybe I should sleep in the mask."

Hannibal smiles, and cups Will's face. "If you insist, I will of course oblige you," he says, and Will nods. "But -." Will goes still. "All I have seen is your steadfast capability in respecting my boundaries. You have not *tried* to bite me, Will. In fact, I think it's fair to say you have been trying very hard *not* to."

Will swallows, his eyes moving to Hannibal's mouth.

"I trust that you won't," Hannibal murmurs, and Will huffs, a smile twitching at the corners of his mouth. "Do you think me foolish to do so?"

"Not foolish," Will replies, his hand flattening and rubbing up Hannibal's spine as he slides closer again. "Just…you know what Alphas are like."

"That is true," Hannibal concedes. "But I know what *you* are like, as well, and I don't think you'll betray my trust."

"No," Will breathes, earnestly. Ardently. "I wouldn't."

Hannibal smiles, and kisses him in reward. "Good," he murmurs. "But, if you are worried, then we'll make it easier for you."

Will's brow furrows, and he blinks, but goes as Hannibal turns him in place, presses up flush to Will's back, and wraps his arms around Will from behind. Will settles immediately, letting out a sigh almost like relief.

He tilts his head into the pillows, showing Hannibal the marred flesh of his throat, and Hannibal's smile widens, and he kisses Will's nape and nuzzles the knot of scar tissue at the side of his neck. "How's this?" he murmurs.

Will shivers, and nods. "Good," he says. Exhaustion has returned to his voice, loosening his shoulders and turning his breathing slow and even. He closes his eyes, and takes one of Hannibal's hands, pulls it to his heart. "I like this."

"Excellent," Hannibal replies, and kisses Will's neck one last time. "Get some rest."

Delight

Chapter Notes

once again my kinks got WILDLY out of control but whatever

The air is cool and yet warm in the room, comfortable even under the single sheet he'd pulled over himself and Will before they settled in for the night. Light brightens the backs of his eyelids, telling him the sun has risen, and that he's likely slept past his normal pre-set waking hour.

Hannibal wakes, not to a clawing need in his stomach, nor the absent registration of movement telling him that Will is stirring, nor to any discomfort relating to warmth, or lack thereof, or the sticky cling of his thighs where they're pressed tight together. Similarly, no noise wakes him, no birdsong or opening door, no soft sigh or moan from his bedfellow.

No, what wakes Hannibal, is a dim understanding that begins in his chest, flares to his hands when he reaches out in his bed and finds nothing but stained sheets and a dip in the mattress. He searches further, finds no soft curls, no strong shoulders, no sweet mouth. Will's hands do not reach for him. His neck is not bare for Hannibal's lips, his teeth. He hears no sigh, feels no shiver. Though the air clings desperately to Will's scent, he cannot find the source.

He opens his eyes, allowing his sight to confirm what the rest of his senses are already telling him.

Will is not in bed with him.

He sits up, spreading his palm flat on the dip where Will's body was. It's still warm, he can't have been gone for more than an hour, and Hannibal takes a deep breath, calmly registers that Will's bag and phone are still here, and tries not to be disturbed at the idea that he must have been so surely asleep that Will had managed to crawl out of his arms and rise without him waking.

He takes another breath, smoothing his hair out of his face, and counts to ten. Just as he is becoming accustomed to Will's absence, other feelings rise in him. Brightest and most blistering of all is outrage, which he does his best to quell. Will may be in the bathroom. He may be showering. Hannibal cocks his head and tries to listen for it, finds no sound of water nor the whir of the guest bathroom fan.

The second feeling is a very cold, uncomfortable knot that he does not want to examine too closely. He finds the bed too large for Will's lack of being there. Again, he reminds himself, Will's bag is still at the foot of the bed, on the floor, and his phone still rests beside the mask on the nightstand. Will hasn't actually left, he is simply not *here*.

Finally, he cannot take it anymore. He stands, grimacing at the feeling of slick, both dried and new, coating his thighs, seed drying and flaky on his stomach. The skin on his neck and shoulders is tight with sweat, his mouth dry and tasting faintly of iron. Will's blood – he has certainly had his fill of it.

Yet, something whispers to him, something clawed and golden-eyed that is feeding Hannibal's anger, *it's not enough*.

He looks to Will's bag, sees three plain t-shirts of varying colors, rolled up tightly and set on their edges. Sweat pants, folded into sharp squares, and balled-up socks. It's militant, and Hannibal smiles, the edges of his rage settled by such a small detail, a reminiscent glimpse into Will's old life and habits. Although he offers himself up sweetly to Hannibal, Hannibal imagines Will molded himself well into the brotherhood of the police force – would even, if his inclinations stretched that way, have made a good Officer in the Army. He is the kind of Alpha that people would willingly follow into the fray. The kind of Alpha people gravitate towards.

Hannibal certainly did.

There is a shirt missing from the four Will apparently brought, not including the messy pile by his duffle bag where Hannibal had him strip down. He nudges at the pile, fights down the urge to lift it to his face and breathe in Will's scent, and leaves the room.

He goes to his bedroom, first, telling himself that he would do well to take advantage of his lucidity while he can. He washes himself clean with efficient, practiced movements – more a rinse-down than a real shower, knowing the futility of trying to achieve true cleanliness while he's still in heat.

As he emerges from the shower, towel-dried, and heads to his dresser, he becomes aware that he is in a room that smells, not only not like Will, but *notably* not like Will.

It sets his teeth on edge, and he growls.

Where is the Alpha?

His discomfited anger returns swiftly. Will should be here, at his side, ready to sate any need and any demand Hannibal's body gives them. He had not been in the guest bathroom, nor in Hannibal's room, and the air smells woefully sweet, so much like him and not at all like Will. It sets his teeth on edge and he pulls a black t-shirt over his head, slides silk lounge pants up to his waist and ignores the little tendril of thought in his head telling him that it's a waste of time.

But, no. No, he will wait. He will find Will, and bring him to his knees for making Hannibal chase him. He will gorge himself on Will's blood and his flesh until the Alpha understands, *truly* understands, what Hannibal does to those who try to leave before he lets them go.

He understands, dimly as he prowls from his bedroom, that this train of thought is dangerous, and unwarranted. It speaks to too much attachment, and yet, as Hannibal crosses the landing

and starts down the stairs, he doesn't care to deny himself the feeling – only, he thinks, he will have to control the execution.

He stops when he comes to the bottom of the stairs, where Will swallowed him down and knotted him the day before. His nostrils flare, and he turns his head, the daylight arcing in from the window in his door and the window in his dining room to rest atop the dark wood.

It's clean.

He crouches down, breathes in deep the fresh, clean scent of his disinfectant wipes. With it comes Will's scent, the drag of his knuckles along the wood, and the bannister, where he likely braced himself as he wiped up the stain they undoubtedly left behind.

The anger settles, cooled in the face of this new information. With another breath, Hannibal lifts his head.

He spies Will, the angle of his position allowing him to see the Alpha's shadow crossing the kitchen floor. New warmth flutters in Hannibal's chest, affectionate and soft-mouthed, and he stands, and traverses the rest of the stairs, the wide hallway, and comes to a stop at the threshold to the kitchen.

Will is there. He's dressed in one of his shirts, navy blue, and black lounge pants, his hair in a delightfully wayward mop of curls atop his head and down his neck, covering his ears. He has, in front of him, a glass of ice water, and two open containers of the meals Hannibal prepared for them. One of them, he's keeping steady with one hand, the other dipping in and scooping up a small dollop of homemade applesauce, sucking it between his lips.

Hannibal knows the dish; it is diced chicken breast, applesauce, and pineapple pieces seasoned with cinnamon, and can be served hot or cold. It makes sense now why he didn't smell the food – Will has obviously chosen not to warm it.

Will's cheeks hollow as he sucks his finger clean, washing the sauce down with water. The action exposes his bitten neck, which has darkened so much it appears as one bruise, brightly marred by Hannibal's teeth like veins of precious metal in a mountain face. It stretches from the sharp line of his jaw, down, and disappears below his t-shirt. The arm he bit sports a dark, purple-yellow splotch of bruising as well, the mark of his teeth a dark red. Something savage and made in the peak of need.

The sight fans Hannibal's heat, makes him weak with hunger and desire. He growls, unbidden, and Will pauses, setting his dish down. He clicks his tongue and tilts his head in Hannibal's direction, and presses his hands flat on the counter, shoulders tense yet low.

Hannibal prowls to him, silently, noting how with each step Will's fingers curl, knuckles turning white, and his head follows Hannibal's movement. Alana told Hannibal Will's hearing is exemplary, and he's sure Will can hear him – even if not his footsteps, his breathing is loud, his heart hammering fiercely in his throat.

Will's neck moves as he swallows, and turns his head away when Hannibal comes to him. He cannot help himself – he flattens one hand on Will's hip, impatient and angry at the feeling of

fabric instead of Will's smooth, warm skin.

Will turns his head, lets Hannibal feast his eyes on the abuse he laid to Will's neck. Hannibal leans in, chest to Will's shoulder, and kisses him under his ear.

The scent of him is settling and incensing all at once. Even as Hannibal purrs, his upper lip curls. He wants to bite, wants to make Will understand how angry he is to have woken absent the Alpha in his bed.

And yet -. "You've gathered food for us," he says.

Will nods, once, a slow motion like he's wary of triggering Hannibal's fight reflex. "Figured you'd be hungry," he murmurs, and Hannibal is, *oh* how he is – but not for food.

Hannibal doesn't move, and so Will takes one of the pieces of chicken in delicate fingers, folds his arm and holds it close to Hannibal's mouth. Hannibal growls, feeling petulant, and licks instead at Will's neck.

Will shivers, but is unrelenting; "Eat, sweetheart," he murmurs. His other hand is solid, braced for waves of Hannibal's desire, his ferocious need. And Hannibal cannot even find himself bristling at the nickname – it's said sweetly, like the rest of Will. Not placative. Not condescending. It slips from Will's mouth and behind Hannibal's teeth like the lick of his tongue, like a tender kiss.

Hannibal growls, but relents, and allows himself to pull from Will's neck, to take the piece of chicken and swallow it down without chewing. Will sighs, smiling faintly, and reaches for another piece.

"I was going to make coffee," he says, feeding Hannibal another piece, and Hannibal allows it, this time licking at Will's fingertips as he parts from the Alpha's touch. Will's fingers tremble, curl, and he takes a piece of pineapple and eats it himself. "Couldn't figure out for the life of me which machine was for coffee. The only thing that came close felt more like a chemistry set."

Hannibal huffs a small laugh, delighted at Will's attempt, and casts a brief eye to his coffee maker before he puts his nose back at Will's neck. "You're not wrong," he replies quietly, pressing his cheek to Will's shoulder, admiring the sweet press of Will's pink lips, the flex of his throat as he swallows. "Perhaps I'll teach you how to use it, sometime."

Will hums, his cheeks turning a lovely shade of pink, and he shivers as Hannibal's exhale skates along his skin. He reaches for another piece of chicken and holds it up to Hannibal, who takes it, and wraps his fingers around Will's wrist to stop him pulling away.

Will has clearly washed his hands, if not made full use of the guest shower, because his skin is tasting only of the food and not Hannibal's slick, or their seed, or anything else that hints at their activities the day before.

Will's shoulders roll and tense, the scent of his arousal making him sweet and sharp. Hannibal licks his fingers and releases them, breathing in his scent greedily. "How are you feeling?"

Will asks, voice little more than a rumble.

Hannibal breathes out, his hand flexing and tightening as it slides to Will's hip. "I'll confess, I'm feeling a great many things," he replies. Will nods, head turned towards the sound of his voice, and Hannibal leans in, kisses at the sweet spike of scent where his gland is. "You were right; when I woke, and found you not there, my first thought was hunting you down and dragging you back to bed."

Will shivers, biting his lower lip, his cheeks darkening. His eyes are half-lidded, that same beautiful glacial blue shining brightly when he slants his gaze Hannibal's way. "It's important we both stay well-fed," he says. Then, he slides his water glass across himself, towards Hannibal. "And hydrated."

Hannibal hums, and takes a drink. "Foolish as it is, and I'm sure a result of hormones, I find myself overcome with the silly thought that you could provide me all the nourishment I need."

Will blinks, once, like he's dazed. His lips part and his first breath in is ragged. "I would if I could," he says.

Hannibal smiles, and takes another drink. "I know, darling," he purrs, setting the glass down and placing his other hand on Will's hip, prowling behind him and pressing flush to his back. Will trembles in his arms, both hands flattening on the kitchen counter like he needs it to remain upright.

Will bows forward, baring his nape for Hannibal's teeth – an offer Hannibal willingly accepts, nuzzling Will's soft, dampening curls. He smells more like Hannibal here, either unconsciously keeping his neck reeking of Hannibal, or a deliberate choice. Hannibal could not say for sure, one way or the other.

"How long have you been awake?" Hannibal asks.

Will shrugs one shoulder. "About an hour or two, I think," he says, and Hannibal blinks, considering that. "I heard the dawn chorus when I was done in the shower."

Hannibal smiles, picturing the Alpha in his kitchen, drinking his water and listening to the birdsongs. He slides his hands to Will's stomach, the mental image filling his spine with something molten and hot, which gentles his teeth but does nothing to dissuade the idle exploration from his hands. He pulls Will's shirt up, finds warm skin and flattens his palms beneath the clothing.

He bites down on Will's neck, and though it is gentle, Will flinches with a helpless, pain-filled whine. Hannibal pauses, and licks over the wound. "Are you terribly sore?" he asks, concerned, for while Will is here to sate Hannibal's needs, Hannibal must be sure not to abuse him too greatly. If nothing else, then because Alana will surely reprimand him for treating Will too roughly, and a short time of pleasure is not worth her withering glances and cutting tongue.

But Will shakes his head. "I like it," he says, breathes the words. He pulls one hand back from the counter, flattens it on Hannibal's knuckles. "When I -. When I was in the shower, I kept touching my neck, pressing down on the bites you gave me. I like that they're there."

Hannibal growls, at once pleased and outraged that Will might have touched himself without Hannibal present. Will is an adult, with wants and desires of his own, but he is in Hannibal's home, and is here to serve, and Hannibal finds the idea of Will wasting any piece of himself to his own hand utterly intolerable.

"Why didn't you wake me?" he demands, harsher than he meant to say, but not to feel. He rakes his nails across Will's stomach, dips low to find the wiry thatch of his pubic hair and presses sharply.

Will sucks in a breath, wincing, the corners of his jaw tight as Hannibal nuzzles him. "I wanted you to rest," he murmurs. And it sounds genuine, no ulterior motive, but Hannibal's vision is black behind his irises as he thinks of Will trying to escape him, trying to put distance between his vulnerable neck and Hannibal's teeth.

He growls again, just to see Will shiver, and pulls Will back against him. His body is getting more demanding, now, rougher with urges too-long denied. He digs his hand lower to wrap around Will's cock, wanting to make him hard, make him ache.

His fingers stall, stutter, when he touches something that is not skin, not flesh. It's leather, soft to the touch and damp with Will's sweat.

He pulls back and Will gasps, sagging now that Hannibal is not there to hold him up. Hannibal turns him, presses him against the counter, and carefully works Will's sweatpants down his hips, to the top of his thighs, exposing his cock, which is half-hard and blushing as prettily as his cheeks.

At the base of Will's cock, noosing the place where his knot would swell, is a small strip of leather. It appears as a collar, and Hannibal recognizes dimly what it is, what it's for, but his heat-addled brain is having trouble trying to connect the idea of it with the reality presented to him.

Will's exhale is heavy, his smile faint and off-kilter. Not ashamed. Not sheepish. "I figured you'd be mad," he says.

It is not a cockring – they are different, subtly. What Will is wearing will allow him to orgasm, but he will orgasm as an Omega does – no knot. No refractory period.

So Hannibal can use him again and again and again.

Hannibal will admit, the noise he lets out is weak, a borderline whine. Something plaintive in his wet mouth. He touches Will around the strip of leather, finds that Will's knot is half-swollen, pressing up against the tightness of it, but he will not be able to swell further. Will not be able to lock properly.

"You continue to surprise me," Hannibal murmurs. Will's cockhead is wet with precum, shining at the slit. Hannibal takes a bead of it on his thumb, brings it to his lips, sucks the pad of his thumb clean with an obscene sound just to see Will's eyes flash, widen and redden, pupils growing large.

"I abandoned you," Will says, giving voice to the emotion Hannibal wouldn't let himself identify. He finds Hannibal's arm with one gentle hand, slides up until he can take Hannibal's fingers and pull his knuckles to his own lips. "It was rude."

Hannibal nods, absently. Bares his teeth in a smile, teasing; "Almost unforgivably so."

Will swallows, his eyes darting from Hannibal's mouth, up, down again. "May I earn your forgiveness?" he asks, whisper-quiet, fingers feather-light on Hannibal's knuckles where they're braced against his cheek.

The heat in Hannibal's spine flares out, spilling as oil from a broken container, and he growls, and lunges forward, curling his fingers under Will's chin and lifting him for a kiss. Will answers in kind; hungrily, accepting Hannibal's tongue and teeth, hands flattening broadly on Hannibal's shoulders as he arches close.

Hannibal's other hand drops, wraps around Will's cock again and squeezes harshly at the leather. Will trembles, breath hitching, and Hannibal drinks his sweet moan down, lets it sate him, lets it fill him.

"Have you eaten enough?" he asks, desperately hoping Will says 'Yes'. Desperately wanting him to say 'No', but that it doesn't matter. Just as Will could sate him, Hannibal could sate Will. He can. He wants to.

Will swallows, licks his lips, his tongue touching Hannibal's when he does it. His fingers find Hannibal's cheek, drag down gently, and he nods. "Let me nourish you," he murmurs.

Hannibal snarls, and kisses Will again, tugging him from the counter to collide with his chest. He steps back, and Will follows, as eagerly as he always has. It's the first time Hannibal can remember abandoning a meal before its completion. He finds that he doesn't mind at all.

"I'm going to put the mask on you, for now," he murmurs.

Will nods, a flash of mirth crossing his face. He rubs, absently, at the bite he left on his own arm. "Probably wise."

Hannibal smiles. "Undress for me, darling."

Will sucks in a breath, his hands unsteady as he pulls his shirt over his head and lets it drop to his feet. His sweatpants follow soon after, pooling at the pile, and he steps out of them. He stands in the middle of the guest bedroom, naked and exposed, and Hannibal can't imagine seeing anything more beautiful in his life.

He takes the mask and approaches Will, kisses his cheek and Will turns his head, nuzzling, searching for another. Hannibal obliges him, knowing he will not be able to once the mask goes on. He sighs into Will's mouth, one hand sweeping through his curling hair, tightening at his nape.

"You are beautiful," he breathes.

Will swallows. "So are you," he replies, and Hannibal smiles, knowing now that Will does know what he looks like, and the compliment is genuinely felt.

He tugs on Will's hair. "Tilt your head back for me," he whispers, the command gentle, and Will obeys, swallowing harshly as Hannibal fits the mask over his mouth again. He does not tighten it as much as he did last night, wanting to treat Will gently while he still can. The outrage, the anger, has faded in the face of Will's demure submission, his eager want.

He settles the mask into place, and kisses Will's forehead, drawing him to the bed. He sits down on it, pulling Will on top of him, and spreads his legs as the Alpha falls into place, hands braced under Hannibal's arms, tightening in the sheets.

Will drops his head immediately, finds Hannibal's chest and licks at the holes in his mask, his breathing ragged. "You want me like this?" he asks, his hips fitting wonderfully between Hannibal's thighs, the slide of their skin together turning them damp with sweat.

Hannibal nods, carding his hand through Will's hair. "Yes," he replies.

Will shivers, muscles in his shoulders and arms going tense. He braces himself on one, holding his body weight off of Hannibal as he slides a hand down Hannibal's flank, thumb pressing to the crease of his thigh, then inward, to where Hannibal is starting to become slick in earnest, his body rising up impatiently into the heat of his desire. He wants Will desperately, and moans low when Will's fingers curl and slide against him, and into him. Hannibal knows a knot stretches an Omega out, the hormones produced during arousal keeping them loose and ready, and as a result Will can enter him with two fingers immediately, and curls them up to seek that sensitive spot inside him.

Will's breath hitches, ragged with need, and he turns his head to press the cheek piece of the mask against Hannibal's shoulder. His lips are parted, fogging up the mask, only marred by the swipe of his tongue as he licks desperately at the barrier.

Hannibal smiles, seeing it. He tugs at Will's hair, lifts Will's forehead to rest his against, and shudders as Will's fingers find his prostate, pressing deep and merciless against it. It makes Hannibal bare his teeth, his stomach tensing, the fire behind his eyes flickering hotly and warming the air between them.

"I am terribly cruel to you, aren't I?" he whispers.

Will's eyes flicker, unfocused and glazed. He swallows, opens his mouth like he wants to protest, clenches his jaw when Hannibal tightens around his fingers. "It's necessary," he breathes instead.

"Is it?" Hannibal presses, his tongue sharp. Will whines, arching up like Hannibal's voice is a physical caress down his spine.

Will nods. "I can't give you a Voice," he says, and Hannibal blinks. In truth, the thought of it hadn't registered much with him, but as Will says it, he realizes the stark reality of it – if Will's blood could change him, give him that power, it would have already done so. But Hannibal's throat hasn't tightened, the growth hasn't formed, and he is unable to exert his will in that way. Yet, if Will were to bite him, he could gain one, as an Alpha.

Will pauses, shivers, and pulls his fingers out. He flattens his hand on Hannibal's shoulder, not touching his neck, his fingers slick. "I don't want one," he says, sensing the direction of Hannibal's thoughts. "My desire to bite you doesn't stem from a need to control you."

"I know," Hannibal replies, and wonders instead what Will means by that. For Alphas, biting is the ultimate form of dominance – in a fight, during sex, it is a way of enforcing their will, of cementing their place as head of the pack. Yet Will doesn't want that, which leaves only the emotional gratification.

In essence, Will wants to bite Hannibal because it would feel good.

And it would – Hannibal is no fool. The endorphin release would be truly extraordinary, if the accounts he's heard and studied are even partly true. He cannot deny how viscerally satisfying it is to bite Will, to drink the pain from his blood, to hear him whimper and see him bare his throat in a mute plea for more.

And yet, Will denies himself. Allows Hannibal to deny him – his bite, his knot, even the act of penetration if Hannibal doesn't want it. He is an open vessel, a bared nerve meant only for the giving of pleasure, and Hannibal is delighted.

And, he will admit, terribly curious.

He doesn't give voice to that curiosity. More urgent matters must be attended to, and his lesser desires may be examined and dissected at a later date, a safer date. When his heat is over.

When Will is gone.

He growls, and lets go of Will's face to dig his nails into Will's hips, pulling him in. Will shivers, the order given and received without word, and he takes his cock in hand, knuckles white around the blushing red of his flesh, and pushes into Hannibal's eager body.

Hannibal parts for him eagerly, a soft moan escaping between his teeth. Will thrusts deep, no hesitation, until Hannibal feels the subtly *other* slide of the leather knotring touch his rim. His thighs tighten, heels digging in behind Will's knees as he lifts his legs, allowing the Alpha all the freedom he needs to bring Hannibal to orgasm.

"*God*," Will growls as he bottoms out, fingers flexing on Hannibal's shoulder, in the sheets. "You feel so fucking good."

Hannibal huffs a laugh, closing his eyes and allowing the feeling of Will fucking him to overwhelm his senses. Robbed of his sight, everything else feels sharper, the edges clearer. The gentle press of Will's warm, wet hand on him, the slide of his hips between Hannibal's thighs, the ragged edge to his shuddering breaths as he moves within Hannibal's body. It would appear, Hannibal is sure, to an outside observer, like Will is any other greedy Alpha, taking his pleasure selfishly from the Omega pinned below him. And yet, Will is the one trapped, by leather and plastic and iron-clad control.

Hannibal pulls Will's head up, puts his teeth to his ear; "You feel wonderful, darling," he growls, pleased as Will shivers and fucks in harshly, whimpering in soft, raptured delight. "The way you break apart for me is lovely."

Will whines, his hands falling to Hannibal's flanks, arms caging him in as he sags against Hannibal, his stomach providing wonderful friction to Hannibal's neglected cock. Hannibal growls and bites Will under his ear, gentle for now.

"Thought about this," Will growls, confession-quiet, safe enough behind the mask to sigh the words against Hannibal's neck. "Thought about waking up to you fucking me."

Hannibal blinks, his stomach tightening with an abrupt knot of arousal. "Would you be alright with that?" he asks, breathless. Consent, even in an arrangement such as this, is hazy when sleep is involved. The body may react to stimulus and mimic pleasure, regardless of the state of awareness of the one receiving it. Hannibal would never presume, even in heat, to take such liberties without enthusiastic permission.

Will nods, frantic. "*Yes*," he breathes, and Hannibal can tell just how much he likes the idea, from the abrupt off-rhythm judder of his hips, the flex of his shoulders. Then, he huffs a laugh, breathless and raw, and lifts his head to rest his forehead against Hannibal's sweat-slick temple. "I want all of you," he breathes. "Any way you'll have me."

The way he says it sounds like he's talking about more than just heat. Hannibal growls, rears up and sinks his teeth into Will's bared neck, and Will gasps, going still to save his throat. His cock pulses inside of Hannibal, his hands fly to Hannibal's hips, and he shudders. Hannibal moans, mouth wet with Will's blood, his sweat, as he feels Will spilling inside of him.

No knot. Not until Hannibal lets him.

He takes one of Will's hands and wraps it around his own cock, and Will shivers, rutting into Hannibal's body as he strokes him harshly. It doesn't take long for Hannibal to be overwhelmed, and he snarls, sinks his teeth in deeper, tastes the warm spice of pain in Will's flesh as he coats their stomachs with his seed.

Will lets him go and Hannibal tightens his legs, forcing him to stay inside. Will is breathing hard, but holds himself still, knees and one hand on the bed to stop himself collapsing onto Hannibal's chest.

Hannibal pulls his teeth back and licks over the newest mark. He arches his hips up, digs his nails into Will's shoulders for leverage as he feels Will spill, sticky-wet and warm. Will's

cock is softening, but Hannibal doesn't let him withdraw. He clenches and rolls his hips until Will's breath turns to whimpers, until he starts to shake with overstimulation.

"*Hannibal*," he breathes, baring his teeth, his eyes clenched tightly shut in a mix of pain and pleasure. "Mm, *fuck*. It hurts," he says, weakly. "It hurts."

Hannibal smiles. "Color?"

"Green," Will replies immediately. He rears up, tilts his head back and parts his jaws as much as the mask allows, ragged and sore to the bone and still so, so eager. The flush on his face has spread down his chest and Hannibal growls, pulling him back down, forcing Will to rock against him. Will is hardening again, denied the refractory period his knot would give him, and he whimpers into Hannibal's neck, fingers clenching on his hip and on the bed.

"Please," Will breathes, and starts to thrust in earnest. The wet slip of him in and out is maddening, Hannibal's body just as sensitive when Will's cockhead brushes over his prostate, but he's rabid with need for more. Will's offering was paltry, weak, and Hannibal demands all of it like a ravenous god.

He bares his teeth, licks the blood from Will's neck. "What other fantasies can I indulge, darling?" he murmurs, as Will shudders and moves above him. He's a beast, wild yet restrained, and Hannibal loves the press of his mask against Hannibal's neck, the way Will so obviously feels safer with it on – safe enough to acknowledge that Hannibal's scent is strong at his neck, that it would be so good to bite him there.

Will trembles for him, lets out a weak, wanton sound. "I want to touch you," he murmurs.

Hannibal hums, feeling wicked; "Are you not touching me now?"

Will shakes his head. "Just…gently," he says, bowing his head as though ashamed. "When you were still asleep, I wanted to touch you. To explore you. I want to see you."

It sounds intimate, the way he says it, as intimate as a wedding vow. Strange, considering what they're doing, and yet Hannibal is curious. Delighted.

He files it away like a recipe in a rolodex, and kisses Will's forehead. "What else?"

Will lets out a soft, breathless laugh. "Trying to pick my brain, Doctor Lecter?" he teases. He says it differently than he did before – no trace of sadness, but bright with mirth.

Hannibal smiles. "Well, we have time, and a unique opportunity in our sexual compatibility," he replies. Will shivers, rolling his hips as though in agreement, and Hannibal's breath catches, closing his eyes as he lets the first eddies of new arousal wash over him. They cling to his skin like salt from the ocean, coat his tongue and make him ache. "I would hate to see it go to waste."

"No, you're all about not wasting," Will says, laughing again. He slides his hands up Hannibal's sides, takes his hands and presses them to the bed. Testing. Hannibal flexes his

fingers in answer, finds it wonderfully out of the ordinary that, like this, Will has the advantage and can overpower him to a degree.

Will shivers, like he realizes it at the same time. He thrusts in harshly, the leather ring around the base of his cock nudging Hannibal's rim. He wants to sink deeper, Hannibal can tell – wants to knot and bite and do all the things Alphas want to do.

Then, Will takes one of his hands, presses it tight to his throat. Hannibal cradles him there, gently, and Will trembles. "Squeeze," he murmurs, and Hannibal tilts his head, tightening his hand in a way that is not tentative, but it is light.

Will groans, bowing his head, neck flexing as he swallows. His thrusts are getting heavier, more demanding, and he puts his hands on Hannibal's thighs to hold him still. "Harder," he begs, and Hannibal does it again, lets it linger, lets it build until Will's eyelids flutter.

He releases, and Will gasps, ragged. Hannibal can feel his pulse rushing under his palm and bares his teeth, arching as Will's cockhead finds his prostate again, and his free hand wraps around his slick cock, stroking. Every time he reaches the head, he tightens his hand on Will's neck, loosens it when his touch slides down.

Will is making such beautiful noises, a chorus of moans and snarls that sound almost feral. "Harder," he says, and it's a weak, thready plea, and Hannibal obliges him, tucks his thumb under Will's jaw and digs his nails in. "*Yes*, Hannibal, please – *please*."

"What an incredible creature you are," Hannibal breathes. He pulls Will down by the neck, licks over the holes in the mask and finds Will's tongue there, eager to taste him. Will makes a weak, desperate sound, his eyes clenched tightly shut.

His hands flex on Hannibal's hip, push him down onto the bed like an Alpha would in preparation to knot. Hannibal growls, eyelids fluttering as his prostate is touched again, making his cock twitch and leak onto his hand.

"That's it, darling," he says, gently encouraging. He's not sure Will can even hear him – his blood is rushing so heavily, Hannibal can't imagine he hears anything but the galloping pace of it. He tightens his hand around the head of his cock, breath catching as he starts to bear down around Will, suffocatingly tight.

Will goes still, trembling, so slick with sweat it drips from his hair to Hannibal's chest, the chillness of it shocking.

Hannibal loosens his thighs and his hand, pushes himself upright and Will whimpers, baring his teeth as his cock slides out of Hannibal. He's coated in Hannibal's slick, his own seed, his thighs shine with Hannibal's wetness and the black strip of leather stands out even more harshly against the flush of his cock.

Hannibal tightens his hold on Will's neck, presses until his breath catches, until his nostrils flare and his jaws part, lax and loose. He waits until Will's eyes open, fluttering unfocused, his shoulders roll and his breath escapes him in a weak, pitiful whine.

Hannibal shushes him, loosens his hold just to hear Will gasp and whimper. He reaches forward and, slowly, pulls the mask from Will's face, and draws him in for a kiss. Will growls, but it's a weak sound, his ruined throat barely able to give voice. Hannibal cradles his jaw, his cheeks, pulls him close and rolls Will onto his back on the bed.

He straddles Will, breathing out harshly as he rolls his hips, allowing Will to sink back inside him. He takes Will's hands, presses them flat on his thighs, and then reaches back and carefully tugs at the knotring, taking it off as the pieces come apart.

He sets it down on the bed by the mask, and leans forward for another kiss. Will is propped up on the pillows, mostly upright, and Hannibal kisses his jaw, his blushing cheek. He licks at Will's throat, then lower, parting his lips and sucking a dark mark just shy of Will's collarbone, over his heaving lungs.

"Hannibal," Will breathes, half-questioning. His hands flex, tighten, unsure.

Hannibal smiles. "Touch me," he murmurs.

Will swallows, tilting his hand back. His hands slide down Hannibal's thighs, curl around the backs of his knees, then up. He drags his fingers through the sweat and seed gathered on Hannibal's belly, measures the distance between his navel and his sternum. He pauses, feather-light, on Hannibal's nipples, the calluses on his fingertips gentle as he explores. He tilts his head to one side, baring his neck as Hannibal leans into him, allowing Will to mark and map the muscles in his stomach, the flex of his heaving ribs, the sharp cut of shoulder blades and spine.

Will lets out a weak, breathless sound. He closes his eyes, swallowing as Hannibal kisses his throat. They move together, rocks of a gentle tide, and Will's hands find Hannibal's nape. They do not tighten, do not press down. One moves onward, into his hair to feel the straight, sweat-damp strands, and curl, mussing it.

Will turns his head, nuzzles over Hannibal's heart, breathes out unsteady in a way that makes Hannibal's body clench. Will's tongue licks, kittenish and tentative, across his left nipple, and Hannibal shivers. He's never been particularly sensitive there, but Will's touch lights him up, pulls at the frayed expanse of his nerves.

Will's hand at his neck continues, finds the flex of his trapezoid muscle, the dip of his collarbone. His fingers curl under Hannibal's arm, too firm to tickle, then up and over the rise of his bicep, the soft give of flesh just below his elbow. He licks at Hannibal's nipple again, sucks gently. Does not show or use his teeth.

Hannibal shivers, growling low, though whether it's encouragement, warning, or just a helpless sound of pleasure, he couldn't say.

He cradles Will's skull, pulls him up and kisses him. It's a deep, passionate kiss, and Will moans into it. Their lips cling as they part and Will's eyes open, and though he cannot meet Hannibal's eyes, his expression is lax, filled with something akin to adoration, and Hannibal drinks it in eagerly.

He leans down, brushes their noses together, and smiles. "You may knot me, when you're ready," he says. For he does not want to rush. The roaring fire of his heat has settled, cooled to embers at the feeling of this sweet, strong Alpha laid to waste by him. Will's hands are gentle, reverent with their exploration, so unlike the way they had devoured Hannibal mere days before.

Then, they tighten, settle on the jut of his hips, and push Hannibal down as he rolls his hips up, tucks his feet and sinks in as deeply as he can. They pause, there, in a moment of pure stasis and satisfaction, and Will's knot swells slowly, as though it does not dare take the gift Hannibal is offering. But swell it does, and Will winces, sensitive from denying himself, and breathes out, rolling his head back so that his teeth do not even tease.

Hannibal smiles, and cannot stop his purr. Will is purring as well, a sated rumble so powerful and low that it vibrates his chest. Hannibal places a hand on him, feels it run up his arm like a flicker of electricity, and settles down, letting Will's seed and warmth soothe him, calm the creature that has claws and fangs in his chest.

Hannibal's gentleness cannot last long. The next time his heat rears its head, he mounts Will brutally, clawing at his neck and wringing moan after wrecked moan from him as he slams in deep. His slick makes Will wet, his arousal makes him pliant and weak. He bears Hannibal's weight and holds him by the hair as Hannibal fucks him, foreheads pressed tight, both of them trying desperately to kiss through the mask and, even as Hannibal finishes, he feels out of balance, the orgasm lackluster when he cannot drink the cries from Will's sweet mouth.

Next, Hannibal brings Will to the shower, seeking the warmth of the water and the clean scent of Will without his own scent covering the mild mint-chocolate of it. They fill the tub in his master bathroom and Hannibal rides Will slow, cruelly slow, keeps Will's hands below his knees so he cannot touch, must simply sit and be used, and Hannibal forces Will to knot him twice in the cooling water. Until Will is begging, whining desperate 'Alpha's and 'Please's against his shoulder. The second time, Will flinches, and whimpers, and when Hannibal takes the mask off and kisses him, he is just as eager as always.

It calls to mind Hannibal's desire, pushed-back behind urgency, to see if he could break Will. Could pull and prick at him until he snapped. He's more lucid than he thought he would be, and uses it to wicked advantage, and drags Will out of the bath and mounts him on the bathroom sink counter, his hand in Will's hair so that, even though Will cannot see, he knows Hannibal is watching his face. Watching every twitch, every wince, every slack-mouthed cry and flutter of his lashes as he brings Will to orgasm and spills deep into his burning-hot, spasming body.

They manage to eat. They devour the remainder of the chicken, applesauce, and pineapple that they left out, finish the juice and a second potion of premade dishes. This time it's more of the receptionist, her thigh cuts that are richly marbled and melt on the tongue. Will groans in satisfaction when he eats it, so sweetly that Hannibal cannot resist cornering him, corralling him, and touching Will with a hand on his neck and another on his cock.

He brings Will almost to the point of knotting, pinned on the barstool, and then kisses him, and withdraws. He leaves, and Will gives chase – chases with his teeth bared and his fingers barely brushing the walls, and though he waits for the mask, Hannibal does not put it on. Instead, he pulls Will close, and lets Will mount him with Hannibal's belly to the bed, and Will comes with his teeth in his own arm, reopening the wound. The scent of his blood is sharp and Hannibal trembles, finishing into his own hand as he thinks about using it to season his next kill.

They spend the day just like that, rolling together, moving in such complete synchronization that Hannibal is ravenous at any point they are not joined in some way. Exhaustion pulls them under as the sky darkens, and Will falls asleep with his back to Hannibal's chest. His neck and chest sport new bites, new claw marks that Hannibal touches as he rests.

They wake to the sound of Will's phone ringing. He stirs, a pretty frown tugging his mouth down, and lifts his head.

"That's Jack's ringtone," he says. His tone holds a bitterness Hannibal desperately wants to comment on.

He sighs, stretching out beside Will, and pets through his hair. "You don't have to answer," he replies.

Will gives a noncommittal hum, but he sits up, as Hannibal knew he could. He reaches for his phone and answers the call. "Yeah?" he says, aloof and cold. Hannibal blinks, watching as his shoulders grow tense, his hand tight on his phone. Angry – Will smells angry. It spices his scent like cinnamon, makes it sharp and sweet. Hannibal breathes it in eagerly, wondering at what a change even the prospect of talking to Jack brings to Will.

He entertains himself with thoughts of slaughtering Jack, of bleeding him dry and serving slices of bacon to Will from his flesh, while he listens;

"I already told you what I thought about that scene," Will says. Hannibal reaches out, rubbing a hand down Will's back. Will looks towards him, smiling faintly – pained, not like he does when they're together. Hannibal shifts his weight, purring softly, and sits up, nuzzling Will's bitten shoulder – the bite he left in the bathroom yesterday. Will shivers.

"No, that's not -. God damn it." Will pinches the bridge of his nose, growling low and sharp. Even still, he bares his neck for Hannibal, relaxes into his touch. "Look, Jack, I can't talk about this right now. I'm busy. *No*, you can't -."

Will pauses, and Hannibal senses a new tension in the room. He stops, pulling back, and eyes Will curiously.

Will's expression has become a flat, stone mask. His fingers curl around his phone so tight that the plastic casing creaks alarmingly.

"Goodbye, Jack," he says coldly, and hangs up. He presses his thumb to the power button until it gives a little chirp, and the screen goes black.

He sets the phone down with the kind of care people use when they're trying very hard not to throw an object across a room. His shoulders are tense, and Hannibal lets out a soft, soothing sound, nuzzling the back of his neck.

"Are you alright?" he murmurs.

Will shakes his head. "No," he bites out. He turns his head and, in a brazen move, catches Hannibal's hair and pulls him in to a kiss. He turns, pushing Hannibal back so they're both on the bed. "Tell me you need me."

Hannibal blinks. "What?"

"Jack used his Voice on me," Will growls. "Told me to come to the fucking office. And I don't want to go – I can feel it pulling at me. So, so tell me you need me." His voice is turning weak, desperate. Hannibal realizes the tremble in his shoulders is not arousal, not quite, but desperation all the same. "I won't go."

"I do need you," Hannibal breathes. He understands what this is – an Alpha, even an unbonded one, cannot resist the call of an Omega when the Omega begs. Hannibal swallows, curls his hands in Will's hair and pulls him close. He makes his voice soft, sweet – supplicative. "I need you, Alpha. Stay with me."

Will moans weakly, collapsing over Hannibal. Hannibal spreads his thighs and Will nuzzles Hannibal's cheek, breathing heavily. Hannibal wraps one hand around Will's throat, pulling him into another kiss. It's desperate, and raw, and he can feel Will responding to it. It's another kind of power, he realizes – to be able to overcome an order from someone like Jack?

What a victory.

"Stay," Hannibal growls.

"I will," comes the reply, soft, sweet, like a placative Alpha. Will's hands flatten on his thighs, spread him out. Hannibal is still slick and open and Will ruts against him, cockhead finding his entrance and pushing inside with a snarl. "I'm here, sweetheart, I'm not going anywhere."

Hannibal shivers, affected more than he'd care to admit at Will's soft, earnest words. He kisses Will again, accepts him deep, lets the embers of his arousal and his heat be fanned by Will's ragged breathing, the way his entire body rolls with the desire to get inside Hannibal, like he wants to claw a space for himself inside, nestle there and make himself at home. It's not as repulsive a thought as Hannibal would have assumed.

Perhaps it's because it's Will, that's making him feel this way.

Hannibal bites Will when he orgasms, coats his hand with his seed and smears it along Will's neck to lick away, humming at the taste combined with Will's blood. Will's knot follows soon

after, and he whimpers and clutches Hannibal tightly, and sobs his thanks against Hannibal's chest.

On the evening of the third day, Hannibal wakes from a nap and feels…clear. Solid. In a way he hasn't felt since his pre-heat cramps started forming. He frowns, and presses his wrist to his nose, breathing in deeply.

No heat. All that lingers is Will, and his own scent, but it's not as sweet as it was before. Even as he thinks it, his body aches, but not with desire. He is sore, to the bone, worked through orgasm and knot, one after the other, and as a result his muscles ache and his bones tremble, but he's not in heat anymore.

Strange.

To his knowledge, the only reason a heat ends prematurely is because of a pregnancy. Hannibal knows that's not the case, since he took his birth control before it started. And he does not smell any evidence of such a thing in his blood.

Curious, he works his thumb below a canine, bites down until blood blossoms beneath it, and licks it clean. No, definitely no pregnancy. Nor any traces of heat.

He looks to Will, finds him resting meek and sweet in the bed, and smiles, reaching out to brush a hand through his soft curls. He sighs. With his heat gone, Will is going to go home, and they will be separated again.

It's for the best, he tells himself. As delightful as Will is, Hannibal cannot possibly take him as a mate. His way of life allows for fleeting bedfellows and occasional physical companionship, nothing more.

Will is much more suited for someone like Alana.

But, a voice tells him, *there is no reason another arrangement cannot be made.*

Hannibal sighs, and pushes himself from the bed. Will stirs when he does it, breathing in deeply, and he opens his eyes, frowning as he feels Hannibal's weight shift. He turns, following the movement of Hannibal as he rises from the bed, and takes in another sharp breath.

He frowns again. "Your heat…" He bites his lower lip, and Hannibal stops, letting him reach the same inevitable conclusion as he did. "I…. Is that normal?"

"No," Hannibal replies honestly. "I expected it to last significantly longer."

Will nods, looking down at his lap. His hands fidget, and flex, and he sighs. "Alright," he murmurs, steadfast like a soldier about to march to war. He clears his throat and looks away. "Can I use your shower?"

"Of course," Hannibal replies. He steps close to Will, unable to help himself, and slides a hand through his hair. There is no reason he cannot indulge in some physical affection – Will has more than earned it. "Get cleaned up and dressed. I'll cook us a real breakfast."

Will nods, smiling weakly. Hannibal leaves before he can tell himself not to, the traitorous smoke of his thoughts telling him that, if he asked, he's sure Will would stay.

He showers, redresses in suit pants and a soft red sweater, glad at least for the fact that he will not be leaking uncontrollably all over his clothes, and goes downstairs to the kitchen. He makes them a sausage scramble, delighted despite himself in the steadiness of his hands as he slices green and red peppers, scrambles eggs. The movements and fluidity of his kitchen return easily, the only lingering reminder being the way the air clings to Will's scent, drives him to moderate distraction.

Still, the scents of cooking meat soon cover up Will's mild scent, like he was never there, and Hannibal's chest clenches.

Will emerges after a while, just as Hannibal is plating the food. He smells clean, of Hannibal's guest shampoo, and sets his duffle bag by the kitchen entrance, clicks his tongue, and finds his usual place at the barstool.

Hannibal sets his plate in front of him, touching Will's knuckles to the edge, and puts a glass of water and a fork beside it. He takes his own place in silence and they eat, ravenous after expending so much energy with so little respite. Will finishes his water quickly, thirst making him desperate for it.

Will clears his throat after a moment. "Delicious as always," he says, setting his fork down. Hannibal smiles, and lets out a purr, naturally pleased by the compliment. Will rubs his hand over his throat, wincing at the touch of his fingers against the bite marks on his neck, and settles his hands on his thighs. Hannibal wants to reach out and touch him.

He resists.

"Would you mind calling me a cab?" he asks, after another moment.

Hannibal nods, pursing his lips, and looks down at his half-finished plate. "Of course," he says. "Or, it might be easier for me to just drive you home. Less expensive, certainly." Will turns to look at him. "And, if Alana is there, I wouldn't force you to bear the brunt of her wrath alone."

Will's lips quirk, his eyes brightening with a mirth Hannibal senses he doesn't understand the origin of. Then; "I'd like that," he murmurs, confession-quiet. "Thank you, Hannibal."

"It's no trouble at all, Will," Hannibal replies with a smile. "It's the least I can do."

Hannibal drives Will home once Will is dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, a thick blue sweater over that. Hannibal leads him to his car and they get inside, and begin the drive to Alana's and Will's house. Hannibal remembers the route and needs no direction, and too-soon he finds himself pulling into a parking space outside of it.

"Alana's car isn't here," he says.

Will huffs. "Small mercies," he replies, and gets out, slinging his duffle bag over his shoulder. Hannibal finds himself smiling as well, and gets out of the car, following Will up the short steps to the front door.

Will doesn't hesitate. He digs his keys out from his bag and opens the door, allowing both Hannibal and himself inside. Hannibal is immediately immersed in the Glade air freshener Alana keeps by the door. It smells like something that would have the name 'Sea Breeze' or 'Ocean View' – light and airy.

He follows Will to the main room, spies the familiar brown couch that has so recently starred in his mind palace. Will's dog is on the couch and lifts its head, barking once in greeting, tail wagging wildly. Will sets his bag down in a practiced motion and clicks his tongue, and the dog jumps off the couch, trotting up to him and putting its head in his hands.

"Hey, buddy," Will says, petting over the dog's face, before he lets go and wipes his hands on his sweater.

Here, the hesitance builds. Hannibal should leave. He should thank Will again, wish him well, and remove himself from the situation with a promise of a dinner invitation, or a teasing, flirtatious remark that Will ought not to be a stranger. Something a normal Omega would do.

But Hannibal is not a normal Omega.

He was allowed the opportunity to think, blessed with Will's companionable silence during the car ride.

There is one final gift he can give.

"Will," he murmurs, and Will turns to him, glacial eyes bright and eager as ever. He seems to gravitate to Hannibal, pulled as helpless as a meteor is to Earth. Hannibal smiles, and steps closer to him. "There is one thing I wanted to offer you, if you want it."

Will blinks, brow furrowing, and he swallows. "What is it?" he asks.

"Now that our arrangement is over, I have no need to be wary when it comes to provoking deep attachment, or a deep bond," Hannibal says. Will licks his lips, a strangely sad expression crossing his features before he can school them. "I have been cruel, I will admit it, in regards to sating your own needs."

"You weren't," Will replies quickly. "I didn't do anything I didn't want."

"I know that, darling," Hannibal says. He takes Will's hands, finds them warm and shaking, and yet they curl around Hannibal's ardently. Desperately, as scandalous as they might were they still in Hannibal's bed. "But there is an instinct I could not sate for you, at the time. Something that I want to offer you now."

Will's eyes are dark, suddenly. Hopeful – practical reasoning wrestling terribly with blind, innocent curiosity.

"You are an Alpha," Hannibal says. Will licks his lips, and Hannibal takes another step forward. He could kiss Will, as close as they are. "And I have kept your mouth dry. Your teeth, dull."

Will blinks, and his eyes widen. He sucks in a breath and his hands tighten around Hannibal's. "Are you offering me your neck?" he breathes.

Hannibal smiles, pleased by Will's keen insight. "Yes," he replies. It seems like Will stutters, resetting himself in place. His eyes, dark as they are, thread with red, with wonder. "I would very much like to know what it feels like. To be bitten."

"*Hannibal*." He says his name like a prayer, and skirts closer, wary but wanting. His mouth is wet, lips parting to scent the air. "I -." He swallows, fingers flexing like they want to reach. "I won't ask if you're sure. I know enough about you now to know that's a stupid question to ask. But…" His cheeks turn pink, his lashes flutter, and he lowers his eyes. "I want to ask why."

Hannibal's smile widens. "And I will tell you it's the same reason I offered you any of this," he replies. "Because you delight me, Will, and you have been the best companion I could have asked for during my heat. Thanks to you, what promised to be an uncomfortable and invasive experience was…incredible."

Will shivers, and Hannibal lets go of his hands and sinks his grip into Will's hair, tugging gently.

"You served me wonderfully, darling," he murmurs. "I would see you rewarded for that."

Will licks his lips again. His jaw clenches. Hannibal can see the desire written plainly on his face. Will's hands flatten on his chest, curl in his sweater, tug *oh so gently*.

"It'll hurt," he murmurs.

"I know," Hannibal replies. He pulls Will closer to him, rests their foreheads together in a light touch, and then, slowly, tilts his head to one side, and guides Will's mouth to his neck.

Will's jaws part immediately, his inhale shaken to the core. He does not bite right away – Hannibal doesn't know why he expected that. Perhaps there lingers some prejudice that puts Will amidst all the others of his breed; Alphas, greedy, selfish, domineering.

But he doesn't bite right away. He puts his nose under Hannibal's jaw, breathes in deeply. He shudders, and his lips part and his tongue touches Hannibal's clean skin. Not a lick, not a

suck-mark. A caress, lightning-quick and rabbit-fur-soft. He kisses Hannibal's neck, over the rush of his pounding heart, and his mouth is warm and wet and makes Hannibal shiver.

Then, his teeth. His lips curl back and a low rumble quakes his chest, and he edges his teeth along Hannibal's pulse, like he's trying to find the perfect spot to bite down. He's purring before he puts any pressure there, and Hannibal's hand tightens in his hair.

Ready.

Will breathes in deeply again, whimpers in something like desperate thanks, and then Hannibal feels the sharp points of his fangs, first. The rest of his teeth follow, sinking into Hannibal's skin, severing it neatly – cleanly, in a way far more gentle than Hannibal has treated him.

Hannibal closes his eyes, sucking in a harsh breath. He'd been unprepared for how deeply it would affect him to be bitten, to have Will close, caged in his arms and trembling like Hannibal has just given him the elixir of life.

Will's tongue plants gently against his teeth, sucking Hannibal's blood into his mouth. He moans at the taste, arching against Hannibal's chest and Hannibal growls in answer, teeth at Will's ear, and he closes his eyes again, gasps as Will holds him steady, hands finding his hips, clenching. Will swallows, and swallows again, thirsty and greedy in a way non-invasive. Merely, he behaves as a starving man given bread, supplicative and thankful to the bone.

Hannibal winces when he withdraws, swallowing to feel the flex of his aching throat around the bite mark. Will licks over it, purring loudly, and kisses the injured flesh in benediction, a blessing. He withdraws with red on his lips and teeth, his eyes shining.

Hannibal catches him, kisses him chastely, and Will whimpers into his mouth. When Hannibal withdraws, Will whines for him. Every touch, every flutter of his lashes and gasping breath, begs Hannibal to stay, *stay*.

But his mouth, when he recovers, whispers; "Thank you."

Hannibal smiles, and lets his hair go.

"It was my pleasure, Will," he replies. Will nods, stepping away like tearing sutures apart. He rubs his hand over his mouth, fingers shaking and pale. He licks his lips, chases the taste of Hannibal's blood and his mouth.

He turns to leave, and hears Will giving chase.

"Hannibal, I -."

Hannibal turns, finds Will a half-step away, hand reaching out but stopped just shy of Hannibal's arm. He curls his fingers and drops his hand. Clears his throat and steps back, eyes down.

"Drive safe," he says, and it's weak. Forced. Definitely not what he intended to say.

Hannibal allows it. He has pushed this dear, sweet Alpha far enough for one day. "Have a good day, Will," he says, soft with affection, and leaves.

Acceptance

Chapter Notes

here we have it! the final chapter.
to those who were yelling at Hannibal in the last chapter (which was hilarious to me): Hannibal is canonically a dumbass when it comes to Will, being in love, and being in love with Will. It's true and I'm gonna say it.
enjoy! :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Hannibal returns home, the first thing he does is clean. He strips the sheets of the guest bed, throws the sheets and duvet cover in the wash, and liberally douses the mattress with Febreze - not ideal, but it will do for now. He may have to replace the bed altogether, he thinks, eyeing the stains on the mattress. He opens the window to let the outside air take away the scent of sex and slick, and wipes down the floor from the bedroom, hallway, stairs, and into the kitchen. Everywhere Will touched, Hannibal cleans, even the walls. He does it slowly, savoring the mint-chocolate scent of Will while he can, but he knows realistically that letting Will's scent linger in his home will distract him, and remind him of an event that, while he will treasure the memory fondly, he cannot afford to cling to.

When that is finished, the vaguely lemony scent filling the air, he warms up another prepared dish and eats it at his table, finding comfort in the change of setting. Here is where he assumes his mantle once again, of a single, unbonded Omega, lord of hearth and home.

He breathes deep of the bouquet of wine, savoring it over the roof of his mouth, and takes a drink. The scent of it is crisp, flavored like blackberries and elderflower, and he sighs at the taste of it. His tongue protests the sharpness of it, so unlike Will's sweet blood, or his sweat.

It seems his sense of taste has changed somewhat. He can only hope it returns to normal soon enough.

He doesn't resume his normal patients until the next week, though he does inform Alana that he is open to them calling him once again, should they need it. He receives no response – something he expected to a degree, but her childishness aggravates him. They're all adults here.

Still, he doesn't receive any phone calls or unexpected visits from her, nor does he have to bear the brunt of her anger. Similarly, Will does not call him. His phone number sits in

Hannibal's contacts like a glaring reminder, so sharp that Hannibal contemplates deleting it. Often.

He doesn't.

Thanks to the fact that Will is shorter than him, and was polite with the placement of his bite, Hannibal is able to cover his neck with his more modest suit collars. His neck aches terribly at first, bruised skin tender and sore from severed flesh and torn muscle. He spends most evenings in his bath, easing his muscles back to pliancy and soothing the aches in his thighs, his lower back, his shoulders. He finds himself wondering, absently, if Will is doing the same – if he even has a bathtub, or if his bathroom is as utilitarian as his wardrobe.

If, perhaps, he clings to his aches and pains, drags his nails across the bites Hannibal left. If he touches himself when he thinks of them.

Those thoughts are often accompanied by a flicker in the shadows, red-eyed and messy-haired. Hannibal does not engage with Will when he thinks of him, but the Alpha lingers, silent and all-seeing, and he watches, as though waiting for a signal. A command.

Finally, Hannibal must rejoin the land of the living. The bruising on his neck has faded, turned yellowy and almost imperceptible from the natural color of his skin. He dresses for another day at the office, keeping the modest collar for now, and reminds himself to see about approaching another target for fresher meat. The receptionist and her boyfriend had provided ample food, but he grows tired of reheating microwaved meals, and craves something fresher.

Something sweet, seasoned with mint and lemongrass.

He receives a call after his first patient. It's Alana, and Hannibal sighs through his nose, prepared to receive a thorough tongue-lashing, and answers. "Good morning, Alana."

"Hi, Hannibal. Happy Monday," she replies. There's a smile in her voice, and Hannibal finds himself answering it, sitting in his desk chair and idly dragging his capped pen along the edges of his appointment book. He doesn't say anything – lets her stew, and settle. Finally, she sighs. "Look, I've been…a less than stellar friend, to both you and Will. And I want to apologize. I was wondering if I could call in that raincheck, and we could have lunch?"

Hannibal smiles. "I'd be delighted," he replies. "Are you at the University today?"

"Yes. I'm free between noon and two."

Hannibal opens his appointment book, checking the list. "Wonderful. I can come by at noon."

"Awesome! Thank you," she says, and it sounds heartfelt. Hannibal smiles again, humming gently to soothe her. "I'll meet you in the cafeteria."

"I'll see you then. Goodbye, Alana," Hannibal says, and hangs up when he receives her soft 'Bye' in answer. He finds himself smiling, warmed at the opportunity to recement their friendship. He does not begrudge her what she feels in regards to Will – he has spent enough time with the Alpha to understand it, to a degree. Will is gravitational, magnetic. He shifts his persona and needs to suit those of his companion, and Hannibal thinks it no surprise at all, for Alana to have become so attached to him.

In his distraction, Will appears at the side of his desk. He leans against the edge, arms folded, head tilted up to view the second story of the library wall. Hannibal sighs, and Will clicks his tongue and turns to face him.

Their eyes lock.

Will smiles, off-kilter and somewhat smug. He's wearing the same outfit he donned upon their last interaction. Hannibal can practically smell his own blood in Will's teeth. "Miss me, sweetheart?" he asks, and Hannibal stifles a growl, his fingers curling. Will's voice sounds taunting and smart, so unlike how Hannibal knows him, and he isn't sure if it's a self-defense mechanism, his brain trying to sour the lingering feeling of attachment and affection.

"Gloating is an ill-fitting suit on you," Hannibal replies mildly. He pulls over his notebook on Franklyn, as he was the patient of the morning, and begins to copy his notes to the book. Will doesn't move, except to sigh and turn his head away.

"I miss you," he murmurs. Hannibal pauses, blinking down at the page. It's his own mind, he knows that, but Will's voice has changed, become plaintive and sweet. "You're so cruel, you know that? To give me a taste of what I want and then rip yourself away from me."

"We both know I'm cruel," Hannibal replies, continuing with his work. "You seemed to enjoy it."

Will huffs, and stands. He circles Hannibal's desk and crouches down in front of it, forearms braced flat so that his fingers lace and he rests his chin on top of them. Hannibal looks up, meets his eyes, and Will tilts his head.

"Do you think I want to call you?" he asks.

"If you did, you would have," Hannibal says.

Will rolls his bright eyes, his grin wide enough to dimple his cheeks. "Now, Doctor Lecter, you know better than that. You're the one who's all about boundaries. I'd never presume to cross them without your permission."

Hannibal presses his lips together, considering that. Will's eyes go half-lidded, and he lets out a quiet purr behind his teeth.

"I told you to gorge yourself on me," he says, and Hannibal nods. "Clearly it only wetted your appetite."

Hannibal raises an eyebrow, and lowers his eyes back to his notes. "What you're describing borders dangerously on the notion of addiction," he murmurs. "I am not addicted. The hormonal surges created and nurtured within a heat will fade, as all things do."

Will hums, and straightens, hands turning to brace himself on Hannibal's desk. It exposes the pale innards of his forearms, one of them still bruised and bearing a red mark from his own teeth. "Yet here I am," he says, pressing. "You have given me much more freedom than any of your friends, to wander through the hallways of your mind." His eyes move, flash upwards, around them. "You let me come to your work. To your bed."

"I find myself lacking the ability to keep you out," Hannibal admits, a hard knot of irritation in his chest at the truth of such an admission. "You are a persistent creature."

"Or you are a possessive one," Will returns, head cocked. "In this space, no one else can lay claim to me. I am as you had me. No more, no less."

Hannibal sighs. If this is some odd message his subconscious is trying to tell him, it's doing a poor job of communicating. "You labelled yourself an indulgence, in my mind," he tells this conjuration of Will, lifting his eyes to meet the Alpha's steadily. Will blinks, and nods. "Now, you are a distraction. An invasive one."

Will smiles, slow and wide, lopsided. It shows his teeth. "Now, Doctor Lecter," he purrs, "whatever are we to do about that?"

Hannibal considers him, quietly, still. Will doesn't move, except to blink and to breathe – with Hannibal's experiences coloring the way he presents himself in Hannibal's mind, Will's breathing is soft and ragged, borderline desperate.

He licks his lips, and presses them together. "It was an act of desperation, before," Will murmurs. Hannibal nods, once. "It's not that now. This will be something other, won't it?"

Hannibal considers that. "I cannot allow someone intimate, permanent residence in my home," he says. "There are extenuating circumstances to take into account."

Will's smile returns. "Your diet," he murmurs. "Your…hobbies. And me, with my keen sight. Do you think you could keep me blind? Maybe," he adds, before Hannibal can answer. "For a while. But my nose is sharp, and my hearing sharper. I could follow you down to your cellar, hear your little pigs as they squeal and bleat for help."

Hannibal nods, and sighs again. "I'd have to kill you, when you discovered the truth," he replies. "That would be a shame."

"Ah," Will says, head tilting again, "but you would be free."

Hannibal blinks at him, brow furrowing.

Will purrs, prowling feline around the edge of Hannibal's desk, until he comes to a stop at Hannibal's side. He leans down, puts his teeth to Hannibal's ear, and bites the shell of it. Hannibal flinches, for though Will is not there, he feels the bite as fiercely as he would if Will was.

Will grins, reaches out and straightens his tie. His fingers trail, feather-light, over Hannibal's chest, up his neck, across the bite, and settle on his shoulder. "Aren't you curious what I taste like?"

Hannibal shivers, turns his head towards Will, and receives a gentle kiss to his cheek in reward.

"I want to make you happy," Will whispers, nuzzling his jaw. "I want to sate you, and serve you. What's one more indulgence?"

"Will," Hannibal breathes; a warning. He stands and pushes at Will's neck, forcing him away. Will smiles, and relents, giving Hannibal his space. Hannibal feels warm, like pre-heat, but he knows he cannot possibly be feeling symptoms of that again. Rather, Will simply makes him burn. He bares his teeth at the Alpha and Will takes another step back, still smiling, pretty and serene.

"Think about it," Will says quietly, his smile never faltering. "It doesn't have to end, until it does. You control this, Doctor Lecter, just as you have controlled all the rest of it."

Hannibal shakes his head. This is hormonal, pure and simple, a strange clash of hungers telling him he *can* have Will, he can have him until he can't, and then -.

Well, then he'll have to kill him. He could not possibly keep the secret of his diet and his hobbies from Will forever, especially if Will sees as much as he still can. Something would give, eventually – a slip here, a bad stretch of timing there. Will would figure it out. Hannibal would never do him the disservice of thinking him simple, or dumb.

He would do it quickly, mercifully. Will deserves no less. He wouldn't even feel it.

Dangerous thoughts.

But the mind-palace version of Will is correct, in one regard: Hannibal could make a fine feast from him, treasure and adore his meat, spice his blood into the wine and the sauce. He would make an honorary meal from Will. The Alpha could sate his hunger for many days, one last time.

"You know," Will says, leaning his weight on one leg, hands trailing idly over Hannibal's notebook and straightening his pen. "There is a third option to consider. Not separation. Not murder."

Hannibal frowns. "What is that, pray tell?" he asks sharply.

Will smiles, off-kilter, dimpled. His eyes shine and are a lovely crystal blue when he meets Hannibal's gaze.

He doesn't answer, for Hannibal doesn't know the answer. Or, if he does, he is unwilling to give it voice, even subconsciously. It is guarded even from his own forethoughts.

Hannibal sighs, and closes his book. The mental picture of Will fades with a low laugh, and it sounds like victory.

It's nearing eleven thirty, and Hannibal rushes out the door, shouldering his coat as he locks up. He wouldn't want to be rude by being late for Alana.

He enters the University cafeteria just shy of noon, and finds her sitting in a booth a little ways off from the rest of those gathered. The sunlight arcs through the tall windows, making her eyes shine and coloring her cheeks in a delicate flush. Her hair is down, falling in loose, dark waves around her shoulders, and she's wearing a dress the color of sapphire and black boots that almost touch her knees.

She looks up, and smiles at him in greeting. Hannibal returns it, and goes through the line, purchasing a serviceable offering of thin-cut steak and a salad. The meat looks more cooked than he'd like it, but he had a large breakfast and isn't too hungry. This is largely performative. He pays for the meal and goes to Alana, sitting down opposite her.

Her smile is warm with affection, though Hannibal doesn't miss how her eyes drop to his neck. His collar is high, and her shoulders drop – Hannibal gave no thought beforehand if hiding his neck was an admission of guilt, and yet the look on her face tells him all she needs to know.

She knows Will bit him. Probably assumes it was done at the height of heat, given the reputation of Alphas. The circumstances would hardly matter to someone like her.

"How are you feeling?" she asks. She has a bowl of salad as well, richly colored with tomatoes, sweet corn, hard-boiled eggs, and tuna bedded upon spinach leaves. She picks at a half-cut cherry tomato and brings it to her lips.

"Well, thank you," Hannibal replies. "I hope my patients were not too heavy on your caseload."

Alana shakes her head, smiling as she chews and swallows. "No, there was no trouble," she replies. She shifts her weight and lowers her voice. "I have to ask – I'm confused. I would have thought Will would be at your house for a lot longer."

Hannibal smiles, nodding. He spears a mouthful of lettuce and eats it. "Thankfully, I recovered much more quickly than I'd anticipated."

Her eyes darken, flickers of memory shadowing them, and she sets her fork down. Hannibal catches her gaze, her hesitance, and sighs; "Speak freely, Alana."

She clears her throat, looking uncomfortable. "It just seems that…you and I have very different ideas of what constitutes doing harm."

Hannibal's eyebrows rise. "How so?"

"I'll admit, my practical knowledge of how Alphas and Omegas interact with each other is lacking, for obvious reasons," she begins, and Hannibal nods. She is, after all, neither Alpha nor Omega. She couldn't possibility empathize. "But I just…" She clears her throat again, swallows, and sets her eyes on Hannibal. They're soft, wide, almost pleading. "You brought him back to me a mess."

Hannibal sighs again. "If you're referring to the bite marks -."

"Not that," Alana replies, waving her hand with a huff. "I know you're – whatever. You're both into that. That's fine. I mean, it shocked me, but I believe you when you told me you had his consent to do it and I know Will well enough to know he wouldn't have stayed if you'd mistreated him like that. No." She breathes in deep through her nose, drums the sides of her knuckles on the table. "I'm talking about after."

"After," Hannibal repeats.

Alana nods. "He hasn't left his room," she says. "He barely eats, I don't think he's sleeping. He's…" She shakes her head, hair falling in front of her shoulders and shielding her neck. Her eyes glisten, very bright over her cheeks, which have turned pale. "If I didn't know any better, I'd say he was heartbroken."

Hannibal blinks, and lowers his eyes with a hum. He cuts himself a bite of the steak, puts it in his mouth, and grimaces at the overcooked, bland flavor. He wipes his mouth with a napkin, pushing the wad of meat into it with his tongue, and folds it carefully, setting it to one side.

Unbidden, the thought that Will's blood would make it passable crosses over his mind. He pushes it away.

"Has he always been prone to such attachment?" he asks.

Alana shakes her head. "It's more than that," she replies. "More than just…hormones, or attraction. I don't know. He won't talk to me."

"I imagine that's difficult for you. Is he normally more open about his feelings?"

"He tells me everything," Alana says with a little shrug. "But I just…every time I mention your name, he flinches. When I hear him talking to Jack he sounds…. He sounds *enraged*. I don't know what's happening to him and you were the last person who interacted with him and I just –. I don't know what to think." She lifts her eyes, wide, plaintive, and reaches for Hannibal with both hands. "Is there something I can do for him?"

It sounds more like 'Is there something *you* can do for him?'.

"Alphas can be volatile creatures," Hannibal says mildly. He lets her hands touch his, flattens his palm against hers and his other hand on her knuckles, squeezing gently. "They experience

the world differently than you or I do. Even still, Will has a unique cocktail of obstacles and abilities that further color his experiences, and his perceptions."

Alana sighs, pressing her lips together.

"What does Will talk to Jack about?" he asks, curious despite himself. He pulls his hands away, attention turning back to his salad. He remembers the last conversation he witnessed, how Jack used his Voice on Will, and Will's reaction to it.

"It's mostly just yelling," Alana replies quietly, sitting back as well. "He keeps arguing with Jack that Jack isn't seeing something, but I don't know. There's never any details."

Hannibal nods. "Will informed me that he went blind taking a suspect into custody," he says.

Alana blinks at him.

"Before that, most of his time was dedicated to analyzing the murders by the Chesapeake Ripper."

"Oh." Her expression clears, and she nods. "Yes. It really messed him up. I've never seen him so obsessed by something. Towards the end he was fighting with Jack almost constantly. He -." She huffs, a thin, fond smile crossing her face. "He wanted to catch that guy more than anything."

Hannibal hums. "Perhaps he is simply frustrated," he murmurs. "Having such keen insight, and being robbed of it, especially when there is still someone who believes you are capable of being all that you were, before such a loss."

"It's never been this bad," Alana says with a shake of her head.

Hannibal considers this. Then, sighing; "Would you like me to speak to him?" he asks, for he is sure this is where she's trying to steer the conversation.

She looks to him, eyes wide. "Would that be wise?" she murmurs. "Considering your… history?"

Hannibal smiles. "Will and I both knew what this arrangement would be before we entered into it," he says. "And I believe him to be a reasonable and practical man. If he is uncomfortable in my presence, and does not want my help, he will surely say so."

Alana nods. Hannibal does not mention, for the sake of her nerves, that their relationship edged far away from reason or practicality a long time ago.

"Is he at home?"

"What? Oh." She blinks, and shakes her head. "No. He's lecturing all day today. But -." She hesitates, and shakes her head again. "I'd wait. He's really pissed off from a call with Jack this morning. Maybe give it a day or two."

"Of course," Hannibal replies with a nod. "Whatever you think is best."

Whether or not Hannibal genuinely intended to take Alana's advice and wait to speak to Will or not is rendered moot, as he departs from her in the cafeteria. She has a meeting with colleagues at two and they filled the hours well, so that by the time she has to leave, it is rushed, and she gives him a kiss on the cheek and leaves in a hurried dash.

Hannibal forgoes attempting to finish his meal. It is lackluster at best, and he clears his place, hands in his pockets as he ambles slowly towards the entrance hall for the University.

He is passing down a hallway when he catches Will's scent. It's mild, of course, but Hannibal would recognize it anywhere. His mouth floods with saliva and his belly gives an impatient roll of hunger, something that food could not possibly satisfy.

He halts, and tilts his head, blinking in surprise when he hears Will's voice. It is soft, and far away, and Hannibal follows it until he reaches a set of open doors to a lecture hall. It is set up arena-style, with the entrance shadowed by a balcony, and students set in a half-ring that rises up to another entrance on the second floor.

Will stands below a large projector, which is currently sporting a crime scene photo of a woman with an impressive spatter of blood around her head, coloring her blonde hair. There's a single bullet wound in her neck, and her eyes are clouded and staring towards the camera like she's posing for her picture. Will is in front of his desk, leaning against it. He's wearing a long-sleeved button-down shirt, with a sweater over that, but his sleeves are pushed up to reveal the yellow-green bruising along his arm, the savage bite, and his collar does little to hide the bruises and marks Hannibal laid to his skin.

They are faded, and the room is dark to allow for the projector, but Hannibal can see them. Which means Will's students can see them.

He crosses the threshold and stops just before he steps into line of sight from any of the students, leaning against the wall. Will's dog is by his feet, and lifts its head at him, tail swishing once in recognition. His tail brushes Will's thigh, and the Alpha hesitates for a split second – too quick to notice by someone not paying attention.

But Hannibal is certainly paying attention.

Will takes a deep breath, clicks his tongue, and rolls his shoulders, his eyes slanting towards Hannibal. He straightens up, and Hannibal smiles as he goes back to his lecture. This is a version of Will he has not yet seen – the Alpha commands the attention of the room. Hannibal can feel his students' rapt, deep-soaked presence, like they're hanging off his every word.

"It's important to note that, while this was Jameson's most violent and ritualized murder, he cannot be classed as a family annihilator. Can anyone tell me why?"

There's silence, and Will's dog lifts its head, tail swishing again. It woofs, softly, twice. Pauses. Then once, again. Will looks away from Hannibal, towards his left. "Second row, first chair."

"The fact that the Williams family had children wasn't important to him. This was his highest body count – he usually attacked mated couples or single homes. The female was always his priority."

Will gives a nod of approval. "So why this family?" he asks, and turns away before the student can answer. "Why these children? Tell me how you hunted them. Tell me who you are."

He stops, and looks back towards where Hannibal is standing. He smiles. "Tell me your design."

Despite himself, Hannibal shivers.

"Email me your supposition essays by Wednesday morning. Class dismissed."

Will's dog rises and trots around the desk so that it's out of the way, and Hannibal turns, pressing himself to the wall so that the students are not forced to navigate him so much. They pass by with curious looks, the Alphas and Omegas in the class undoubtedly able to smell the fact that he's Omega, and foreign to the environment.

He waits until the room clears, and finds Will shutting off the projector, the large screen whirring up as it rolls into place. He has his messenger bag on his desk and is shoving files into it – why he has them, Hannibal isn't sure. Perhaps Jack insists he takes them, makes Alana read them to him.

Will closes his bag, and hesitates. Clicks his tongue. Looks up and takes in a sharp breath. "Doctor Lecter?" he murmurs, hazarding.

Hannibal smiles. "Hello, Will," he replies, and enters the room proper. Will's shoulders are tensed up, rising, his fingers clenching as he ducks his head. "Forgive me for intruding. It sounded like an intriguing lecture."

Will huffs. "Most of them are going to assume it has something to do with Alpha penetrative control issues," he mutters, shaking his head. "I'm hoping to see some keener insight, but I don't have much hope."

Hannibal hums, sitting on the edge of Will's desk, turned so his thigh is braced up on it, and watches Will as he fidgets with the ties on his bag. "And is it?" he asks. Will looks up, tilts his head. "Down to Alpha penetrative control issues?"

Will smiles. "What do you think?" he asks, almost a purr. He's teasing Hannibal, relaxing since Hannibal isn't going straight for his throat.

"I think it's fundamentally flawed as a theory, given that Isaac Jameson was an Omega."

Will's eyes flash, and his smile widens – his approval coats Hannibal's skin like honey. "Are you a keen study of murderers and serial killers?" he asks. His hand drops, idly petting his dog's ear, and he tilts his head to one side.

"Absolutely," Hannibal replies. "I find them fascinating."

Will hums. "I do, too," he replies. "Some more than others."

Hannibal nods. Then, he sighs, and looks away in a move he realizes that is unnecessary, as soon as he does it. Will cannot react to body language, not unless he's touching. "I'll confess, I have an ulterior motive to tracking you down," he says.

Will blinks, jaw tightening, braced. "Alana, or Jack?" he mutters.

Hannibal smiles. "Alana," he replies, "regarding Jack. She tells me you've been butting heads with him quite viciously."

"Understatement," Will says, tone curt. Then, he sighs. "She worries. Everyone worries."

"Being worried about is a byproduct of having friends, I'm afraid," Hannibal replies, smiling. "Of being loved."

Will seems to consider that, and then looks towards Hannibal, his brow furrowing. "Do you have anyone to worry about you?" he murmurs.

Hannibal presses his lips together, and this time he looks away in an action all his own. His shoulders roll, and he stands.

"I'm sorry," Will says quickly, and Hannibal turns to see him reaching out, though he cannot make contact from behind the desk. He must feel Hannibal's eyes on him, for he straightens again, biting his lower lip, and ducks his head to one side, showing a tease of his neck. Hannibal's upper lip twitches. "I didn't mean it like -. I just -."

He clears his throat, rolls his shoulders, fingers clenching.

"I've been worried about you."

Hannibal's eyebrows rise. "Oh?"

Will nods. "I know you don't need anyone worrying about you," he adds. "But I have. I do."

"I assure you, Will, I'm quite alright."

Will swallows, nodding again. "I know." Then, he laughs, and it's a soft, utterly wretched sound, like there's some heavy burden weighing on him that only he must carry. He turns his head once more, slants his eyes towards Hannibal's mouth, and manages a weak smile.

Hannibal pauses, then; "You're not alright," he murmurs. Will's jaw tightens. "Are you?" It's not a question.

"I -." Will clears his throat, lifts his chin as though in challenge. His eyes are that lovely, glacial blue, but clouded, like the deep water beneath has rushed to the surface in a thaw. "No. I'm pretty fucking far from alright. Jack is -."

He stops. Swallows.

Hannibal nods to himself, his decision made. After all, he would be a very poor friend indeed if he left Will to suffer like this. "Perhaps, if you'd like, you can come to my house this evening. We will have dinner, and talk about it." Will's brow furrows, unsure. "I know we didn't get a lot of chances for conversation during our time together, but I promise you, I'm a good psychiatrist." He pauses, smiling. "And I'm not Alana."

"Fear no evil, is that it?" Will whispers, but he's smiling. It's faint, but genuine, and Hannibal is monumentally glad for seeing it.

"Fear no judgement," he corrects. "I will not judge you, Will. I only wish for you to understand how you're feeling, for only through understanding, can we accept, and move on."

"Right." Will nods, swallowing harshly enough that his throat clicks. "Okay. I can come. What time?"

"Seven would suit," Hannibal replies, and Will nods again. Hannibal smiles, warm in the back of his throat at the prospect of having Will in his home again. He finds the scent of lemon quite distasteful, now. "Excellent. I'll see you then."

Hannibal is positively giddy with excitement at the prospect of having Will at his table. This, he thinks, will cement in his mind their proper standing once again. He will be in complete control, and sit in his rightful place at head of the table, and assert himself as Will's friend and confidante. He's sure that relationship will sate his needs, and they can settle as friends. Will's heart will remain in his chest, and Hannibal's mouth will remain dry of his blood.

He hunts down a rude taxi driver, feeling more outraged when the thought occurs to him that he may have driven Will around, at a time. He pulls the carcass into his cellar and rids him of his intestines, his stomach, his liver. His kidneys, he freezes, and hangs the meat up to bleed out the rest of the way. He hasn't made prosciutto or jerky for quite some time, and the man is lean and skinny – not marbled enough for steaks.

He takes the liver up to his kitchen, puts the stomach away in the fridge, and begins preparing the meal. Liver and onions – iron-rich, to help Will with blood loss, and hearty. If Alana's perception is accurate and Will hasn't been eating, he will need something that is gentle on his stomach, but will provide him much-needed nutrients and energy. He pairs the meal with cooked spinach, seasoned with chili flakes, and a fresh salad.

Will arrives right on time, and Hannibal is smiling as he ushers him inside. Will is without his dog, and has changed clothes into a long-sleeved black button-down and his work slacks, no

sweater. His hair is windswept and unkempt, and Hannibal is reminded of how he first appeared in Hannibal's home.

He moves with confidence, though, knowing the layout, and Hannibal follows him into the dining room. He walks around Will and pulls his chair out, and Will tilts his head, and follows, his hand brushing along the first chair back, then the second. He takes his seat at Hannibal's left hand.

"Smells fantastic," he murmurs, and smiles when Hannibal gently nudges his wine glass towards his knuckles. He takes it, breathing in the scent of the wine, and takes a sip. "What are we having?"

"Liver, with spinach and salad," Hannibal replies. He goes to the kitchen, plates food for both of them, and returns. The spaces have already been set and he lays the plates down before taking his own seat.

Will finds his fork, touches the tines to the liver, and slices himself a bite with the edge of it. He lifts it to his lips, eats, and gives a soft hum of appreciation. Hannibal smiles, pleased by the mute praise, and turns his attention to his own food.

They eat in silence, for a while, and Hannibal allows himself to bask in Will's company. Will's mild scent softens his teeth, loosens the warmth in his chest so that it feels like he can breathe freely, in a way he hadn't noticed had been hindered before this moment.

"This is really good," Will finally says, washing his mouthful down with wine. "I, ah, haven't been eating much, since -."

He stops.

Hannibal nods, sipping at his wine. "Alana told me you've been quite troubled since we last saw each other," he says mildly. Will nods, cheeks turning a delicate pink. "Has Jack been a terrible boor to you?"

"He's assertive, that's all," Will says, almost defensively. Then he stops, frowning as though wondering why he's trying to be defensive. He sighs, and lets out a quick, harsh growl from behind his teeth. "No. No pretty words. He's being an asshole."

Hannibal laughs, surprised and delighted at Will's language. "What exactly does he expect from you?" he asks. "You can hardly go out into the field."

Will huffs, shaking his head. "No," he replies softly. "I can't. He doesn't care about new murders. He cares about – about the Ripper. It's all he cares about."

Hannibal blinks. "The Ripper hasn't been reported for murder in almost a year," he says.

"Doesn't matter," Will returns curtly. "I'm the only one that can understand him, he says. The only one that can catch him. Which is a huge pile of bull. I didn't do anything *special*, back when I could see. Jack's a smart guy – he's the *head* of the BAU for God's sake. He could see what I saw if he let himself look."

Hannibal considers that, and takes another bite of food. "Perhaps it frightens him," he suggests. "A man like Jack doesn't want to understand a man like the Ripper."

Will's eyes flash Hannibal's way, blink slowly. His lips part and he licks them, before he swallows. "You say that like I should be frightened," he murmurs.

Hannibal smiles. "No, Will," he replies. "I don't want you to be frightened. Of anything." Will's shoulders roll as he processes that, and he looks away, his cheeks darkening. "I think it would be a great personal victory if I could help you understand yourself. I think you have it in you to be something incredible, and yet you hide. Why?"

"Why?" Will repeats, blanching. "Why does anyone do anything?"

Hannibal tilts his head to one side. "Many of our decisions are fueled by the idea of consequence," he says. Will frowns. "The Ripper does not fear consequence. Nor do you, when you step into his mind."

"Throw caution to the wind," Will whispers. He clears his throat and takes another sip of wine. His fingers are shaking, hand unsteady. "We can't do that. Society would collapse. There are rules and regulations for a reason, Doctor Lecter."

"Please, Will," Hannibal says. "There's no need to be so formal with me. I invited you here for what might be called a session, it's true, but first and foremost I consider you my friend. Adding to that, my priority is your health and happiness. Not the rules."

Will hesitates on his next bite. "Right," he murmurs, and then takes it, chewing and swallowing with a click in his throat. He looks Hannibal's way, eyes on his hands when his fork clinks against his plate. "I do feel freer, with you," he confesses. "You let me speak and act as I desire. As we as a society feel no Alpha should."

Hannibal smiles. "And you let me speak and act as I desire," he repeats back. "As no Omega should."

Will nods, once, slowly. His cheeks darken, and he sucks in a gentle, uneven breath. "I think…" he begins, and then stops, whisper-quiet but cutting himself short. He shakes his head and looks away, down to his plate.

Hannibal makes a curious sound. "Speak freely, Will."

"I wanted to ask if you were worried about me," Will says. "In the same way I was worried about you."

"The same way? Likely not," Hannibal replies gently. Will winces, barely, but Hannibal sees it for how close he's looking. "I have always found my emotions to be fiercer than most." He waits, while Will's eyes clear, and he processes that statement. "I was not worried for you, Will. But I have thought of you. Often."

Will shivers, licking his lips, biting down on his lower one.

"In what capacity?" he asks. Hannibal imagines him as some prey animal, trapped in a cage, watching the predator prowl closer and wondering what he might lose first – a limb, or his life. But Will is not a prey animal, he never was.

Hannibal smiles, and stands, food forgotten. Will sucks in a harsh breath, hearing his chair scrape back, and lifts his head as Hannibal circles the corner of the table. He cradles Will's chin, forcing it to lift, and bends down to touch his lips to Will's, chastely.

Will shivers, letting out a soft noise, something plaintive and relieved all at once. His hand comes up, touches Hannibal's jaw, and flattens there gently.

"Oh," he breathes.

Hannibal's smile widens. "Are you agreeable?" he asks.

Will nods immediately, and Hannibal steps back, pulling him to his feet. Will all but collapses against him, his nose at Hannibal's neck, and he sucks in a harsh breath like he hadn't been able to until he had Hannibal's scent in his lungs.

"Come with me, darling," he whispers to Will's mouth, accepts Will's soft moan in answer, and drinks it down. His hands cradle Will's nape, smooth over the knot of scar tissue below his ear, and tighten over the bites he left. Will shivers, his mild scent thickening and growing sweeter with arousal. "It's my turn to sate you."

They fall together as easily as if they'd never parted. Will's clothes are easy to remove, and the Alpha bares himself eagerly to Hannibal's wandering hands.

He does not take Will to the guest room. The bed is too bare, the air too lemon-scented.

Instead, he turns left, down the hall, and leads Will towards his own bedroom.

Will's eyes are wide as he realizes what Hannibal has done. His lips are parted, breathing ragged as he soaks himself in the scent of Hannibal's room. His eyes, glazed and thickening with red, seem soft with awe, as Hannibal leads him to the bed and sets him down at the end of it.

Will's hands flatten along his sheets, which are silky-soft, gold and blue in a color scheme soothing to most Omegas. In terms of aesthetics, Hannibal is not unlike his peers.

He pulls back, and begins to undress.

Will swallows, looking Hannibal's way. "Are you going to use the mask?" he asks.

"That depends," Hannibal replies, loosening and removing his tie, then his vest. Then, as he begins to unbutton his shirt, he asks; "Would you like to bite me?"

Will goes still, his eyes wide. His fingers clench in the sheets and, bare as he is, Hannibal can see how his cock twitches, a deep blushing red against his pale thighs, which press together like he has to fight the urge to lunge for Hannibal.

"Would you…let me?" Will asks, stuttering.

Hannibal smiles. "I'm no fool, Will," he replies, shrugging off his shirt and unbuckling his belt. "As pleasurable as receiving your bite was before, I know it pales in comparison to receiving one during sex." He pauses, as though considering. "I'd like to experience both."

Will clears his throat, lets out his breath in a weak, jagged moan. "I want to," he breathes. Hannibal discards the rest of his clothes, purring at how desperate and soft Will has gotten for him. He approaches Will, belt still in hand, and tilts Will's chin up.

He leans down, catches the Alpha's mouth in a kiss, and wraps the belt loosely over the back of his neck. Will's breath hitches, jaws parting to allow Hannibal a taste. Wine sits heavy on his tongue, sweet and tart all at once.

Hannibal pulls the belt tight, threads it through until it sits snug to Will's neck, and then back again so that pulling on it will not suffocate him. "I don't think your throat could handle my teeth again," he growls, and Will whimpers, seeking another kiss as Hannibal tugs on the belt, testing it. "Stay still."

He leaves Will, and goes to Will's pile of clothes which are little more than a haphazard sprawl. He finds Will's belt, and takes a third from his closet. "Did my blood give you a Voice?" he asks, turning back and approaching the Alpha.

Will clears his throat, and nods, once. "It's faded now," he replies.

Hannibal hums. "Pity," he murmurs.

Will's mouth twitches up. "Pity?" he repeats.

"It would certainly level the playing field with Jack," Hannibal replies mildly.

Will's eyes flash, his upper lip curling, but then his expression softens as Hannibal touches him again. He pulls Will to his feet, and turns him. He threads their belts together, one tail through one buckle, and then feeds the tail of the other belt around Will's waist and pulls it tight. There is enough excess from the one around his neck, and the ones around his waist, to fashion a crude knot between his shoulders, which he tugs until Will's spine is forced straight, and he cannot bend forward without gasping.

Hannibal smiles, and kisses his shoulder. "Is this alright?" he murmurs.

Will nods. "Yeah," he replies, breathlessly. "Yeah -. I mean, green. Really fucking green."

Hannibal laughs, warm and low, and reaches down to stroke Will's cock, once, just to remind himself how it feels. Will is fully hard, now, his knot half-swelled already. He's sure, once they join, neither of them will last long. Hannibal's own body is thrumming with warmth, heart galloping impatiently behind his ribs.

He turns Will and tilts him up for another kiss, nipping at his lower lip just to hear him gasp. He reaches behind Will, threads his fingers through the knots of the belt and tugs and Will jerks, head tilting back so Hannibal can press his nose to Will's scent gland. The Alpha's breathing is ragged, haphazard, on the verge of hyperventilation.

"Be sure to tell me if this needs to come off," he murmurs. Will nods. "I mean it, Will," Hannibal says, taking his chin in hand and letting the belt go. "I won't have you abuse yourself for my sake, or anyone else's."

Will swallows, his eyes lowering. "I understand," he replies.

"Good," Hannibal says, purring softly, and he kisses Will one more time, before he turns them and guides them both onto the bed. Will is on his back, wincing at the knot of the belt as it digs into his spine, and Hannibal straddles his thighs, rocking forward so that their cocks slide together. He's wet, has been since he led Will upstairs, and his stomach gives a tight clench of desire as Will trembles, nostrils flared wide, drunk on the scent of him.

Will's hands flatten on his thighs, tight yet gentle, knuckles white. Hannibal leans down, nuzzling at his throat, and bites down harshly on the belt, tugging just to hear Will gasp.

"Touch me, darling," he murmurs, closing his eyes as he feels one of Will's hands flatten, skate up his thigh, around his hip, between his legs where he's slick. Will shudders, moaning lowly, head tilted to give access to his neck as he sinks one finger into Hannibal's body.

Though Hannibal is the one being penetrated, Will trembles like the sensation is his own. "*Fuck*," he growls, baring his teeth, his half-open eyes wholly red now. It's a lovely shade, like fresh blood, and Hannibal threads his hands through Will's soft curls, guiding him back for a kiss.

One, then two, another kiss broken only by gasps and desperate pants for air. It rivals even the desperation of a heat, the impatient, ravenous desire clawing in his chest as Will works a second finger into him. With this angle, he can't reach Hannibal's prostate, but Hannibal doesn't mind in the slightest. Will's other hand is on his cock, wrapped tight around both of them, the calluses on his hand and the silky, slick slide of his cock a delicious counterpoint sensation that has Hannibal working his hips, chasing it, only to bear back down on Will's fingers.

"You smell so good," Will breathes, his lips red and bruised from Hannibal's kisses, his teeth. He sounds weak, shattered at the neck, and Hannibal smiles, wraps the fingers of one hand in the belts around his waist and tugs them down, other hand still in Will's hair, forcing him to feel the stretch and tug of it, the brief sensation of air starvation in his burning lungs. "*Fuck*, please, Hannibal."

Hannibal growls, leaning down to kiss him again. "On your knees," he commands, and Will nods, pulling his fingers out and his hand away, and they roll together, until Hannibal is on his back and Will is kneeling between his thighs.

Hannibal reaches down, wraps his hands in Will's restraints and tugs, and the Alpha rears his head back, gasping open-mouthed, as his touch settles on Hannibal's thighs.

"That's it, darling," Hannibal growls, as Will knees forward and his cockhead presses bluntly at his hole. "Take what you need."

Will snarls, the red in his eyes darkening for a brief moment. He pushes forward, splitting Hannibal as easily as he ever has. Hannibal sighs, unwilling to close his eyes and lose the sight of Will, trembling in his hold, so clearly caught between the desire to bend over Hannibal and fuck him ruthlessly, and the need to spare his neck.

He thrusts deep, plants his hands on either side of Hannibal's ribs on the bed, chokes around his air as the belt pulls at the front of his neck. But he doesn't stop, doesn't yield ground so graciously given. The rhythm he starts is fast, punishing almost – all Alpha, as wild as Hannibal has ever seen him.

Like he needs it just as badly.

Hannibal pets through his hair, one arm still locked and braced so that every time Will thrusts in, the pressure on his neck loosens – every time he pulls back, it tightens and he gasps, and growls. Will fucks him eagerly, hips jerking up each time he bottoms out until Hannibal snarls, and his grip lessens, as Will finds his prostate.

Will lets out a wild, heavy sound of vindication. He grips Hannibal's ribs instead, digs his nails in. "There you are," he growls, and it sounds like he's not even aware of what he's saying. His words are slurred, whisper-soft from his abused throat.

He leans down, damn the belt, damn the collar, and kisses Hannibal roughly, and Hannibal snarls, tugging on his hair, earning a whine. He *likes* this version of Will – Will, sure and needy, incensed by the promise that he may bite, when the timing is right. Hannibal lets go of his belt, allowing air, and flattens his hand on Will's bitten arm.

Will shudders, rhythm stuttering, his jaw tight with pain as he breaks the kiss, rests his forehead against Hannibal's. Their eyes meet, for there is nowhere else to look when they're pressed so tight, and Hannibal delights in the curl of Will's upper lip, the shine of his teeth.

Will's cockhead drives against his prostate mercilessly, well-mapped now, mined like precious metal in a mountain. The sounds of him moving within Hannibal are obscene – Hannibal is so slick, messy, he can feel the coat of it on Will's thighs when he bottoms out.

Will growls, punched-out, ragged. "'M close," he breathes, dropping his nose to Hannibal's neck. His bitten arm moves and Hannibal follows, wrapping his hand over Will's, around his cock, as the Alpha strokes him tight and quick. "*Fuck*, c'mon sweetheart, *please*. It'll feel so good, I promise -."

Hannibal shivers, affected deeply at the way Will says those words. They're assertive out of context, but Will talks like he's begging, his voice too abused and throat too wrecked to speak them as a domineering, selfish Alpha. He begs because he knows Hannibal likes to hear it.

Will thrusts deeply into him, going still with a low whine, and that does it. Hannibal's body clenches tight, bearing down as Will strokes him, and he spills sticky-wet and hot over their

hands and stomachs. He is shaking, a moan forced out of him as he feels Will's knot swell up, locking them together and forcing his spasming muscles to accept it.

Will whines, rutting against him, and Hannibal smiles, pets his hair, and tilts his head to expose his throat.

Will doesn't hesitate, this time. He finds Hannibal's neck, where it becomes his shoulder, where it's more muscle and politely low enough to hide. His jaws part and he bites down, severing skin and tearing flesh. Hannibal closes his eyes, unable to stop himself purring at the sensation. It *is* better, wildly better, his body high on the rush of orgasm and the sensation of being knotted.

It's the satisfaction of a good meal, the visceral pleasure of a kill. A great work of art only for him to enjoy. He could very easily get used to this.

Will drinks from him, thirsty in a way Hannibal understands well. His tongue licks kitten-like over Hannibal's skin, drinks in his sweat and coaxes out each sluggish mouthful of blood as Hannibal's body gives it. As Will takes, he also gives, and Hannibal is warm and heavy with his seed as Will fills him, each spasm of Hannibal's body coaxing another heavy spurt out of him, another shudder, another soft gasp.

He reaches behind Will's back and undoes the knots of the belt, giving Will room to breathe. Will sags with relief, whining quietly against Hannibal's neck, and pulls away with one last lick.

Hannibal takes him by the hair and kisses him, licking his blood from behind Will's teeth. Will trembles, whimpering, and Hannibal sighs in utter satisfaction as Will's hands return to the bed, so he's not crushing Hannibal, bearing his own weight.

Will licks his lips when they part, his cheeks colored in a deep, rosy blush. "Got kinda carried away," he murmurs, his grin rakish and coy.

Hannibal laughs. "That's quite alright," he says softly, petting through Will's hair. "I certainly enjoyed it."

Will's smile widens, and he leans down for another kiss.

"Will you stay?" Hannibal asks. He means to add 'the night', and yet doesn't. Lets the question linger. *Stay the night, stay the week. Stay forever.*

Will blinks at him, expression softening, and he nods, lowering his gaze. He ducks his head and nuzzles the unmarked side of Hannibal's neck, purring loudly. "Yes," he breathes, like he understands. Perhaps he does.

Hannibal rises from his bed in the early hours of the morning. As much as he would like to remain with Will, to coax the Alpha to wakefulness and make good on the fantasy Will

described to him where Hannibal would fuck him awake, the body in his basement will not keep forever and he needs to dismember, freeze, and prepare his cuts accordingly.

He dresses in lounge pants and a soft, loose t-shirt, and heads down to the kitchen. Then, through the floor entrance, to the basement.

He hums a quiet tune to himself as he cuts the body to his satisfaction. He takes one of the legs and sets it to one side – he will prepare a roast for Will. Will deserves a feast, for all his effort and service to Hannibal's needs. They say a way to an Alpha's heart is through their stomach, and he's sure Will is no exception. Even though Hannibal maintains his realism, and knows Will cannot live with him, he finds himself curiously open to the idea of inviting Will to his bed, a few nights a week. Surely there can be no harm in that.

He packages the prosciutto cuts and what he intends to make into jerky, and puts the rest of the body along with the blood in a box, which he will take out to dispose of when Will is gone.

He goes back up to the kitchen with the leg, closes the door, and freezes as he becomes aware of a presence in the room.

It's not a shadow.

Will sits at his normal bar stool, his fingers idly toying with a water glass, his eyes slanted Hannibal's way. He has redressed in the clothes he came in, rumpled on his flushed body.

Hannibal clears his throat, looking down at the leg in his hands. He recovers quickly, and moves to the kitchen counter. "You move quietly," he murmurs, trying to keep his voice calm. "Did I wake you?"

Will hums, and Hannibal turns to see him shaking his head. He looks in the direction of the floor entrance, and clicks his tongue. He's smiling, though it's faint. "What's down there?" he asks. His voice betrays no deeper thought – it's innocent. Too innocent.

"A wine cellar," Hannibal replies mildly.

Will raises an eyebrow. "Wine at this hour?" he asks, teasing.

Hannibal's shoulders roll. He eyes the knife block. He could do it, now, quickly. It would be a terrible shame, but curiosity has earned one's death before.

"I want to tell you a story, Hannibal," Will says.

Hannibal blinks, swallows. "Alright."

Will sighs, and rubs his hand over the side of his neck where the scar is. Hannibal had removed the belt before they went to sleep, and his throat has two light red marks from the edges of it. "The suspect that attacked me, when I was taking him in. His name was Garrett Jacob Hobbs." He pauses. "You might know him better as the Minnesota Shrike."

Hannibal clears his throat. "I've heard the name, yes."

"He attacked me," Will says. "You already know that. I already told you that. What I didn't tell you is that, well, I attacked him back." He takes a drink of water, and his hands aren't shaking. He doesn't smell nervous, or afraid. Hannibal would kill to know what he's thinking – wonders, if he were to open Will's skull, if the thoughts would be there, as though carved into stone. "Even as my vision was fading – I lost a lot of blood, you understand. He got me good. But I attacked him. Sank my teeth into his neck and -."

He stops, and swallows. Hannibal turns from the leg on the counter, approaches the island on the other side of Will. He is enthralled, he'll admit, by this secret truth Will is giving him. Despite what he knows of Alphas, and despite knowing Will was a cop, and worked for the FBI, it never occurred to him that Will had it in him to be violent.

An oversight he would do well not to make again.

"He was a cannibal," Will murmurs. "A carnivore."

He clicks his tongue, finds Hannibal in the darkness of the room. His eyes are on Hannibal's face, not quite locking, he can't do that. But Hannibal feels pinned by his gaze all the same.

"There's a very specific flavor to someone who eats their own kind," Will whispers. "I thought I was imagining it at first. Projecting. Then…"

"Then you bit me again," Hannibal finishes for him. "Tasted me again."

Will nods, and he smiles. "You know, Jack never believed me. I felt like – I felt that the Ripper was an Omega, an unmated one. I could feel it, in my chest, whenever I looked at his kills. Jack was adamant I was wrong. Omegas aren't confident like that, he'd say. They aren't aggressive like that. They don't *kill*."

"Yes," Hannibal agrees quietly, and thinks of Isaac Jameson. During his trial, it had been revealed that he'd been under the influence of an Alpha. He'd been given the death penalty. A mercy killing. "I imagine it would be very hard to convince Uncle Jack of that."

Will licks his lips, nodding once. His shoulders roll, and he takes another drink of water. "Are you going to kill me?" he asks, and he asks it like one might inquire about the weather. No fear. He's not a prey animal.

"That depends," Hannibal replies. Honestly, for Will deserves honesty. "How does this conversation end?"

Will swallows, and sets his glass down. "You're an artist, Hannibal," he murmurs. "I can remember every kill, in perfect clarity. And I remember how they made me feel. Assured. Secure. And when I'm with you, I feel it. I don't…" He clears his throat, swallowing harshly. "I don't want to lose that feeling. Ever again."

Hannibal tilts his head to one side, considering.

"I won't tell Alana," Will continues. "I won't tell Jack. I won't tell anyone. But you make me feel…alive. And I feel like I never know myself as well as know myself when I'm with you."

He looks towards Hannibal again, but his eyes are lower, in the vague direction of Hannibal's hands.

Hannibal cannot speak, can scarcely breathe. He thinks back to his conversation with his mind-palace version of Will that morning. Secret door number three.

Acceptance.

Will stands, and Hannibal straightens up, as Will circles the counter. He takes one of Hannibal's hands in his own, clicks his tongue, and turns them so they're both standing in front of the leg Hannibal brought up with him. Will shivers, and reaches out, his touch landing feather-light on the taxi driver's knee. His touch skirts down, over the calf muscle, to the unmistakable jut of ankle, the recognizable shape of a foot.

There's no revulsion on his face. His expression is open, and calm. He licks his lips and looks to Hannibal. "What was his offence?" he murmurs.

Hannibal clears his throat, dazed; "He was a taxi driver," he murmurs. "He was very rude, and I found myself thinking that he may have ferried you at one point. I found the idea intolerable."

Will smiles, genuine and wide. His eyes are shining.

He looks away, to the knife block, and leans over to take one out. His fingers touch the corner, slide up, curl around a handle and pull a knife free. It's a long, triangular blade, smooth and sharp and made for slicing meat. He thumbs the blade of it, as though testing he's found the right one, and looks to Hannibal.

"May I?" he asks.

Hannibal's mouth floods with saliva. He swallows, and clears his throat. "Of course," he replies.

Will smiles again, cheeks turning pink. He looks down to the leg, flattens his hand over the thigh muscle.

Hesitates.

"Will you show me how?"

Hannibal's breath leaves him all at once. He moves, flattens himself to Will's back, and covers each of the Alpha's hands with one of his own. Will shivers in his arms, and Hannibal presses his nose to Will's neck, smells on him no fear, no anxiety. He's sweet and willing as ever, and bares his neck to Hannibal's mouth, trusting.

Hannibal kisses him there, angles the knife in Will's hand so that they can slide up the calf, severing it from bone and tendon. "So full of surprises," he murmurs, smiling, soft and pleased.

Will huffs a laugh, and lets Hannibal guide him in slicing, from Achilles tendon to the back of the knee in one smooth stroke. Flesh, especially cold flesh, does not yield easily, but Will is strong, and Hannibal is strong, and it parts for their design.

When it is done, all usable meat stripped from bone, Hannibal sets the meat to one side and leans Will to the sink so they can wash their hands. He remains at Will's back, unwilling to let go of this newfound intimacy, this shared truth, this impossibly compatible, beautiful Alpha that unwittingly stumbled into a spider's web and made himself at home.

When Will's hands are clean, Hannibal turns him, and kisses him deeply. When he pulls back, Will's expression is soft, his smile gentle and wide, showing his teeth. His eyes, oh, his eyes shine, glittering like sunlight off seawater.

Hannibal cups his face, hands damp, and rests their foreheads together, and finds himself, once again, lost for words. What could he possibly say?

Will smiles, touches Hannibal's cheeks, and flattens his warm, damp palms on Hannibal's jaws. He kisses Hannibal, chaste and sweet.

"Can I stay?" he whispers.

Hannibal's tongue loosens, and his chest vibrates with his purr. "Yes, darling," he replies. "For as long as you desire."

Will huffs, but the sound is bright with joy. It flows from him in waves, colored with teal and lavender, his scent blissfully sweet with happiness and contentment. Hannibal must admit, Will was right, though it's in the reverse: there is nothing like the scent of a happy Alpha. A happy mate.

They kiss again, until the sky turns pink, and Hannibal parts from him with great reluctance. After all, it would hardly do for the meat to spoil, and he owes Will a feast.

Chapter End Notes

I really, really loved writing this, I'll say it loud and proud. What was meant to be a little piece to sate my dom!Omega!Hannibal itch exploded into this monster and every word was a delight to write. I hope you guys enjoyed the ride at least half as much as I did. Thank you to everyone who commented, bookmarked, reblogged, and left kudos on this fic. I love you all.

See you in the next work (:

Evolution

Chapter Notes

> eyyyyyyy another chapter no one asked for but here it is! I couldn't resist doing a little 'slice of life' murder husbands thing, so of course that exploded into a 12k chapter because who needs sleep, right? enjoy!

Warm, firm hands. A gently-pressing weight against the backs of his thighs. Hannibal wakes to these sensations in tandem, huffs and rolls his shoulders up into the sure, even press of knuckles and fingertips as they drag down each side of his spine, chasing tension away. Fissures of pleasure follow the motion, and Hannibal turns his head, cheek to his pillows, and smiles as he opens his eyes. In his view, Will's shoulder is bare, his wayward mess of tangled curls framing his face as he leans down, runs his nose up to the sharp jut of Hannibal's shoulder blade, then up, to his neck. He kisses the sleep-warm skin there, finds Hannibal's cheek, maps the bulge of his smile with a gentle kiss.

He hums, spreads his hands out wide and presses down on either side of Hannibal's spine. "Morning."

Hannibal's smile widens. He arches, stretches, sighing when Will nuzzles his neck and runs his thumbs in firm strokes up Hannibal's spine, cupping his shoulders. There's heat at his back telling him that Will has been at this for a while – strange, Hannibal is normally a light sleeper, and yet since he mated with Will, has found himself almost comatose whenever he has the Alpha's chest against his back, his lungs full of Will's mild mint-chocolate scent.

"Good morning, Will," he replies, throat hoarse. Will smiles, kisses the swell of his shoulder, and returns to his task of massaging Hannibal's back. His hands, callused, are warm and wide, strong when they find knots of protesting muscle between blade and spine and circle, press, as attentive to these as he is to the rest of Hannibal's body. "Did you sleep well?"

Will hums, parts his jaws and kisses open-mouthed at the pink splotch of heat on Hannibal's shoulder. Hannibal's arms tingle, subtly, muscles telling him that they are being warped and shaped under the Alpha's hands, forced into submission, into pliancy.

"Yeah," Will replies, a soft exhale. He's sitting on Hannibal's thighs, settled comfortably, and Hannibal turns his head further, catches the sight of Will's sweatpants stretched tight over his knees and thighs. The Alpha's chest is bare. He doesn't wear a shirt to bed, since more often than not Hannibal wakes him with a kiss to his neck, a bite to his chest. Neither of them prefer clothes to hinder that process.

His chest is a mottled mess of bruises and bites, spanning wide in sharp, circling lines of Hannibal's whim between his waistband and his collarbones, up over his neck. Though his

legs are hidden, Hannibal knows they are similarly marked – his back, too. Will is a monument to Hannibal's savagery, his fierce brand of love, and Hannibal shivers with pleasure, seeing him like this.

He turns further and Will rises to his knees, letting him roll to his back. He settles atop Hannibal again, smile sweet as he leans down, cups Hannibal's face and rests their foreheads together. His shoulders roll, fingertips pressing just a little firmer than the rest of his hands, his sweet lips parted, asking without words for a kiss.

Hannibal smiles, threads his fingers through Will's hair, catches his mouth and pulls Will to him. Will growls, very softly, into it, one hand leaving Hannibal's face and pressing flat to the bed beside his head for balance as they kiss. Will's lips part, letting Hannibal taste him – he's been awake long enough to brush his teeth, it seems, as Hannibal tastes the mint on his tongue.

The thought of Will having left his bed makes him growl, and he surges up, catches Will in his claws and rolls Will onto his back. The Alpha gasps, eyes bright and flickering red, settling somewhere in the vicinity of Hannibal's mouth.

Hannibal's smile widens, half-feral, and he lets his weight settle over his mate. Will shivers, bites his lower lip, his fingers touching feather-light to the scarring bite on Hannibal's neck, still healing. Will hasn't bitten him since, since the day he returned to Hannibal and they laid out the bare truth between them. Though the bite itself it healed, bruising remains, throbbing and tender when touched.

Will still spends most nights here, eating eagerly from Hannibal's table, helping him cut the meat, learning the navigational points and turns of his kitchen as well as how to move around Hannibal within it.

Will now moves confidently through every piece of Hannibal's home, and the air is colored with their mixed scents, sweet mint chocolate and Hannibal's, something richer. Will said he smells like whiskey and rare meat – something meant to taste with cigar smoke and dark rooms filled with leather chairs and old books. Hannibal thinks it's a mighty fine fit, and likes that their scents are so complimentary.

His hands slide down Will's flanks, take him by the hips and lifts him, so Will's half-hard cock ruts against his own through their clothes. Will shivers, sucking in a breath, and offers a charming half-smile.

"I wasn't expecting sex, you know," he says, laughing the words. His hands come to a rest on Hannibal's chest, curling. "I just wanted to touch you."

Hannibal grins, for though it sounds like a cheap line, he knows Will means it with the utmost sincerity. "And now?" he purrs, leaning down for another kiss and digging his nails into Will's flesh, half his fingers on Will's bared skin, the other half blunt through his clothes.

Will's breath hitches, his eyes darkening with red, the scent of his arousal turning him thick, heavy. "Now," he rasps, and clears his throat. His hands flatten, slide up Hannibal's shoulders and curl, there. "I still want -." He lets out a soft whine – such a sweet, needy sound – and

curls his shoulders up, finds Hannibal's jaw and kisses open-mouthed, teeth edging there. Hannibal growls, turns his head and catches Will's mouth, rutting his cock against his mate's through their clothes. He can feel his chest getting warm, spine burning with the now-familiar first eddies of arousal, as they coalesce and form edges, drag down his spine like claws and settle low in his belly. He's getting slick, warm at Will's touch, at the scent of him.

He breaks the kiss, puts his teeth to Will's ear, bites down on the skin just below. "Tell me what you want, Will," he growls.

Will trembles, thighs tightening around Hannibal's hips, feet planted on the bed so he can arch, grab.

"I want you," he breathes, licking his lips, parting them, showing Hannibal his upper teeth and the sweet slip of his tongue. "Can I?"

Hannibal smiles, and leans down for another kiss. "Of course, darling," he murmurs. Being with Will, in any variation, has always been a pleasurable experience. They give and take of each other like tides, sometimes ebbing, something rising up to consume their shores.

He straightens, plants his hand to Will's neck in a brief squeeze, to tell him to stay down. Will obeys, swallowing harshly, his chest heaving, eyes closing slowly.

Hannibal growls, and takes his chin in his hand, tugging lightly. "Open," he murmurs, and Will does, wide-eyed and staring in the direction of Hannibal's voice. "I want to see those beautiful eyes."

Will whines, his hands fluttering, settling on Hannibal's thighs as Hannibal lets him go again, curls his fingers in the waistband of Will's lounge pants and tugs, exposing his cock, his bitten thighs. Hannibal pulls from him, drags the clothing down his legs and off, sheds his own clothes and covers Will, lets their skin slide together. Will has grown damp, trembling with desire, his cock now thick and hard against his stomach.

Hannibal grinds against him, their legs entwining, and he threads his fingers through Will's hair, makes him arch up for a kiss. Will moans into his mouth, breath dragging heavy, growls when Hannibal's cock slides wetly along his own, and Hannibal's slick drips between his thighs, wetting them both.

Will grabs for him, digs gentle fingertips to Hannibal's hips, cups his thighs and forces him to spread, to sit on Will's lap so they can roll together more easily. Hannibal drags his mouth to Will's jaw, his neck, parts his lips and kisses open-mouthed on one of many bruises and bite marks he's left. This one has an imprint of his teeth in it and he fits his jaws to it, sinking down again, and Will trembles, cock twitching and spilling a weak spurt of precum onto his stomach.

Will groans, the sound weak and wanting. He squeezes Hannibal's thighs and Hannibal purrs, dragging his nails down Will's chest and raising sharp red lines.

"*Hannibal*," he breathes, desperate and soft. His eyes are glazed, unfocused, and when Hannibal lifts his head, he finds Will staring up like he's seeing something wonderful. Will

licks his lips, breath hitching, and lets out another weak noise.

Will's hands spread out, warm and wide on his thighs, and he shivers. "Please."

Hannibal smiles, leans down and seeks Will's mouth again, kisses him in a way that makes Will's stomach sink in, his shoulders arching up. Hannibal kisses him again, drawing more sweet noises from Will's chest, and shifts his weight, rises up and takes Will's cock in hand, guiding it between his legs.

Will lets out a sound of protest. "You're not -. Wait."

Hannibal pauses, head tilted.

Will breathes out, hands shaking but sure as they slide up Hannibal's flanks. "Let me get you ready."

Hannibal smiles, pleased at Will's diligence – they've been together long enough that Hannibal is sure his body could take Will's cock with little stretching, using only slick and the natural relaxants his body produces when aroused, but Will's fingers, his touch, is just as pleasurable, and certainly not something he would deny himself.

He rises off of Will, and Will rears up, touching Hannibal wherever he can. Hannibal goes to his hands and knees, sinks to his elbows, and Will freezes.

His breath goes very quiet, his entire body still. He touches Hannibal tentatively, as though testing the curve of his spine, the flex of his thighs. The placement of his feet as he slowly, oh so slowly, kneels between them.

"Is this what you want?" he breathes, hands settling widely on Hannibal's hips, cupping the bone.

Hannibal nods, understanding Will's surprise, his eager yet hesitant voice. Though Hannibal has taken Will this way, it means something different when it's the Omega like this, in the classic mounting position. It is more implicitly submissive, subservient, to bear an Alpha's weight and remain unmoving and still while they mount to their heart's content.

He lets out a soft, encouraging sound, sinking to his elbows and arching back. Will shivers, settles on his heels, and leans down to kiss Hannibal's spine, drag his nose through the damp tease of sweat there.

His fingers tighten on Hannibal's hips, and his voice is low, aching with desire. "Can I use my mouth?"

Unbidden, Hannibal shivers, snarling low at the offer. "Yes," he says, surprised and yet wholly familiar with the way Will affects him whenever he asks for something so sweetly. His mate is ever-careful, ever-aware of his perceived social standing and power over Hannibal. He even has a Voice – Hannibal knows he does, as his throat got sore and he became too hoarse to speak the first day and a half after biting Hannibal again, but he never uses it. Never even pretends he will try.

Will trembles, sucking in a breath, and kisses Hannibal's spine. Drags his cheek, rough with stubble, down, and his hands move, slide to Hannibal's flesh and part him, baring his slick hole. Will breathes in deeply, the sound shaky and loud.

Hannibal snarls, fingers curling to fists as he feels Will's tongue lick over him, gathering slick. Will lets out a breathless, eager sound at the taste of him, tightens his hands and dives in again. Omegas are sensitive here, and the slick drag of Will's tongue is like a kiss to his nape, a hand in his hair. Hannibal shivers, and lets a soft, eager whine escape him, bowing his head and closing his eyes as he lets his body wash itself with the sensation.

Will moans, encouraged, incensed at the taste. He presses in with his tongue, parts Hannibal's rim, curls just inside to gather more of his slick. He's eager, pulls his tongue away and sucks a wet, loud kiss to Hannibal's perineum before diving back in.

He's snarling, Alpha instinct driving him to drink Hannibal down, to feel him part and tremble under his mouth and hands. One of Will's fingers touches him, sinks in with his tongue, curling down to stretch him out as Will keeps tasting. Hannibal imagines his sense of taste – sensitive enough to know the taste of a meat-eater in an Omega's blood – is powerful, overwhelming and overloading him.

Hannibal growls, reaches down with one hand to fist his cock and stroke, tight and quick as Will keeps licking. Will groans, adds a second finger as Hannibal clenches up around him, drinks his slick as it spills over Will's knuckles. Will's face will be soaked with him. Hannibal's mouth is dry, desperate to lick him clean.

Hannibal's chest tightens, his gut clenches, as Will nips at his rim, sucks another loud, open-mouthed kiss to the crease in his thigh as his fingers push deep, find Hannibal's prostate and press there. Hannibal tightens his hand on the head of his cock, moaning lowly as the arousal in the base of his spine flares, howls, drags out of him. He bears down on Will's fingers, trembling as his orgasm slides down his spine and makes his breath catch.

"*Fuck*," Will growls, and rises to his knees, sliding his slick mouth along Hannibal's spine. He pushes in with his fingers, rubbing them along Hannibal's prostate, eagerly dragging his orgasm out as Hannibal shivers and snarls.

"Will," Hannibal growls, letting go of his cock and reaching back to drag his nails across Will's neck, grab his throat with an uncoordinated move and pull him upright until Will is laid flat across his back, nose to his neck, fingers withdrawn and strong arms caging him in. Will shudders, bites his lower lip and whines, burying his face in Hannibal's neck.

Hannibal snarls, impatience rising up in him, hungry and snapping. Will wraps his arms around Hannibal's chest, shoulders and hips flexing, cock dragging heavy and warm through the slick on Hannibal's thighs.

"I need – I need a minute," Will says. Hannibal can smell his own slick on Will's tongue, sweet and thick, and Will snarls, bares his teeth and surges forward, slides his hands up Hannibal's chest, to his arms, fingers wrapped around his biceps and digging in like he needs to hold onto Hannibal or be swept away by a great tide.

Hannibal growls. "My patience will not last long, darling," he says, a warning, incensed by the heat of Will above him, the angry, half-sated emptiness in him, the rush of his heart, the desperate way Will is panting against his neck.

Will whines, ducks his head and rests, forehead and teeth against Hannibal's shoulder. "I'm sorry," he whispers. Pulls his fingers back, cups instead around Hannibal's heaving ribs. "I won't tease you. I'll be good."

Before Hannibal can reply – though what he might have said, he is not sure – Will leans back, gently nudges Hannibal's knees apart so that he is lower to the bed, and ruts his cock through the slickness between his legs. His cockhead catches, sinks in just a little, and Will trembles, snarling lowly. Hannibal breathes in, tastes Alpha desire, mint-chocolate sharpness on the roof of his mouth, and then Will covers him, stubble on his jaw against Hannibal's shoulder, hands gripping his waist tightly, and he holds Hannibal still, forces him to bear Will's weight on knees and elbows, and jerks his hips, pushing all the way inside in one smooth thrust.

Hannibal can't help the moan that escapes him, eyelids fluttering in shocked pleasure as Will's cockhead parts his tender muscles, butts up against his overstimulated prostate and puts pressure there. To lay with Will is always enjoyable, but Will's mouth and tongue have made his flesh tender, sensitive.

He shivers, bows his head and lets Will nuzzle, there. Feels Will's jaws part, teasing at a bite – though Will has told him he no longer has the urge, that was a product of Hannibal's heat, and now his scent is more than enough.

Will wastes no time in setting up a rhythm, the rumble in his chest vibrating Hannibal's spine to dust. The slick slide of their skin, the sounds of their bodies colliding fills the air, something wet and obscene and Will moans, shudders, digs his nails in an oft-absent show of dominance, the desire to inflict pain.

Then, achingly soft, he growls; "Can you come again?"

Hannibal swallows his mouthful of saliva, teeth and tongue dry and wanting for Will's neck. He rolls his shoulders and turns his head, nuzzles lightly at Will's curls – Will is shorter than him, in this position it's all he can reach.

"Yes," he replies, and clenches around Will in emphasis. Will whines – a weak, broken sound. "But not like this."

Will nods, a shaky exhale the only sound of protest, though Hannibal doesn't believe it counts, before he pulls out with a swift, stuttering move. Hannibal turns immediately, catches Will by the neck and through his hair, pulls him into place between Hannibal's legs and Will covers him, hands on his hips, mouth desperately seeking and finding Hannibal's to give eager answer.

Will slides into him once they settle, Hannibal's shoulders propped up by pillows, Will's thighs nudged up tightly under his own so that Hannibal is curled up, can claw at Will's shoulders and back, at the nape of his neck. Will whines, their foreheads touching, and kisses Hannibal again, sharing the taste of Hannibal's slick.

One of his hands slicks through the mess of seed and sweat on Hannibal's cock, on his thighs, and he uses it to wet his fingers when he wraps them around Hannibal. The flesh is tender, sensitive, but eager – when not in heat, Omegas have no biological, uncontrollable impulse to mate, to experience pleasure, but their refractory periods will always be faster than those of Alphas.

Hannibal threads his fingers through Will's sweaty hair, pulls him to his neck and licks over one of the yellowy bruises coloring Will's throat. Will whimpers, hips jerking, rutting tight and deep into Hannibal, his free hand strong on Hannibal's hip, forcing him down like he can get deeper. Hannibal's stomach clenches, body tightening when Will twists his hand and his cockhead finds Hannibal's prostate.

He groans, biting at Will's neck, keeps it gentle for now, does not shed blood. Yet Will whines for him, tightens his hand on Hannibal's cock, forehead resting on Hannibal's shoulder to keep his throat exposed and the heat of him covering Hannibal from all sides.

"You feel so good," he whispers. Hannibal has learned he does this when he's close – talks. Like he has to hear something other than the pounding of his heart and the rush of air in and out of him. Hannibal purrs in answer, pleased at the Alpha's sincerity, placated by the compliment. He bites Will again, sucks a mark that will turn purple, first, then red as it fades. "*God*, Hannibal, I can't – I gotta -."

"It's alright, Will," Hannibal purrs, licking to Will's ear, biting down gently on the thin, pink skin below it. He nuzzles Will's hair, cups his nape and cradles him close, drags nails across Will's shoulders hard enough to raise red lines. "Don't hold back, darling. Show me how good is feels."

Will groans, jaw clenched, shoulders tight, hips rolling. He goes still against Hannibal and lets go of his cock, nails dug into Hannibal's thighs to keep him in position as Will ruts his hips, gasping, and Hannibal shivers, and sucks at Will's neck as Will's knot swells, locking them together. Will is beautiful like this, blushing and bruised from the neck down, trembling with sensation in Hannibal's arms. The sounds of their breathing, the rumbles they exchange as Will gasps, moans, licks over Hannibal's shoulder and up to his neck, to his jaw, to his mouth, are heavy and satisfying. The stretch of Will's knot inside of him forces his sensitive muscles to part, the fullness and then the warmth as Will starts to come, to fill him, and is like the desire to devour and consume, to sate hunger on the deepest level.

Will's hands release him, he flattens one on his chest, the other in the pillows, and he leans over Hannibal, kisses him once, again, again, teeth and tongue, shivering every time Hannibal answers him in kind. Hannibal growls, closes his eyes and tugs on Will's hair just to hear him whimper, soaking in the sound of it, the scent of him, as he reaches between their bellies to touch himself.

Will moans when Hannibal's body spasms, eyes and mouth tight at the corners from overstimulation. Will's cock twitches inside of him, spilling again, and Hannibal growls, tugs Will to him, and parts his jaws wide on Will's shoulder, sinks his teeth through skin, splitting it and wetting his dry mouth with Will's sweet blood – the perfect compliment with the salt of his flesh.

Will sags, pliant, submissive to Hannibal's bite. His breathes are juddering, every inhale shaken and exhale soft. "Yeah," he whispers, and tilts his head to give Hannibal more room. "That's it. Mark me up, sweetheart."

Hannibal snarls, drinking down another mouthful, then one more, before he pulls away and licks Will's sluggishly leaking mark. Will trembles for him, letting out a whine both plaintive and satisfied, and turns his head, breathing in the scent of his own blood on Hannibal's tongue as Hannibal takes in the scent of his slick. Hannibal kisses him again, and Will arches to it, sleek and desperate.

Hannibal sighs, sated to the bone, and removes his hand from his cock, twitching with aftershocks and smearing his fingers through the new mess he left on their stomachs. Often, it is Will's blood, his reaction to being bitten, that brings Hannibal over the edge when he doesn't last long enough to do it with his cock or his knot or his hand.

Hannibal smiles, kisses Will's sweaty forehead, and sinks his dirty fingers between Will's lips, pleased when Will sucks on his fingers immediately, obediently, pink cheeks hollowing, and eager tongue sliding between in a teasing lick.

The position they're in is fairly comfortable to wait out Will's knot, though Will shakes. Hannibal smiles, sighs, and leans his head back against the headboard, absently petting Will's hair as Will rests his cheek on Hannibal's chest, still sucking his fingers, still twitching as he empties himself into Hannibal.

They remain like that for several moments more, until Will's knot deflates, and he pulls back, letting Hannibal rest his thighs and instead pillowing himself at Hannibal's side, cheek on his shoulder, nose to his neck. Hannibal pulls his fingers from Will's sweet mouth, wraps his free arm around Will and turns to his side, thumb sliding along Will's lower lip, before he cups his jaw and pulls him into a kiss.

Will smiles, purring in pleasure as Hannibal kisses him. Hannibal touches his fresh bite and Will whines, but doesn't flinch. He never flinches from Hannibal's touch, whether its design is to bring pain or pleasure.

They part when there is no more air, and Will settles with another happy sigh. The scent of a pleased, sated Alpha is soaked in the air, and Hannibal smiles, kissing Will's forehead again and drawing him close.

Will sighs. "What time is it?" he asks.

Hannibal huffs, sitting up for just a moment to spy the clock on his nightstand. "Just past eight," he replies.

Will groans, rubbing his hand over his face. "I need to get up," he complains. "Jack wanted me to come in and…" He stops, bites his lower lip. His cheeks color.

Hannibal tilts his head to one side, curious at Will's reaction. "What does he want from you, darling?" he murmurs, brushing his thumb over the sweet pink on Will's cheek.

Will clears his throat. "There was another murder," he says. "He wants me to take a look at it."

Hannibal frowns. "…How?" he asks, and winces at the blunt phrasing.

Will smiles. If he feels any insult at the question, he doesn't show it, but there's no darkness in his eyes, as they return to the soft blue of ocean skies, the red retreating. "Sometimes he has people come in and describe it to me," he replies. "Or if it's fresh, he lets me touch the scenes after the analysts take what they need. Recently he's been having someone make dioramas."

Hannibal cannot help himself – he huffs an amused laugh. "So he makes you play with toys?"

"Basically," Will replies, rolling his eyes. "I'd be more offended, but it's actually helpful." He swallows, looks considering. "He's gotten off my back since I started agreeing with him. About the Ripper."

"Oh?"

"I told him I was wrong, that the Ripper is an Alpha." Will smiles, sharp and off-kilter. "Satisfied him enough to stop hounding me on it. But…" He shrugs one shoulder. "It's not like the Ripper has done anything to catch his attention recently."

Hannibal tilts his head to one side, considering that. He brushes his knuckles gently over Will's cheek, and cups his jaw. "Would you like him to?" he asks.

Will's breath catches, a flint-strike of interest, of desire, passing over his face before he schools his expression. But it's enough – enough to betray him, to damn him. He swallows, flushing a darker pink like rare meat.

Hannibal smiles. "Tell me, Will."

"I don't want you to kill for me," Will says, a crease his brow, a huff of frustration falling from his mouth. "I mean, you should do what you want to do. I don't want you to change."

Hannibal's smile widens.

"Perhaps a compromise, then," he purrs, nuzzling Will with a soft touch. Will blinks at him, frowning. "I have been neglecting certain aspects of my life, finding your company much more enjoyable, but…" He pauses, makes sure he can see Will's face to gauge his reaction; "I see no reason I cannot combine the two."

Will's frown deepens; confused, not angry.

"I'd like to take you out," Hannibal explains. "We can go to the Opera, or a concert. Something you will enjoy. I can present you to my social group and, if someone strikes our fancy…"

Will smiles, laughing fondly. His hands rest on Hannibal's chest, fingers curling through the hair there. "You can't kill someone you know," he says, rolling his eyes. "That's like murder 101."

"You misunderstand me, Will," Hannibal replies. His fingers brush over Will's cheek again. He cannot resist touching Will, ever, when he is in the Alpha's presence. When Will is away from him, his chest is tight, the frantic line of their bond tugging him, compelling him to seek his mate out, to bury his hands in Will's hair, to drink his soft purrs and growls. It is the kind of attachment Hannibal never sought for himself, never thought he would like – and yet, knowing Will feels it too, seeing the relief on his face and shining in his eyes whenever Hannibal touches him, soothes him like no bite, no meal, ever could. "You are my mate, now – as a result, the people I interact with should know about you. They should meet you."

Will blinks, expression clearing with understanding. He smiles, smug and fine. "You want to show me off," he says.

Hannibal laughs, and kisses Will, for he cannot resist Will when he smiles like that. "In a way," he admits, freely, happily. "Yes."

"I've never been to the Opera," Will says, quiet and thoughtful. "I hear it's quite the spectacle."

"There is nothing like it," Hannibal replies, purring with excitement. "So you'll go with me?"

"I'd go anywhere with you," Will murmurs, so sincere, so sweet.

Hannibal smiles, and kisses him again.

Will looks absolutely breathtaking. He is charming as ever, a wolf dressed as a trusted sheepdog as he navigates the socialites and high society eager to scent the fresh meat, the new blood in the water. Presenting Will as his mate had garnered much attention, and right now Will is thoroughly encased in Missus Komeda's claws. She looks at him with a fond, manic smile, like a mother who is finally meeting her child's first boyfriend.

Hannibal knows several others have looked curiously at his neck, seeing no bite as it sits low enough that his collar hides it. Will, in comparison, wears his marks brazenly. He has taken a cane with him, long and white and red at the tip, though Hannibal senses it's more for the sake of other people than himself. He navigates the room with a certain ease, and has remained at Hannibal's side for most of the night, so Hannibal can help him avoid knocking into people, and find his seat.

"How did you like the performance, Will?" Missus Komeda asks, smile wide and gummy.

Will grins at her. "It was lovely," he says, and looks in Hannibal's direction. Finds him easily, as though his gaze is magnetized to Hannibal. "This is my first time at the Opera, but I daresay I will quickly find myself addicted to it."

Hannibal smiles, settling a hand on Will's shoulder, pleased that Will enjoyed himself so much. Will shifts his weight, leaning into him. His shoulders are lax, his smile genuine, and

he smells delightfully happy, at ease.

Hannibal feels a presence at his side, and Missus Komeda's eyes flash. "Hannibal," she says lightly, "I believe there is a young man trying to get your attention."

Hannibal turns, sighing through his nose as he finds Franklyn at his elbow. The Omega is practically bouncing on the balls of his feet, with all the grace of an overstuffed turkey as his golden eyes meet Hannibal's and he smiles widely. At his side is a tall, dark-skinned man. An Alpha – Hannibal can smell the stench of him easily. He smells eerily like marble and glass, a coldness lacking flavor. Hannibal's hand slides down Will's spine without conscious thought, pulling him closer.

"Hello, Franklyn," he says, and offers his other hand.

"Hi!" Franklyn replies, taking his hand with both and shaking vigorously. "So great to see you here! How did you like the performance?"

"I liked it very much," Hannibal replies coolly. He looks at the other man, meets his eyes and lifts his chin. The Alpha smiles at him, faint, something decidedly predatory about the darkness in his eyes.

Hannibal forces himself to smile. "Oh!" Franklyn says. "Let me introduce my friend. Tobias Budge. Tobias, this is Doctor Lecter. He's my therapist."

"Charmed," Tobias says, his voice low. He holds his hand out and Hannibal takes it, growling internally at the feel of his cool palm. He withdraws his hand and resists the urge to wipe it on his suit jacket.

Technically, it is improper for an Omega to make introductions – that is reserved for the Alphas present, or, if this was one of Hannibal's parties, as host he would be free to make introductions as he sees fit, being the leader and acting-Alpha of the gathering. Franklyn's behavior is borderline uncouth, especially as he's still rocking on his heels like an excited puppy.

Will turns. Hannibal feels his attention as it moves from Missus Komeda, to their new companions. He watches Tobias turn his eyes to Will, rake him up and down. Watches as he smiles, slick and snake-like. Missus Komeda moves away, either sensing the tension or finding another conversation partner more to her taste, leaving the four men alone.

"Good evening," Tobias purrs, in a way that sets Hannibal's teeth on edge. This is one of the things he knew he would not like – as a mated Omega, the role of conversationalist is reserved until Will bridges the gap. As the Alpha, it's his decision and choice to engage with Budge and welcome Hannibal into the conversation. "Tobias Budge. Pleased to meet you."

Will's eyes flash. He holds out his hand in Tobias' direction. "Will Graham," he says. Hannibal blinks, surprised at the sudden change in Will's voice. He sounds hostile, and his free hand settles at Hannibal's side as Tobias shakes his hand.

Tobias is clearly trained on how conversation goes amongst the elite, for he smiles and nods at Franklyn. "This is Franklyn Froideveaux. I believe the Omegas already know each other."

Will's upper lip twitches, and Hannibal smiles, pleased that Will seems similarly insulted at Tobias' blasé, impersonal reference to Hannibal and Franklyn. He nods at Franklyn, offering his hand, which Franklyn takes and shakes, more reserved than how he'd touched Hannibal. "Franklyn, I'm happy to meet you," he says, much more gently than how he'd addressed Tobias. His eyes dart back to the other Alpha, sharpen and settle in the vague direction of Tobias' neck. His fingers curl at Hannibal's side, knuckles brushing his thigh.

"How do you two know each other?" Franklyn asks, wide-eyed. Hannibal tilts his head, eyebrows raised. He cannot imagine there is any mistaking their mixed scents, or the bites on Will's neck, nor the way they stand so intimately together.

Since, technically, Hannibal has not been welcomed into this dynamic of four, it would be improper for him to speak before Will addresses him. But Will frowns, silent, as though expecting him to speak.

Finally, he says; "I'm Hannibal's mate." The way he phrases it is deliberate – not claiming, but accepting that he is claimed. Will turns into him, touches Hannibal's arm. "Hannibal, will you show me where the restrooms are?"

Hannibal smiles, and takes Will's hand. "Of course, darling," he murmurs, and gives Tobias and Franklyn a gracious nod. "If you'll excuse us."

He takes Will away, to a small antechamber where the entrances to the bathrooms are, but Will stops him, a hand on his chest. "Why didn't you say anything?" he asks, frowning in confusion.

Hannibal smiles, and sighs. "It's improper for an unintroduced Omega to start a conversation with someone they do not know," he replies. Will's eyes grow dark, his expression black with outrage. "Since you did not present me to Tobias, it was not my place to address him. Or Franklyn, in his presence."

"That's…" Will snarls, shakes his head. "That's fucking insane."

Hannibal shrugs one shoulder. "It's the way things are," he replies lightly. "One of the reasons, I confess, I resisted taking a mate for so long." He sighs. "Now that you are my Alpha, it's your role to introduce me to people we don't know. Most people here are… traditional, like that."

Will lets out another short, impatient sound. "I'm sorry," he says, running a hand through his hair. "I didn't know."

"It's quite alright, darling," Hannibal says, stepping close and taking Will's hand from his hair, kissing his knuckles. Will bites his lower lip, eyes wide and threaded with red as he looks upwards at Hannibal. "I wouldn't expect you to know the rules of places like this. And I agree with you – they are outdated and archaic and I have no desire to understand or obey them."

Will frowns. "Then don't obey them," he says. "If you want to speak, speak. My presence shouldn't -. I don't want to do that to you."

"I know," Hannibal replies, his smile widening. He drops Will's hand and cups his nape instead, pulling him in for a chaste kiss. "That is one of the reasons I adore you so much."

Will shivers, a smile tugging at the edges of his mouth.

Hannibal tilts his head. "You were very hostile towards Tobias," he murmurs.

Will nods. He looks down at his hand, raises his palm and breathes in. He blinks, brow furrowing. "I've smelled him before," he says, very quietly. "Today. At the murder Jack took me to. I caught his scent, the coldness of it, the sharpness. I recognized it."

Hannibal blinks, lets out a curious noise.

"I think he was responsible." Will turns his head, as though to look over his shoulder. He sucks in a breath. "I'm willing to bet money he was involved, somehow. But I can't know for sure. Jack has a suspect but – but he won't send me to investigate, of course."

Hannibal smiles, purring, and touches his forehead to Will's. "Well," he murmurs, "is there any way we can sate that curiosity, here?"

Will frowns, swallowing. "Maybe," he whispers in reply. "But I don't -. I don't want to talk to people who treat you like that. He called you an *Omega*, like that's all you are." His upper lip curls, showing his teeth. "I'd kill him just for that."

How delightfully chivalrous. Hannibal's purr grows louder, and he sees it settle over Will, sees the light come to his eyes that always comes when Hannibal is pleased. He ducks his head, puts his teeth to Will's ear;

"If you want him, darling, I will be more than happy to help you."

Will lets out a quiet, feral-sounding snarl. He tilts his head, considering, and puts his eyes back on Hannibal's mouth. "How will we do it?" he murmurs. He frowns. "I don't want to be around people like that again, but if he *is* the killer, or maybe a witness…"

"I'll confess, his presence set me on edge immediately," Hannibal replies, just as quiet, for who knows the people lingering in the bathrooms, wanting to listen in on quiet conversation. Even as he pauses, a dainty Omega, young and lithe, brushes past them and goes into the Omega bathrooms. He waits until the door swings shut. "Though whether that's because of who he is, or what he is, I cannot say."

"That's enough for me," Will declares. He reaches out, flattens his fingers gently on Hannibal's lapel, and bites his lower lip. "I'll need you to be my eyes."

Hannibal smiles, and has to take a moment, shaken at the soft confession. It's said so… sweetly, and Hannibal feels like he should be sad, but he isn't – Will fills him with joy, with elation. Hannibal cannot imagine any hunt has filled him with as much eagerness in a long time.

"Of course, darling," he murmurs, and kisses Will's knuckles. Will smiles, and they pull apart. Hannibal's hand settles between Will's shoulders, Will has a hand resting gently at the small of his back, and together, they rejoin the crowd.

"Oh! Will! Hannibal!"

Hannibal turns, finds that Missus Komeda has rejoined Franklyn and Tobias, and is waving them both over. Hannibal rubs his hand in a gentle circle between Will's shoulders, subtly turning him towards the trio, and leans in to whisper; "Tobias is closest to you."

Will nods, pressing his lips together, and lifts his chin. "Mister Budge, I didn't get a chance to properly introduce my mate," he says. His words are clipped and tight, angry, and Hannibal turns his head and snags a glass of champagne from a passing waiter to hide his smile.

An exchange of names is not necessary, thanks to Franklyn, so Hannibal gently takes Will's hand, gives him the champagne, and takes a second glass for himself. Now, he can speak freely. He lets his free hand rest on Will's back, notes the tension there, the flare of his nostrils as he subtly breathes in Tobias' scent, trying to identify, to sate his curiosity. Will's fingers no longer rest on his spine, curled fine and white instead around the stem of his glass, the other absently holding the end of his cane, keeping it tucked close to his side so that no one trips over it.

"I must say, Hannibal," Missus Komeda says, leaning to Hannibal's side like a gossiping soccer mom. "You really make a fine pair. Just lovely!"

"Indeed," Tobias adds, his smile wide. Hannibal feels Will tense so much he may as well be made of iron. A silent rumble he only feels from touching Will curls up in his chest. "How did you two meet?" he adds. "I'm sure it's an exciting story."

"Oh, it's rather boring, I'm afraid," Hannibal says lightly, lifting his hand and brushing him thumb over the nape of Will's neck. Will shivers, content to remain silent, and shifts his weight to lean closer. "Will and I were introduced by a mutual friend." He shrugs, and gives Missus Komeda a charming, helpless smile, a 'What's a poor Omega to do?' kind of air to it. "I was lost immediately."

Though it's an embellishment, Hannibal is pleased to see Will blushing, and the Alpha's head is turned to fix him with a playfully accusing glare.

Will smiles, and rolls his eyes. "Don't do yourself any disservice, sweetheart," he purrs, brushing gentle knuckles across Hannibal's hip. Hannibal will admit, though he's sure they are both presenting themselves in a certain way to get close to Tobias and hold his attention, the warmth in his chest is genuine, and he sees it mirrored in Will's bright eyes.

"And you, Mister Budge?" Will asks, gaze snapping sharply to his other side, where Hannibal told him Tobias was. Will's eyes are tilted up, knowing already that Tobias is taller, and Hannibal subtly presses his thumb under Will's shoulder, forcing him to stand straighter, his chin to lift. Will smiles that off-kilter, charming smile he has. "Have you found yourself similarly victimized by romance?"

Tobias laughs.

"Cupid wishes he could wound me so," he says. He managed to gather his own glass of champagne at some point. Hannibal doesn't miss the very slight hesitation in Franklyn's happy bouncing, the way the other Omega's shoulders subtly sag, his expression crestfallen for a moment before he recovers. Poor Franklyn. So eager to be loved – too young and too wide-eyed to know what Hannibal has the privilege of knowing.

For he is certain, had Will not been so uniquely suited to him, he would have happily remained a bachelor forever. Alphas simply aren't worth the time and energy, not unless one truly special comes along. Someone like Will, and the circumstances through which they met, through which they found compatibility and shared interests, are so astoundingly unlikely, Hannibal thinks it would be to spit in the face of Fate to deny himself it now.

Will lets out a soft laugh, and takes a drink of champagne, and Hannibal realizes as he hears Will's soft purr, what Will has done: Tobias is unmated. No family, no children. No one to miss him.

Hannibal mimics Will as he drinks, hiding his smile and letting the cool tingle of the crisp drink soothe the edges of his teeth, which want to find Will's pulse and bury themselves there. Seeing Will tilt his head back, exposing the rough and brazen bruises Hannibal left behind is so enticing.

And, Hannibal sees, for he is watching, being Will's eyes, as Tobias' dark ones flash red in intrigue. His head tilts, and his voice, when he speaks again, is very low;

"Do you consider yourself a victim, Mister Graham?"

Will swallows his mouthful, offering a hum as though he hadn't been paying attention. "Oh," he says, and laughs, cheeks turning a delicate pink. "I suppose that depends." He shifts his weight again, leans into Hannibal and sets a possessive hand on Hannibal's back, head tilted towards Tobias in something like a challenge.

"What does it depend upon?" Tobias asks, and he is as stupid and blinded as a fish in a tunnel, seeing only the lure, thinking only of swimming closer and opening his mouth too-wide around the hook. And Will smiles, smile so wide, his expression soft and trusting. And only Hannibal feels the nails in his back, smells the tension in Will that seasons him like coconut on dark chocolate. Hannibal's mouth waters, and Tobias leans in. Hannibal can smell him, now, too – he smells like icing looks, too flat and too saccharine and altogether not pleasant at all. White sugar and saltines and cinnamon, drying one's mouth and making them desperate for water.

Will grins at him, wolfish, so Goddamn beautiful Hannibal would kiss him if they weren't already playing a far more interesting game.

"Do I look like a victim to you, Mister Budge?" he purrs, head tilting. "Does my mate?"

Tobias' eyes flash to Hannibal, so dark, they would be threatening if Hannibal were any other man. He thinks of tearing Tobias' dark skin back, revealing the pink innards of his cheeks, the

brightness of his teeth. They would make a fine decoration for his heart.

"No," Tobias says, whisper-soft. His gaze slides from Hannibal like oil, making him feel distinctly unpleasant, and sets on Will again. And his smile is wide. And his fingers are curled tightly around his glass. "No, my friend. You are both truly blessed, to have found such…equal companionship."

"And to think," Missus Komeda crows. Hannibal blinks, having quite forgotten her presence there – and Franklyn's. It was incredibly rude of him to do so, and yet not much time has passed since they returned, and neither Franklyn nor Missus Komeda seem insulted. He pulls himself back slightly from Will, gentles his hand and strokes it down the Alpha's steel-lined spine. "After all this time! I didn't even know you were being *courted*, Hannibal."

Hannibal laughs, and curls his fingers around Will's waist. Though she is only two years his senior, she behaves as his mother. Tobias is still watching them, and Hannibal keeps him in his periphery, thankful that, on this rare occasion, being an Omega means he is very sensitive to the gazes of Alphas. Another thing Hannibal likes about Will – since he cannot see, he cannot trigger that instinctively hostile response.

"I apologize, Diane," he says with a cordial smile. "I'm afraid I wanted to keep him all to myself."

"Well, does this emergence back into our presence mean we will be feasting at your dinner table sometime soon?" she asks, and looks to Franklyn and Tobias as though they're all in on the same joke. "He used to throw such elegant dinner parties," she says, and looks at Hannibal with one arched eyebrow. "You heard me. *Used* to."

Hannibal smiles. "I cannot force a feast," he says lightly. "A feast must present itself. Though," he adds, before she can reply, and looks towards Will, then Tobias. The Alphas seem to be locked in some kind of competition as to who can be still for longer. Tobias is unmoving, a monument of stone, and Will a pulled-tight rubber band, ready to snap. "I daresay I shall find inspiration soon enough."

He pauses. "I hope you will all join me, when that times comes."

Tobias smiles, and Hannibal's chest contracts distastefully as he hears the Alpha purr. Missus Komeda, of course, cannot hear it, but Franklyn, Will, and Hannibal can.

Will snarls without moving, very low, very soft. Hannibal feels it in his hands and in his chest, it fills him behind the ribs, sends a shiver down his spine. "Mister Budge," he whispers, half a warning, and Hannibal cannot possibly anticipate what he might say next – if he will call Tobias out, warn him against making such intimate, familiar noises with them. If he will simply turn the conversation back towards love and victimization. If he might ask, outright, bluntly, if Tobias is his killer.

Instead, he says, "What do you do for a living?"

Tobias smiles. "I own a string shop in Baltimore," he replies. "And I give lessons, to those especially gifted." His head tilts. "And you, Mister Graham?"

Will's smile is sharp, and shows teeth, as he raises his eyes in the direction of Tobias' voice. "I work for the FBI."

If Hannibal could bottle the look on Tobias' face, could season meat with the victor-scent of Will in this moment, he would a thousand times. He could make a fortune on the viscerally-pleased turn of Will's mouth, the way Tobias presses his lips together and lifts his chin.

"Well," he says, cold, statuesque. He forces a smile. "I won't keep you all. Thank you for being so welcoming. I hate to cut the conversation short, but I must be leaving."

Franklyn is pouting, but follows as an eager puppy in Tobias' shadow as they both leave. Missus Komeda bids them farewell, then gives Hannibal another smile and a playful warning that she best receive a dinner invitation soon.

Then, it is just Hannibal and Will. Will goes stiff immediately, his upper lip curling back, and Hannibal takes him by the elbow, their champagne glasses discarded on another tray, and leads him to the bathrooms and inside those meant for Alphas. It's empty, as Hannibal knew it would be – the crowd has thinned considerably, and most Alphas in attendance here are too old to stay out late, or young playthings of women that do not stray far from their mistress' claws.

Will's eyes are red, finally revealed from where he kept his lashes low, and he snarls and pushes away from Hannibal, running his hand through his hair as he paces to the other wall, cane cocked out so he doesn't run into it. He stops, shoulders tight and rolling, clicks his tongue, and looks back at Hannibal, half-turned.

"It's him," he whispers, soft as dust settling on a windowsill. Light as the sun brushing glass. "I'd recognize his scent. His -." He flinches, turns away, and snarls. "His arrogance."

Hannibal breathes out, approaches Will slowly. Will is a vibrating mass of energy, and smells sharp, Alpha. Hannibal puts his hands on Will's hips, feels him tensed and snarling, and rests his cheek against Will's hair.

"Does he make you feel like the Ripper does?" he asks.

Will shudders, like the idea is offensive. "No," he growls, turns and nuzzles Hannibal's jaw. Hannibal feels him smile, feels him turn, and Will lets out a soft sound, full of adoration. "No one makes me feel like he does," he whispers. His free hand flattens on Hannibal's chest, slides up to cup over the hidden place where Will bit him. "Like you do."

Hannibal shivers, swallowing, his mouth wet at the redness in Will's eyes. "Darling," he warns, "you must behave yourself."

Will hums, and smiles. "Kiss me, first," he pleads, and Hannibal smiles, unable to resist. He cups Will's face and kisses him eagerly, tasting the crisp champagne on his tongue, his lungs full of the scent of Will's righteous anger, his rage. Oh, if he could open Will up and see it, see the red of him, the beat of his heart and the white-hot glow of his adoration.

He breaks the kiss, and kisses Will again, at the corner of his mouth, his jaw, over his bitten neck. "Do you want him, Will?" he breathes, watching as Will trembles, tilts his head to expose his throat, the flex of his jaw as he swallows harshly. "I could hunt him for you. Bring him to you. Teach you how to take apart a whole man, instead of the pieces."

Will purrs, loud and sudden. His fingers tighten on Hannibal's neck – not coaxing, not controlling. Simply a manifestation of the '*Yes*' he whispers, through his hand, he wants, he *wants*. Then, he smiles, wide and amused. "My own living diorama."

"I will leave no detail out," Hannibal promises.

Will smiles, his purr growing louder, more fierce. He leans in, kisses open-mouthed on Hannibal's jaw, and sighs, almost wistful.

"What is it, Will?" Hannibal asks. "Tell me."

"I just…" Will sighs, and shakes his head. "It's nothing."

"Will," Hannibal says, harsher now, and digs his nails into Will's neck. "Tell me."

Will shivers, biting his lower lip, and ducks his head. "I wish I could join you," he confesses, very quietly. His voice is heavy with sorrow, and he swallows. Hannibal feels the flex of his throat under his touch, which he gentles abruptly. "I wish I could…share that with you."

"Oh, Will," Hannibal breathes, closing his eyes and resting their foreheads together. "You are perfect to me."

A smile crosses Will's face, soft and loving. "I want to ask something of you," he says, and lifts his eyes. Lifts his head, so Hannibal can pull back and see his face. "If it's possible, will you bring him to me alive? I want -. I want to listen. I want to *feel* him die."

Hannibal smiles, and lets out a purr of his own, drawing Will into another kiss. "For you, darling, I will." Will shivers, arching closer, the red in his eyes tamed now but still burning as embers, waiting for new air to brighten again.

"Thank you," he whispers, and leans in for another kiss that Hannibal eagerly grants him.

Hannibal sighs when they part, petting through Will's hair, wondering not for the first time how he could be so lucky, to find such a perfect match in Will. "Let me take you home," he says. "Then, I will hunt, and bring you a feast."

Tobias is easy to find, as though he was waiting for Hannibal. It is not easy to subdue him – Tobias is an Alpha, after all, and since Hannibal did not gain a Voice from Will's blood, they must fight as men. He earns a cut on his cheek and bruised knuckles for his trouble, though he finally manages to overwhelm Tobias with a well-aimed strike at his temple and hands on his neck, choking him into unconsciousness.

He brings Tobias home, carrying him through the doorway. Will comes to him immediately, and follows him to the kitchen as Hannibal dumps the body down. Will goes to him, frowning as he nuzzles Hannibal's cheek, tastes the sweet warmth of bruising and the tiny, tiny trace of blood Hannibal shed from Tobias' ring.

Will growls, licking at the dried stain. "He can't die enough times for me," he says.

Hannibal smiles, cups Will's neck and kisses him. "Help me get him down the stairs," he replies, pleased at Will's fierce, righteous anger. Will nods, and crouches, feels his way down Tobias' body until he can grab his legs, and Hannibal takes his shoulders, hoisting him up long enough to get the trap door open. They go down the stairs and Hannibal turns on the lights, guiding Will to put Tobias down on a long, flat table made of metal, like one in an examination room.

Will tilts his head, nostrils flared as he takes a curious inhale. "It smells clean, down here," he notes.

Hannibal nods, straightening Tobias' body on the table. There are drawers like a morgue along one wall, where he keeps bodies cold and has a stash of tools and implements used to harvest the meat and organs he likes. "With my sensitive nose, I make sure to keep this place clean," he says. "Old blood smells very sour, after a while."

Will nods, eyes dark with understanding. He looks in Hannibal's direction, reaches out and finds the table, finds Tobias' ankle.

Tobias stirs, groaning, and Hannibal smiles, and goes to Will. He puts his teeth to Will's ear, kisses him just below, and says; "What do you want to do first, darling?"

Will's fingers tighten, his upper lip twitches.

"He opened a man's throat and shoved a cello down it," he says. Hannibal blinks, head tilted, and eyes Tobias curiously. Will breathes out, his exhale holding a snarl. "I want to hear him scream."

Hannibal smiles, widely, and moves away. "That," he says lightly, "is something we can definitely do."

By the end of it, nothing remains of Tobias but his skeleton. They take him apart slowly, Hannibal guiding Will's hands, letting him feel the slick thrum of life in the Alpha. The way his stomach tenses and slides against his intestines. The way his throat shudders and opens when Will digs his hands between his ribs and pulls. The way his heart stutters, stubbornly beating, before Hannibal tears it out and sets it to one side.

They're both bloody, panting. Dismembering a body is hard work, and Hannibal's forehead is damp with sweat, Will's hair curled darkly to his face and neck. There's blood there, too, from

where he touched his mouth, his jaw, breathed in the cold-salt of Tobias' blood. His lips are slick, and Hannibal wants to taste him, to devour him.

When it is done, Hannibal stands on one side of the table, Will on the other. He regards Will, watches the rise of his shoulders as he breathes in, watches the flex of his fingers as they curl and settle on the side of the table. Watches a single drop of sweat run down his cheek, from his temple, through the blood on his mouth, and drip down.

He smiles. "You are so beautiful, Will," he purrs.

Will flushes, his mouth twitching, and he lifts his eyes. "So are you," he replies. "I can – I see you. Feel you. Feel your heat on me." He trembles, sucks in a breath through parted jaws, and lets out a whine. His eyes are blazing red, and he's shaking as though going into shock.

Hannibal tilts his head, circles the table and gathers Will in his arms, uncaring for the blood and bodily fluids staining their clothes. Will leans into him eagerly, snarling, red teeth bared, and Hannibal kisses him, because how could he not?

Will snarls, clutches his clothes, lunges for him so suddenly and strongly that Hannibal staggers back, huffing in surprise. Will's teeth catch his lower lip and Will snarls again, drags him into another kiss. Hannibal purrs, licks Will's bloody mouth, runs his nose down his mate's jaw to the side of his neck unmarred by knotted scar tissue.

He freezes, frowning. Takes a deep breath – smells peppers, capsaicin. Something very definitively *Alpha*. It thickens his scent, turns the mint sharper, adds that sweetness to it like salt to caramel.

Will goes tense, growling, and drops his forehead to Hannibal's shoulder. "*Fuck*," he whispers, and his hands abruptly turn gentle, and he pushes, tries to get Hannibal away. Hannibal goes, but only a few inches, cupping Will's face as Will trembles again. He's breathing hard, jaws parted, teeth bared. "Fuck, I -. I think -."

"Will," Hannibal whispers. "Are you…?"

Will gasps, his eyes wide, blazing red. "The doctors said I wouldn't rut," he says, and it sounds apologetic. He pushes at Hannibal again but Hannibal refuses, stands strong, tightens his fingers in Will's neck and watches as Will sags, knees buckling for an instant before he recovers. "Fuck, Hannibal, get – get away. Let me go."

"No," Hannibal growls, and forces Will's head to rise. He leans in and rests their foreheads together and Will whines, but it's a growl a well, unable to stop himself reacting the way an Alpha might.

The thought that Will is rutting for him – something that shouldn't be possible, given his injuries – that he went into rut from letting Hannibal kill for him, from sharing that kill and shredding a man to pieces. Well.

"Can you wait for me?" he asks. "I need to store the meat and organs. It will take a while."

Will whimpers. "I should go," he says. Yet he does not pull away. He can't – his instincts are screaming at him to lunge for Hannibal again. Hannibal can see the restraint, the tightness in his shoulders, the pained want on his face. "I should leave – *fuck*."

"You will do no such thing," Hannibal growls. Will flinches at the sound of it, whimpering lowly, and Hannibal gentles, pulls him close, kisses softly over Will's bloody cheeks. "Darling, this is natural. It's lovely. You're simply reacting as any Alpha might."

"I shouldn't -. I can't -." Will growls, shakes his head sharply again, sags against Hannibal, clutching at him and burying his nose in Hannibal's neck. "You smell so fucking *good*."

Hannibal smiles, eyeing the body, before he turns to Will and kisses him again. "Go upstairs, darling," he says, the command soft, yet he sees how it settles Will. Sees his shoulders loosen, always so sweet, so demure, eager to obey. "Clean yourself up and wait in our bedroom. I will be with you as soon as I can."

"Hannibal," Will whines; one more faint protest.

"Are you afraid of hurting me, Will?" Hannibal asks, genuinely curious. He knows Will has it in him to be violent – he is an Alpha, after all, and has a Voice. He *could* do serious damage, if he chose to use it on Hannibal. Even with the advantage of sight, if Will ordered him to his knees, Hannibal would have no choice but to obey.

Will swallows, lets out a hurt, needy sound. "I'd never -." He jerks his head, sharply, sucks in a breath and whines. He'd never, he'd *never* -.

Hannibal pulls him close again, kisses him, drinks down Will's desperate, half-feral snarl. "Do as I tell you, darling," he says. "It's time for me to take care of you, as you took care of me."

"I'm sorry," Will breathes, his red eyes wide, fixed on Hannibal's mouth. Hannibal lets him go and he takes a step back, breathes shallowly in, and bares his teeth. Farther apart, Hannibal can see the sweat turning Will's clothes dark, clinging to him – can see the obscene line of his cock in his pants, a damp stain of precum already forming.

"Don't apologize, Will," Hannibal says, and he means it. Will shivers, shoulders rolling, and he nods. "Go upstairs. Clean up."

Will swallows, looks away from the table, towards the stairs. His fingers curl, and he clicks his tongue. "Where's the mask?" he asks.

Hannibal shakes his head, and goes to the table, stripping off the pile of Tobias' ruined clothes and setting them in a basin along the wall. The bones will go in a second, as well as any organs he does not intend to use – though, for all he was, Tobias was a fine Alpha, with good meat. It is unlikely any of it will go to waste.

"I have no intention of muzzling you, Will."

Will whimpers, clenching his eyes shut, his jaw bulging and his hands forming fists. His head tilts, showing his neck in a placative gesture. "Please?"

Hannibal huffs, takes in a deep breath, and shakes his head again. "No," he replies curtly.

"Hannibal, *please*."

Hannibal pauses, looking up from the dish of Tobias' heart. He considers Will, his pent-up shivering, the sweat that is now shining starkly on his skin.

"Tell me why."

"You're not you, right now," Will snarls, biting out the words. He stares, without direction, but not at Hannibal. "And I'm not me. The Ripper is in my head." He drops his gaze, looks down at his hands. "I know you're capable, that you could hurt me if you wanted to. But…but so can I, right now. I feel…*savage*."

"Then be savage," Hannibal replies, whisper-soft. "I am not afraid."

"I am," Will replies, quiet as a confession.

Hannibal tilts his head, considering him. "Do you…*want* to hurt me, Will?"

"No!" Will says quickly, head snapping to the side as he can look in Hannibal's direction. His eyes are so wide, so red. Hannibal has never known an Alpha in rut to be so still, and so communicative. But that is Will – a challenge, a defiant man to the odds, to statistics. "No, I don't. I swear I don't."

Hannibal smiles, slowly – says, gently; "You want to be good for me, don't you, darling?"

Will nods.

"Then go upstairs. I will not touch you again until I am obeyed."

Will whimpers, sagging, lax and weak, broken from the base of his bruised neck. He swallows, and turns away from Hannibal as though ashamed. Hannibal watches him go, every step like a thousand miles. Hannibal himself aches to follow him, feels the tug of their bond compelling him to give chase, to take his Alpha in his arms and between his thighs, to let Will mount him as brutally as he likes. It is a very specific kind of need he has not felt since he was in heat – and he will never go into heat again.

Will in rut, though…. Will is still young, and if his cycle is even, he will rut twice a year, for twenty-four hours. Perhaps not as long, given his missing scent gland to spur his hormones. But maybe rougher, burning twice as bright with such a short half-life.

Though, with what he knows of Will, he cannot imagine Will to be anything but gentle, but sweet. It would be interesting to see if he even had the ability.

He forces himself to turn his attention to the body, once Will's shadow no longer eclipses the doorway. After a few moments, he hears the rush of water through pipes, telling him the

shower is running, and he smiles, hastening to finish with sealing Tobias' organs, wrapping his meat and disposing of the bones and unusable items. He will clean it later.

He puts everything in the fridge and freezer as appropriate, and lifts his eyes to the ceiling. The water is still running – Will is likely trying to scrub himself completely clean, but perhaps he is lingering, unable to help the desperate drive within him to touch himself, seeking a tight hand or body around his knot. Perhaps he is touching his neck, as he confessed to Hannibal he did before, aching for his mate, cursing and blessing Hannibal's name in equal measure.

Hannibal closes his eyes, rolling his shoulders as he pictures Will, on his knees in the shower as the water beats down around him, two fingers spreading himself open, his other hand tight on his cock, braced heavily on the little soap tray so that he gets pressure to his neck.

He bites his lower lip. The scent of Will's rut lingers, the first unoffensive, yet unapologetically Alpha smell he has ever encountered. So polite, not to force his scent on Hannibal. So eager to please him, down to the bone.

Hannibal goes upstairs, shedding his jacket and his belt in the bedroom. He undresses and heads to the bathroom, closing the door behind him. He can hear Will, grunts and moans and over the rush of water, a snarl of his name.

He draws the curtain back slowly, finds Will not as he pictured, but on his back, one hand dragging claws down the side of his neck, face turned away as the water beats down on his chest, slides down his stomach so he can use the wetness to touch himself.

He's breathtaking.

His eyes open as Hannibal steps into the shower, crouching down above Will's knees and drawing the curtain back into place. "Hannibal," he breathes, stuttering, whining.

"I'm here, darling," Hannibal replies, and reaches for him, pulls him to sit upright so the water hits his shoulders instead. Will lets out a weak, desperate sound, face buried in Hannibal's neck, hand falling from his nape to Hannibal's thigh, pulling him over his lap. Hannibal cups his sodden hair, his own hands still red, watches as it melts from him, sliding down Will's back.

He kisses Will's neck, closes his eyes and takes another deep inhale of his scent. His body is getting slick, so accustomed and used to the scent of Will now that it takes little effort for him to react, to ready himself for the Alpha.

He stands, and Will snarls, eyes flaring open and looking up. Hannibal reaches over him, keeps one hand in Will's hair, and presses Will's face to his thigh, so Will can smell his slick. Will growls, parts his teeth and edges them along the muscle there. Hannibal stops the shower, pulls on the lever to start the bath, and settles down on Will again so that he can plug the drain and the tub can fill, keeping them both warm.

His thigh aches from Will's bite, and Will licks up his chest, fits his teeth to Hannibal's collarbone and bites again. He flinches when Hannibal growls.

"Please, I'm sorry, I -. *Please*," he begs, releasing his cock and planting both hands on Hannibal's hips, drawing him closer. Hannibal shivers, purring as Will's cock slides between his legs. With the right angle, Hannibal could take him just like this. Will is trembling, shaking to the core, and Hannibal wonders if he ever shivered like this. If, when he was in heat, Will touched him and felt the similar contraction of his chest, the heavy in and out of his panting breaths, the thunder of his heart.

If he felt compelled to help, to sate, just as Hannibal is doing now.

Of course he did. Will would do anything for him.

"It's alright," he whispers, reaching back and taking hold of Will's cock, pressing it against his slick hole. The water is rising up around their thighs, coating Hannibal's knees, Will's hips – his hands, when they slide up and tighten in readiness.

"Wait," Will pleads. "You're not ready, you -." But Hannibal ignores him. He lets out a harsh noise, face buried to Will's neck, and lets himself sink down. Lets Will's cockhead split him, tender muscles throbbing in protest. It's not quite pain, but aches like a bruise, as he forces himself to relax, to sink down onto Will and take him in one slow glide. "*Fuck*, *Hannibal*."

"I'm here," Hannibal whispers, clenching around Will's cock. Will gasps, head tilted back, leaning heavily into Hannibal's hand on his nape. Hannibal spreads his fingers, tucks his thumb under Will's jaw to feel him swallow. He kisses Will, smiling at Will's slack-mouthed attempt to kiss him back. Sighs; "My beautiful, darling Will."

Will shivers, bares his teeth, whines as Hannibal rolls his hips, and his nails tighten, dig in hard enough to sting.

"Oh *God*," he groans, shuddering again. Parts his jaws and drags his teeth along Hannibal's blood-stained jaw. Licks at the cut on his cheek and snarls again. "I'm, mm, *fuck*. Are you alright?"

Hannibal laughs, smiling, overjoyed that even in the midst of rut, Will is so careful, so wonderfully sweet with him. It's not insulting, as Hannibal imagined other Alphas might make it. Will does not ask because he thinks Hannibal is weak, but because he is nervous of what he is capable of.

"I'm just fine, darling," he purrs in answer, rewarding Will's attentiveness with another kiss. "And you?"

"I feel like I'm losing my mind," Will confesses. His hips twitch up, the water around Hannibal's waist now, and he pushes at Will, reaches behind him to turn off the stream. Will snarls, groaning as Hannibal's movements force him to spasm and tighten around Will's cock, and he thrusts upwards, seeking more. "I need –. I need you to move. *Please*."

Hannibal nods, rolling his hips, letting his body get used to the stretch. He sinks down again and Will moans, weakly, his jaws snapping together just shy of Hannibal's neck. Hannibal smiles, tightens his hand on Will's throat, guides him to his shoulder as he starts up a rhythm.

Will moans, the sound so desperate Hannibal would think he's in pain. "You feel so good," he whispers, slurred on Hannibal's damp skin. "Fuck, yeah, just like that, sweetheart. Just like that -."

His hands tighten, abruptly, and he hauls Hannibal down to his lap, sheathed as deeply as he can go. He shudders, and Hannibal winces when Will's jaws part and sink into his shoulder, shedding new blood. His knot swells, and he snarls, forcing it into Hannibal's sore body, drinking eagerly from his bruised and broken skin.

Hannibal shivers, closing his eyes, letting the sensation of Will's knot and Will's teeth wash over him, warming him like no bath could. He feels Will tense, head clearing from the mindlessness of rut, and Will swallows, whimpering, licking over his wound with a gentle tongue.

"Don't apologize," he says, sure that Will is set to do exactly that. He cards his hands through Will's damp hair, pulls him back so he can see Will's eyes. They're clearer now, though still very red, and Hannibal smiles and kisses him, shifting his weight and spreading his knees out to something more comfortable.

Will sighs, and Hannibal lets him move, until Will's back is against the edge of the tub, neck tilted awkwardly to avoid the faucet. Hannibal has never found him more beautiful, and he smiles, absently petting the marks on Will's chest as Will shivers, emptying himself inside Hannibal's body.

Will tilts his head, trembling, and drags his nails from Hannibal's hip, to his half-hard cock. "I want you to come on my knot so bad," he confesses. Hannibal growls, upper lip curling back. "But I want you to fuck me, too."

Hannibal blinks, tilting his head. "Even in rut?" he asks, shocked by the statement.

Will smiles, off-kilter, cheeks dimpling. "I want every part of you," he says. "All of you. All the time." His cheeks, already pink from the warm humidity of the water, darken further, and he bites his lower lip. "I'm not ashamed of that."

"Nor should you be," Hannibal replies, and leans in to kiss him, once, chastely. He smiles. "I will see you satisfied, darling. In every way I can."

Will smiles, genuine and soft. He leans up, catches Hannibal, cups his face and draws him into a kiss. "Thank you," he whispers, purring loud and strong in his chest.

"It's my absolute pleasure, Will," Hannibal replies. And it is – everything about Will is a delight, a pleasure down to the bone, soaking Hannibal's instincts like sun on a purring cat. He kisses Will again, shivering as Will's knot goes down and they can separate, the water pink and white now. Will whines, nuzzles Hannibal's shoulder, over his bite, and licks it again, before Hannibal shifts back, takes Will by the hips and hauls him upright, then over onto his hands and knees.

"My turn," he growls, and Will shivers, head ducking so his forehead, his hair, sweeps through the surface of the water. His fingers clench.

He huffs, a laugh and a growl all at once. "Do your worst."

Hannibal laughs, his fingers dragging down Will's back, to his thighs, spreading them, baring him to Hannibal's greedy gaze. He leans down, edges his teeth along Will's slick shoulder, and bites down, earning a whine.

"Don't worry, darling," he purrs. "I can be good."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!